EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

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NORMAN SOMMERVILLE, M.A.
PRESIDENT OF THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA, 1917-1918.

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO THE MEMBERS DURING THE SESSIONS, 1917-18, AND MAY TO DECEMBER, 1918.

FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH YEARS OF ISSUE

CANADA AND A UNITED EMPIRE

GOD SAVE THE KING

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER
LIMITED TORONTO

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THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

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OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

1917-1918

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Second Vice-President: J. Murray Clark, K.C.
Third Vice-President: Sir Frederick Stupart

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J. Castell Hopkins, F.R.G.S.
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Dr. Albert H. Abbott, 46 Howland Ave.—1918

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F. W. Maclean
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S. Sykes
R. A. Stapells
A. E. Gilverson

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

May to December, 1918

Patron and Honorary President

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President: F. J. Coombs
First Vice-President: J. Murray Clark, K.C.
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Rt. Rev. J. F. Sweeny, D.D.
Hon. Justice James Craig
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Rev. A. E. Ribourg
J. R. Roaf
Rev. Dr. F. C. Stephenson
A. L. Winter
R. A. Stapells

CONSTITUTION AND PLATFORM

THE OBJECT OF THE CLUB IS THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE INTERESTS OF CANADA AND A UNITED EMPIRE

Organization of the Club and Branches

Art. 1.—(1) The organization shall be called The Empire Club of Canada.

(2) Branches of the Club may be established with the authority of the Executive Committee, and subject to such conditions and regulations as may from time to time be decided upon by the Club in Toronto.

(3) A committee may be appointed, under the provisions of sub-section 2, article 1, for the establishment of branches of the Club, and the word "Unit" shall denote a Branch.

Classes of Members

Art. 2.—The membership of the Club shall be open to any man of the full age of eighteen years who is a British subject and shall consist of

(*a*) Active Resident Members.
(*b*) Non-Resident Members.
(*c*) Life Members.
(*d*) Honorary Members.

Active Resident Members, and Non-Resident Members

Art. 3.—(1) Candidates for membership shall be proposed and seconded by two members of the Club in good standing, and shall be elected by a two-thirds majority of those present at any meeting of the Executive Committee.

(2) Active Resident Members shall pay an annual fee of $3.00 and Non-Resident Members, $2.00. This sum shall include, to each member, a free copy of the annual volume of addresses. No member in arrears for

fees or dues shall be considered to be in good standing, or to be eligible for office.

Life Members

Art. 4.—(1) Life Members, not exceeding ten in any one year, may be elected from time to time, at an open meeting of the Club, upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee. Provided, however, that Ministers of the Federal Parliament and Premiers of the different Provinces of the Dominion of Canada may be eligible for election as Life Members at any time, even though their election may cause the number of Life Members to exceed ten in one year.

(2) Life Members shall pay a fee of $25.00 in one sum.

Honorary Members

Art. 5.—(1) Honorary Members may be elected, upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee, and at a general meeting of the Club.

(2) Honorary members shall be exempt from the payment of fees, but shall not have the privilege of voting or holding office.

Officers to be Elected

Art. 6.—(1) The officers of the Club shall consist of an Honorary President; a President; First, Second, and Third Vice-Presidents; a Treasurer, a Secretary, or a Secretary-Treasurer; and thirteen other members, all of whom shall be elected by ballot. These members, together with the officers before mentioned, and four members from the Advisory Council, shall constitute the Executive Committee, and shall hold office throughout the calendar year. All Past Presidents of the Club shall constitute an Advisory Council under the Chairmanship of the immediate Past President, and such Advisory Council shall elect annually three members, who, together with the retiring President, shall be ex-officio members of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

Election of Officers

(2) The Election of officers of the Club shall take place at a general meeting of the members to be held not later than December 15th of each year, at a date to be decided upon by the Executive Committee, and this meeting shall be deemed to be the Annual Meeting. A committee to nominate the officers for the near year shall be appointed at the meeting next preceding such Annual Meeting, due notice of such meeting to be given to all members in good standing, and such committee shall report to the Annual Meeting; provided that no member shall be nominated to any office unless and until he has given notice in writing that he consents to such nomination and will act if elected to the position for which he has been nominated.

(3) Two Auditors shall be elected at each Annual Meeting.

Standing Committees

(4) Standing Committees shall be appointed as follows:—

(*a*) Finance Committee.
(*b*) Speakers' Committee.
(*c*) Membership Committee.
(*d*) Constitution Committee.
(*e*) Luncheon and Reception Committee.
(*f*) Publicity Committee.
(*g*) Royal Colonial Institute Committee.

Filling of Vacancies among Officers

Art. 7.—In the event of an office becoming vacant by death, resignation, or otherwise, the vacancy thus caused shall be filled by the Executive Committee, and the person so chosen shall hold office until the next Annual Meeting.

Duties of Officers

Art. 8.—The duties of the officers shall be those customary to such positions in similar organizations.

Holding of Meetings

Art. 9.—(1) The Club shall hold general meetings weekly from October to May, both inclusive, in each twelve months with such intermission as from time to time may be decided upon.

(2) At the Annual Meeting a report of the year's proceedings and work shall be submitted by the President, and this report shall be accompanied by an interim report from the Treasurer. As the financial year does not end until December 31st, the Treasurer shall, in addition to the interim report presented at the Annual Meeting, present an audited statement of the finances of the Club for the full financial year at any regular meeting of the Club held during the month of January.

Notice of Meetings

Art. 10.—Written or printed notices of all meetings shall be given to the members of the Club. Such notices shall be sufficient if addressed to the members, and deposited post paid in the Post office in Toronto.

Quorum at Meetings

Art. 11.—Fifteen members in good standing shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Club, general, annual, or special, and the presiding officer shall have a casting vote. Six members shall form a quorum of the Executive Committee.

Limitation of Business at General Meetings

Art. 12.—No business other than the hearing of the address and notice of motions shall be introduced at any meeting of the Club, unless it has been submitted to the Executive Committee and received its approval.

Calling of Special Meetings

Art. 13.—Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be called by the President, or on a requisition signed by three of its members. Special meetings of the Club may be called by the President, and shall be called by him on a requisition signed by twelve members and stating the object of the meeting. This object shall be stated in the notice calling the special meeting.

Financial Year.

Art. 14.—The Financial Year shall be the same as the calendar year, viz: January first to December thirty-first.

Amendments to Constitution.

Art. 15.—This Constitution may be amended at the Annual Meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose, subject to a two-thirds majority vote of the members present.

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

TORONTO

Amended Platform of Principles and Objects for which the Empire Club of Canada stands

1. That, as hitherto, the main object of the Empire Club of Canada is the advancement of the interests of Canada, and a United Empire.
2. That the term British should apply to all citizens of the Empire.
3. That the Empire should be so organized that Canada and the other self-governing Dominions should be given a share in the control of its destinies, particularly in matters of peace and war.
4. That the different parts of the Empire should contribute to the cost of its defence, in such manner and amount as may be properly determined by a Convention called by the Parliaments of the Empire.
5. That in Imperial organization there should be preserved to the several self-governing Dominions their autonomy and the control of all local as distinguished from Imperial matters.
6. That Canadian public Lands should be given free to citizens who have fought, or enlisted to fight, in the armies, navies and air forces of the Empire and who express a desire for farm life—a condition of such grant to be actual settlement and cultivation by the donee; and that an equivalent recognition should be given to such soldiers as desire to follow other occupations.
7. That all articles of growth, produce or manufacture within the component parts of the Empire should be given preferential advantages in the respective markets of the Empire, and that measures should be adopted to prevent any of the Empire's resources being utilized to injure British interests.
8. That a proper system of physical and military training should be introduced in the schools, colleges and universities throughout the Dominion of Canada.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT

GOVERNING THE AFFILIATION OF

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

AND

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

1. That the Royal Colonial Institute and the Empire Club of Canada be affiliated with a view to mutually promoting the object for which both were founded, namely, the Unity of the Empire.

2. That members of the Empire Club of Canada introduced by the Secretary of the Club, on recording their arrival in England to the Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, be made Honorary Fellows for one month.

3. That residents in the Dominion of Canada may become non-resident Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute and Members of the Empire Club of Canada on being duly proposed and seconded, and on payment of an Entrance Fee of One Guinea (Five Dollars) and an Annual Subscription of Twenty-Five Shillings, (Six Dollars) for which they will receive the Journal of the Institute "United Empire" free of charge, and, when in London, have the use of the Institute Building as a Standing Address. This subscription will cover membership of both the Club and the Institute, and shall be allotted to the Institute and the Club in the proportion of three dollars and fifty cents to the former, and two dollars and fifty cents to the latter.

4. That all publications of the Empire Club of Canada shall be transmitted to the Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute as soon as published, and each Member of the Institute, so desiring, shall be entitled to a copy of the annual volume of the Empire Club Proceedings and Addresses for the sum of seventy-five cents, or three shillings.

5. That the Monthly Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, "United Empire," shall be supplied to the Members of the Empire Club of Canada who are *not* Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute at an Annual Subscription of One Dollar, including postage, the ordinary subscription being one shilling per copy or twelve shillings a year exclusive of postage.

6. That the Financial Year of the Empire Club be the same as the Calendar Year, viz.—January first to December thirty-first.

7. That the Joint-Life-Subscription for new Non-Resident Fellows of the Institute and Members of the Empire Club be $65 (£13.1.0); $45 (£9.1.0) of which is payable to the Institute and includes an entrance fee of $5 (£1.1.0); and $20 (£4.) payable to the Empire Club.

Received and adopted by the Empire Club of Canada. October 17, 1918.

JOINT FEES

AS IN ARTICLES 3 AND 7 ABOVE

Annual Fee			Life Fee			
TOTAL	DISTRIBUTION		TOTAL	DISTRIBUTION		
	E. C.	R. C. I.		E. C.	R. C. I.	
Dollars $6	$2.50	$3.50	$65.00	$20	$ 45	Includes $5.00 (£1 1s.) Initiation Fee for R.C.I.
Sterling £1 5s.	£0 10s.	£0 15s.	£13 1s.	£4	£9 1s.	
			$60.00	$20	$40	For present members who have already paid R.C.I. Initiation.
			£12	£4	£8	

The Object of the Club is
the Advancement of the Interests of
Canada and a United Empire

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

THE SUBSTANCE OF MY LATEST RESEARCH

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER BELL, L.L.D., Sc.D., PH.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 1, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—While listening to the introductory words of your chairman, I could not help thinking that at the time the telephone appeared I was a resident of Salem, Mass., where the witchcraft delusion appeared in such force—(Laughter)—and I was very glad indeed that I did not live there 150 years before. (Laughter.) When I come to look back upon the history of the telephone, it seems almost like a dream that I was connected with it at all, so long is it since I have had anything to do with telephones—and I do not have a telephone in my own house within reach of my ears. (Laughter.) So much of the practical development of the telephone has been in the United States that I think the fact that the telephone was invented in Canada should be more widely known than it is—at least in the United States. (Hear, hear.)

Until within the last few days, I have never been able

Dr. Bell's fame is universal as the original inventor of the telephone, whose benefits have put the modern world under lasting obligation to his inventive genius. His photophone, induction balance and telephone probe for painless detection of bullets in the human body have done much to relieve the victims of warfare. As founder and ex-president of the American Association to promote teaching speech to the deaf, Dr. Bell has rendered inestimable humanitarian service.

to give a more definite date of the conception of the telephone than that it was somewhere in the summer of 1874. At that time I was residing in Salem, and went into Boston every day for my professional work in the Boston University. I spent the summer vacations, and also the Christmas vacations, at my father's home on Tutela Heights, near Brantford, Ontario, and all that I have been able to say hitherto has been that the telephone was invented in Brantford some time during that summer vacation of 1874. But in looking over some old material, I came across a little pocket journal—a sort of day-a-line book—kept by my father, and I looked for any reference to his only son's appearance at Tutela Heights. Of course, when I went home, I discussed with my father all the various ideas of which a young man's brain is full, and I very well remember that I had a great electric motor which was to revolutionize everything; then I had this telephone, and I found that my father had made a little note in his diary on the occasion of this conversation. It was dated July 26, 1874. It contained very few words:—"New motor; hopeful. Electric speech?" (with a big query mark on it)—(Great laughter.) However, that gives us the date. I had described the telephone to my father on July 26, 1874, and many friends in Boston have preserved little drawings of the telephone that were made during the autumn of 1874. The telephone devised in Brantford was not made until 1875, when it appeared in Boston; so that the telephone was conceived in Brantford in 1874, and born in Boston in 1875. (Laughter.)

But Canada was also associated with a very important development of the practical telephone in the early days. It was in Brantford that the first transmission of speech to a distance occurred.—(Hear, hear.) That was in August, 1876. Previous to that, speech had been transmitted from one room to another in the same building, but the attempts to get speech on the rural telegraph line with one instrument in one place and the other in another place miles away, had been unsatisfactory; however, in Brantford, for the first time, speech was actually transmitted to a distance. The experiments on the 10th of

August, 1876, were especially important, for they enabled me then to work out the division of parts that fitted the telephone to work on the long line. (Hear, hear.)

I can remember very well that by the kindness of the Dominion Telegraph Co. we had the loan of a line from Brantford to Paris, with a battery in Toronto here—a pretty long journey! The transmitting instrument was in Brantford under the charge of Mr. Griffin, who was manager, I think, of the local office at that time, and who is still living. The receiver was in Paris, eight miles from Brantford. I put my ear to the receiver, and arranged for people to sing and speak into the transmitter in Brantford. The instruments I had were only adapted for transmission one way, so we had to use two lines, transmission from Brantford to Paris being by phone, and transmission from Paris to Brantford being on another line by telegraph. When I put my ear to this receiver in Paris, I heard a perfect storm of noises—explosive sounds like distant artillery—in fact a hurricane of noises, all due to some peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere. All persons connected with long distance telephoning now know what these noises mean. But mixed up with those storms, I heard the faint sound of a singer's voice in Brantford. The sounds were very faint. I could understand the words because I knew the song, but when sentences were uttered which were unknown to me before, it was a little difficult to make out the sense. Still, there were these faint human voices mingled with the electrical storm to which I was listening. The purpose of the experiment was to ascertain the conditions that would yield the best results. It is all very well to try parlor experiments, but the practical thing is to get on a long line. So I came, provided with coils of varied sorts—coils with a few turns of thick wires, coils with many turns of fine wires, and so on, and I had arranged with Mr. Griffin to change the coils in his instrument when I gave the signal. So I telegraphed to Brantford to change the coils, and instead of putting on the thick, coarse wires we had been employing, to put on coils with many turns of *fine* wires. I did the same thing in Paris. Then I listened again, and the vocal sounds came out loud and distinctly, and I could even recognize the speakers and the singers by their voices. (Hear, hear and applause.) I had been told by my father that he would not be there, and yet one of the voices sounded so like my father's voice that I telegraphed to Brantford, inquiring whether my father was there, and it turned out that he was—(Laughter)—his voice was recognized by telephone.

All these things occurred a long time ago, and I do not want to take up your time talking about the telephone. I had intended to talk about one of my latest researches—for I am not done with research work yet—(Hear, hear and applause)—and it occurred to me that considering the short time at our disposal and the fact that we are in the city of Toronto, it might be ~~more~~ interesting to you if I told you a little of an almost unwritten chapter of history connected with another subject, but as big as the telephone—the development of aerial locomotion. ~~(Hear, hear.)~~ As far back as I can remember I have always been interested in the impossible things~~—(Laughter)~~—and one of the most impossible in all the world was that of flying. It is only a few years ago when one would say to express the height of impossibility—"Why, I could no more do this than I could fly!" Yet here you have men flying in Toronto all the time.

I look back upon the origin of the art of flying as one that interests me profoundly, and it should interest you, because Canada has something to do. It so happens that although I have been a citizen of the United States for over forty years, I have spent a great deal of my time in Canada, (applause)—even to-day I have a summer place in Nova Scotia—and as amusement, I devoted myself to the flying of kites, with the idea that here we had an aerial vehicle heavier than air, supported in the air; and I used to dream of the day when we would have flying machines. Then it so happened that in Washington I was connected very closely with the late Professor S. B. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and was present at the historical experiment he made in May, 1896, when he flew a steam engine, and I saw the steam engine flying in the air with wings like a bird.

It was that experiment that convinced the world of the practicability of mechanical flying, and that formed the prelude to the development of modern aviation. (Hear, hear.) That convinced me that mechanical flying was at hand. I was also aware of Professor Langley's attempt to make a man-carrying flying machine, with an appropriation from the War Department of the United States, and of its failure to get into the air. In 1903 two attempts were made, but the machine~~—which has since turned out to be a perfectly good flying machine~~—caught in the launching ways and was precipitated into the Potomac River, and never got into the air. Mr. Manley, the would-be aviator, also appeared in the river. (Laughter.)

But it was only a few days after the accident to the Langley machine that the Wright brothers, down at Kiddihauk, put a motor on their gliding machine with which they had made many glides, and flew. They were the first men actually to get into the air and fly, but very little was said about them; they did not want to take the public into their confidence. A few notices appeared of their flying a Kiddihauk, but they took their apparatus away to Dayton, Ohio, and there for two years they continued flying in secret, flying for half an hour and even an hour at a time; but they were very careful not to let the news of their flights get to the public. Occasionally short articles would appear giving great accounts of the flights of the Wright brothers at Dayton, but hardly any person believed them. You see, America is a country of inventors; and the greatest of the inventors are the newspaper men. (Great laughter.) The majority of the people who read those glowing accounts attributed them to the newspapers. I did not; I felt sure even if they had not flown, that it was possible to fly; and it occurred to me that it would be a great thing, too, if I could put a motor on one of my gigantic kites and propel it through the air as a flying machine. First I wanted to try this kite in the air and carry a man in the air; but when I came to look at the machine I did not quite like to risk a human life in a kite without some expert advice, as I am nothing of an engineer. So I sent to Toronto for two young Canadian engineers—(Hear, hear)—graduates of your University here, to come and give me their advice so that I might be sure that this structure was designed in such a way that it would be safe to send up a man. So there appeared at my summer place in Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, of Toronto (Applause) and Mr. S. W. Baldwin, known in Toronto as "Casey" Baldwin. (Applause.) At the same time another man turned up in Baddeck. You see, I am pretty well known down in Washington, and there was a young army officer, the late Lieut. Thos. Selfridge, who was making a study of everything relating to aerial locomotion in the interests of the United States army. He believed that aerial locomotion was coming, and that it would not be amiss in the future for a young officer who had made a specialty of that, and he heard that I was going to make experiments in Baddeck, and he had himself detailed to go there and watch the experiments. Of course, I was glad to welcome a representative of the United States army and to give every opportunity of seeing what the experiments might be. So, along with Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Baldwin there appeared at Baddeck this young American officer, the first victim of modern aviation; he was killed in an accident to Orville Wright's machine in Washington a year or two after.

Well, we discussed this machine, and the putting of a motor on it, and converting this kite into a flying machine. Then we discovered that among the whole crowd of us we did not have much knowledge of motors; so I decided to send to America for the best motor expert I could find, who was Mr. Glen H. Curtis of Hammondsford, N.Y., who had become celebrated for the light motors he had made for motor-cycles. So Mr. Curtis came up to consult with us about the making of a motor for this big kite.

Now, my wife has a pretty good eye for the future, and she said, "Here is an ideal combination for the development of flying machines. Here you are, an elderly man—I don't say old man yet—(Laughter)—surrounded by young, enthusiastic engineers, experts in their own lines. Why don't you come together, and work together until you get the actual flying machine in the air?" She was very proud of the fact that she has some property that does not belong to her husband—(Laughter)—and she said, "I will finance the association for a year or so, if you form an association." (Hear, hear and applause.) Well, we all agreed—(Laughter)—and so there was organized in Canada in the winter of 1907 what we termed "The Aerial Experiment Association." There was no money in it; we did not go into it for that purpose, but simply to try to get into the air by hook or by crook, and by any means. We did not care if an invention was our own or another's. Mrs. Bell agreed to support the experiments of the Association for a little over a year, and that was all there was to it. I am glad to think that that Association introduced into the work of aviation such distinguished aviators as McCurdy and Curtis. (Hear, hear and applause.)

Now, that is a chapter in history that relates to Canada. That early Experiment Association lasted long enough for each member of it to get a machine into the air. (Hear, hear.) We agreed that each one in the Association was to have his own ideas, and build a machine according to them, and all the others would help him, so that the machines would be joint inventions. The first man to signify his wish was Lieut. Selfridge, and we all turned in to help him design and make the machine; it was called "The Red Wing," because it had red silk wings. It was tried, and in March, 1908, it flew in the presence of half the people of Hammondsford. It was the first public flight in America of a heavier-than-air flying machine. (Hear, hear.) Of course, the Wrights had been flying earlier, only we did not know what they had been doing, as it was all done in private. We did not hear very much about the "Red Wing" in the United States, because the aviator was a Canadian, Mr. Baldwin. (Applause.) He was the first man to get into the air in public in America.

In process of time the usual fate of the earlier flying machines attended the "Red Wing," and it disappeared; in fact, there was hardly anything left of it except the engine and the man. But we immediately went to work to build the second machine, which was Baldwin's, called the "White Wing," and that immediately got into the air, and many flights were made with it, and it ultimately became extinguished through the strenuous efforts of our friend, McCurdy. (Laughter.) Then we went to work and built the third machine, which was Curtis's, known as the "June Bug," and it gained the Scientific American trophy for flying the first measured kilometer in America. The machine we built after the "June Bug" was never demolished; it actually exists to-day, at least in part. Then we turned to work and built McCurdy's machine, the "Silver Dart," at Hammondsford. That flew very successfully there. Flying had by that time become a common thing with those flyers, and McCurdy being a Canadian resident at Baddeck, the machine was picked up and sent off to Nova Scotia, where the "Silver Dart" flew over the Brass d'Or Lakes, and that was the first appearance of a flying machine in Canada, if not in the British Empire. (Applause.)

Now I would like to talk about the future rather than the past. It is obvious that the flying machine is going to take an important part in the conclusion of the war. (Hear, hear.) It is going to be the deciding influence in all wars, yet it is not more than about ten years old We are only at the beginning of aerial flight. What are going to be the developments of the future? Already we have flying machines in Europe that make 130 miles an hour. Just think of that—a thing that would have been inconceivable only a year ago; and that probably is not the limit.

I only want to touch on one or two points that may set some of you men thinking, because Toronto is the centre of aviation in Canada, I believe. (Hear, hear.) You are accustomed to hear the whirr of aerial propellors in the air, and there are many men here who are engaged in the practical work of flying. I want you to engage in the practical work of thinking as to what may be accomplished. Men are now flying 20,000 feet in the air. The point I want to make is, that *theoretically* a machine should be more efficient at 20,000 feet in the air than near the surface; it should fly faster with the same power; it should be more economical of fuel flying high in the rarified air. The few practical aviators with whom I have discussed the subject said, "Well, it is not so; it does not fly faster; it is not more efficient." I replied, "Why not? Theoretically it should be so. I will give you my line of reasoning, in the hope that some practical aviators in Toronto may perhaps be won over and may make experiments in that direction."

You are up 20,000 feet in the air, nearly four miles; of course, the air is very much rarer than it is here. Now, supposing your propellor should have the same push up there as it has down here, the machine should go faster, because there is less resistance in the way; so that the question is, do you get the same push. That is problematical. If you get the same push, you will get faster speed in the rarified air than in the denser air below; everybody admits that who comes to think of it. The only question is, do you get the same push? Well, I cannot say you do, but I will give you the line of reasoning that leads me to think you can. Suppose you get a flying machine on the ground here; you start up your propellor; it commences to rotate; increases and increases, and comes to a steady rotation, giving a certain push to the air. That push just balances the power of the engine—a certain power, a certain push. Now, imagine the air to be a little rarified,—say half the density of what it was before—what would happen? Why, the propellor would raise up, but it would not raise indefinitely; it would raise up until the shock of the propellor again balanced the power of the atmosphere. Whether that would be the same shock as before, is open for question; but at all events it will come to a balance with the power of the engine. And if you do have the same push, in the rarified air you go faster, undoubtedly, than you will in the lower air. The reason why it is doubtful whether you get the same push is a mechanical point; it does not affect the theory at all; it is, that the engine has its great efficiency at a certain rate of rotation. So, while it is obviously necessary that a propellor must revolve very much faster in the rarified air, if your engine revolves very much faster you lose your efficiency. Therefore, at whatever height you fly, the efficiency of the engine must be preserved, but the rate of rotation of the propellor must be according to the rarity of the atmosphere in which it plays. So that it is obvious that the machines we now use, most of them being driven by what we know as direct drive, will not accomplish the result, because the propellor can only go faster when the engine has to go faster also. It requires indirect drive and gear. Just as a man going up hill has to change his gear, so a man going up in the air must change *his* gear, but allow the engine to go at the usual rate and allow the propellors to go very much faster. (Hear, hear and applause.)

Then another thing: it necessitates that your propellors must rotate much more slowly when you are flying near the ground than when you are flying up in the air. The most of our propellors are so arranged that they have pretty nearly the maximum rotation when they are flying quite close to the ground. As it is impossible for them to go any faster, you could not get them up to a stage of rotation that would be theoretically sufficient for the high flying.

However, I hope that these ideas may perhaps bear fruit here, for I am fully convinced that it is possible to get a greater speed at a high altitude with the same power, and that will be of very great consequence.

I will just put one or two more little cranky notions into your heads. If you go up three miles in the air, the air is pretty rare. How about breathing? Would you suffer from the rarefaction of that air? A little theoretical consideration will show that it is possible to prevent the effects of the rarefied air upon a person's breath. Suppose, for example, you put an aviator inside a cabin which is closed in everywhere except in front; then you know that as the machine advances through the air, the air is compressed in that cabin. Now if you study the matter out, imagining that to be the case, you are flying near the ground and you have got a certain comfortable pressure of the atmosphere inside that cabin. Now, if you go up into the rarer air, you have to go faster in order to have support, so that the air is packed in at a greater rate, and if you come to calculate it you will find that the atmospheric pressure inside that cabin should be the same whether you fly low or fly high; just simply, you are going faster in the upper air, which is crammed in there. And so with the difficulties of engine propulsion where the atmospheric pressure affects your carbureter, all you have to do theoretically is to put your carbureter or engine in a hood in front, and you will get the same pressure, theoretically, when you are flying low as when you are flying high.

Now as to high flying, it is prtty cold up there, but in every machine you have surplus heat going to waste; you have an exhaust pipe, and exhaust heat is just let out into the atmosphere. Instead of that, you can use it through the pipe to warm your car, and there is no reason why you should not go up as high as you want and be quite as warm as you like. (Hear, hear.)

I am simply looking ahead into the impossible things that are going to be possible in the future. As you go faster in the air you find that the wing surface needed for support diminishes. Now, if you go fast enough why should you not fly without wings at all? (Laughter.) That is the effect that is usually produced—laughter; but that is one of the things that is surely coming. (Hear, hear.) A bullet flies very well without wings; an arrow flies very well without wings; and these things would be only impeded in their advance if you put wings on them. It would take too long to enter into this, but we have got in our minds a thought that prevents advance; and that is the theory that the flying machine is supported in the air by the pressure of the air on the under surface of the wing. We do not realize that there is another element of support in the inertia of the machine itself A stone thrown by the hand will, while its motion is in an upward direction, support itself in the air, and if you could keep on that motion it would be supported indefinitely. Now, suppose you had a flying machine flying up a grade of one in ten, with a speed that flying machines now make, say over 100 miles an hour, if you make the theoretical component of its moving, going uphill, the ratio of 1 to 10, and it is flying at 109 miles an hour under those circumstances, you will find that it is rising 16 feet in one second, which is just the amount that it drops under gravitation in one second. And I submit that point that if you have a machine going on an upward slant so that the theoretical elevation is greater than the theoretical downward tendency of gravitation, which is only 16 feet per second, it would be self supporting. We run away with the idea of acceleration, but the acceleration is not due to gravitation at all. It is due to other things. For instance, suppose you start a stone falling, you will find that it falls 16 feet in one second. Now, cut off gravitation; don't consider it at all; what will happen at the end of that one second? At the end of that second the stone will be dropping with twice 16 feet velocity, that is 32 feet; so that without any further exertion of gravitation the stone would drop 32 feet in one second—not on account of gravitation, but simply its inertia preserving the velocity it had before; and during that second second, it will allow gravitation again to act, and will add another 16 feet, and all that gravitation can do is to give a drop of 16 feet in one second. Now, suppose you have a machine that is driving upwards at the rate of 16 feet in one second, gravitation is balanced. At the end of the first second you don't have any accelerated velocity to contend with. So that we have machines now that, mixed up with this suspended flight of supporting wings, have reached projectile flight; and I anticipate great changes in the future in relation to projectile flight. (Hear, hear.)

Just one other idea I would put into your minds, and I will not expand it. It is possible that we will have a development of flight with engines without any wings—

flying without wings. How about flying without engines? (Laughter.) Now, I will not expand this, but simply direct your attention to the fact that all the flying creatures of the world fly without engines, by their own muscular power; and there are more things in aerial locomotion than we have yet found out. I can tell you of a thing that is actually done, that every theoretical man will at once say is absolutely impossible. On a voyage from Australia, in the South Seas I had the opportunity of watching the albatrosses and I studied them specially in relation to aerial locomotion, to satisfy myself concerning the truth of a thing that I had often heard about. We were going against the wind, and a mile or two behind there were albatrosses that had caught sight of our ship, but in order to reach it they had to go against the wind. Well, those albatrosses came along steadily, without a flap of the wing, and apparently on an even course—they did not go down and upward—and they overtook the ship against the wind without once moving their wings. Now, this is a thing that any theoretical man would declare impossible, but it is actually done by the birds, and it opens up a new chapter in science. How do they do it? (Laughter, applause, cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.)

A NEW OVERSEAS PROBLEM

An Address by DR. HENRY MARSHALL TORY, F.R.G.S.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 8, 1917

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—The overseas problem which I am to discuss is the question of what we may do in assisting our soldiers overseas through an educational programme. When Major Birks was here in the spring conducting his campaign with Mr. Bishop and the other secretaries of the Y.M.C.A., they told me they were confident that there was a work of education that could be done among the soldiers overseas, if it could only be organized and put upon a proper basis, and they asked me if I would give my summer holidays to a close and intimate study of the question. I consented, and went to England. I went at once to Whitley Camp, where the thing I had come to see was right before me, and the whole problem made an emotional sort of appeal to me, and I had to be constantly on my guard not to be moved by mere impulse or emotional zeal for what might not be real. I had not been long in Witley Camp before

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Dr. Henry Marshall Tory is the well-known and distinguished President of the Alberta University, Edmonton. His versatile gifts as Author, Orator, and Educationist eminently fitted him for the call to go overseas at the request of the Dominion Government to lay plans for the rehabilitation and return of men to civil life. After spending months in the camp and billet life of France and England, he developed a programme which was heartily endorsed by the Dominion Government and received by the Educational authorities as the greatest move ever made for the development in civil pursuits of men under arms. The Club was very fortunate in having Dr. Tory make the first public announcement of the completed plans for the Khaki University.

I was convinced that there was an educational work of great importance that could be done provided we could organize the machinery for carrying it on in a definite and concrete way, and in such a way as would bring knowledge that would be attractive to the men. In conversation with them I found certain things about which they were particularly thinking. For example, the men were deeply interested in the history of England, especially of that particular district in which they were living, and they were visiting surrounding villages, seeing English country houses and old churches, and getting knowledge about that particular kind of thing of a more or less historical character. We owe a debt of gratitude to the English people in the country districts surrounding our camps for the way they have opened their homes and kindly treated our soldiers. Lord Middleton opened his house every Saturday afternoon for the men at Witley Camp to let them see the things he has there and take tea with him. Lady Middleton spends one day every week serving at the canteen in one of the huts in Witley Camp, a scheme for which her husband did so much. (Loud Applause.)

After visiting Witley Camp I made a tour of other camps in England, meeting men in little groups, meeting the officers and talking to them, and everywhere it was apparent there was a great opening for educational work, and that it would be effective for two reasons—first, because the men had got over the excitement of the beginnings of the War and were commencing to tire of the routine of the machinery of the war; and the instinct of every Anglo-Saxon to think about things and the work of his country and the ordinary business affairs of life, was reasserting itself, and there was no opportunity to have their thoughts directed in connection with such matters apart from their ordinary discussions. The second reason was that they were tired of the types of entertainment that were being given to them. There was therefore an opportunity to get at the men in a way we never could do at home, because in reality there was no competition. I give you an illustration. I was with 700 men and heard an illustrated lecture on the Tower of London, but if I had not known the Tower of London I do not think I would have understood very much about it, and it was not a thing to which an ordinary crowd would be attracted, yet those 700 men sat for an hour and a quarter on a summer evening before sundown, with a baseball match going on in the field, and not a man left the place till the lecture was through. That was evidence to me of the hunger on the part of the men, at least, of a certain percentage of them, for something of an intellectual character that would take them away from the daily, deadly monotony and routine of the army.

The same impression grew upon me as I travelled from one part of the camp to another. Then I went over to France on a permit for ten days, but I found so many interesting things there, and the authorities of the army were so much interested in what I had to see them about, that I had to stay three weeks. I got as close to the men as I could. I met them in meetings and in little groups, and I had the privilege of meeting the officers at banquets and speaking to them, and of meeting the men on parade and speaking to them, then talking to them in little groups. I was able to get a fair impression of the possibility of interesting the men in intellectual things even when they were behind the lines waiting for the next forward movement. At one meeting attended by about 1,000 men, I launched out on a lecture that I give to freshmen in the University. It was a lecture on our public institutions—what they mean to us, and why we should love them, and the significance and value of education in relation to our public institutions because safety and security is based on the understanding of them. Those men were to go in two days into the battle line, and as a matter of fact they shared in the attack upon the town of Lens. After I had spoken three-quarters of an hour I offered to answer any questions, and for another three-quarters of an hour I did not get a chance to sit down. Those men asked questions about the opportunities for getting an education when they got home, the chances for getting reasonable terms of settlement on lands at home, what the Canadian people were thinking about the War—a series of the most sensible and direct questions ever asked of me; I never had questions of a similar character asked by any body of students. They indicated the anxiety of the men as to what was going to happen to them when they got home.

After leaving France, just to make sure of my judgment, I repeated my experiences in several camps in England; the result was we put our heads together and made a plan divided into two parts—one dealing with the present hour, another with the great demobilization period.

For the present hour we organized in this way. I got together groups of men. In the chaplains' service there are a good many men accustomed to teaching; officers of the army are old teachers; a number of Y.M.C.A. men have been in the teaching profession. We asked them if they would be willing to undertake teaching work in the spare hours of the men, between half past eleven a.m. and half past four p.m., and I found a general willingness to teach, and the same desire on the part of the officers who never knew about teaching work, and I found a keenness on the part of many individuals to co-operate in any work of this kind we might do. This is the sort of scheme we blocked out. I found the men were particularly interested in things of a historical character related to their surroundings, and more especially in relation to war problems. We planned a course of popular lectures based upon certain text books, with lantern slides to be used in presenting them;—first, a series with respect to the nations at war, giving a sketch of the racial peculiarities of the people and their popular institutions; then another group relating to the British Empire, its growth, an outline of how we came by each part of it and its relation to the whole. Then we followed with a group of lectures on the campaigns of the War. While the men did not want to talk about the War in the ordinary sense, they were deeply interested in such problems as the campaigns. For example, I heard a lecture on the Mesopotamian campaign given to a body of men in the army in France, and afterwards we heard men saying, "Wasn't that splendid?" "I feel better about the fighting I am doing here, now that I know what is going on in Mesopotamia, and why we are conducting a campaign there." Then we have a group of lectures on Canada, Canadian problems, reconstruction, what our Constitution is like, how it relates men to the whole British Empire, our natural resources, the significance and value of education, a study of Canada as a place of domain, a description of other outlying portions of the world, that are now unsettled, and subjects of that character. Finally, we planned a course of lectures on Agriculture and Science, such as modern methods of Agriculture as compared with ancient methods, the aeroplane, the chemistry of explosives, the submarines, etc. This course of lectures, that will be given in the camps during the winter, with modern slides and cinemas, will probably require seven or eight months to carry through. There is enough material planned to go through the whole of the coming winter. Then we arranged to have group study courses for the men, relating these group studies to the historical subjects mentioned. That was my first suggestion, but I found we hardly got the thing started before we realized that the men were prepared to take up more specific and definite work of a semi-academic character; for instance, there is a class in Greek in Witley Camp I found an individual man who was carrying around a small Hebrew dictionary, which language he had been studying before he left Canada, and he was trying to do something with it. We arranged to bring together remaining groups for guidance in their studies, the first thought being to relate their studies to the subjects we had arranged for public lectures. To-day there are between 700 and 1,000 men in Witley Camp organized in these classes, and there are 40 men—practically an organized college faculty,—giving them instruction every night in the week after the day's work is done. (Applause.) There are five camps in Witley, and for each one of these there will be a library bearing on the studies outlined. We have also arranged that any particular book that is to be had in England, will be loaned to any soldier who wants it. (Applause.) If a lecture is asked for on any other subject, we will arrange for it. Capt. Cole reports that a very large part of his time is taken up in getting books out for the men. We have undertaken to organize any group of men in any subject desired.

At one of the religious meetings conducted by Capt. Cameron, at which 500 men were present from one camp, I asked him to announce that the men might discuss with me the problem of their future life in Canada. and 200 men stayed behind. I stood before those 200 men and outlined what I had in mind and asked them to think it over and meet me a week later Those 200 men were there the next week, and I found that 60 were anxious for a course in Scientific Agriculture; I found 30 anxious to devote their lives to religious work—these I turned over to Capt. Cameron; I found 30 young fellows who had been associated with business in Canada but had no special training for their work. and they were exceedingly anxious to get something that would prepare them for their future work in Canada. Out of those 200 men there were 160 who mentioned specific and definite things that they wanted solved for themselves. The other 40 said they would be glad to do anything that would improve their minds and make life a little more tolerable.

I was anxious to justify my judgment still further, and taking a certain group of men I asked an officer to make a personal investigation of a brigade. We selected one of the brigades of the Fifth Division, and broke that up into a battalion from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, two battalions from Ontario and Montreal, and one from Western Canada. I said, "Take time to interview these men personally; this is not to be a show of hands, but see if they are interested in having such study organized in respect to a particular problem for themselves. You cannot take time to interview 4,000 men, but cable me the results when you find out what the men are thinking about." He interviewed 1,875, and 1,360 expressed a desire to have specific and definite subjects organized for studies during the demobilization period. (Applause.)

If 40% of that is a real, genuine desire, then there is in the army a body of men, as there is to-day in all our institutions of higher learning in Canada, who are anxious to have some instruction given to them. (Applause.)

With those things before me, I felt justified in making a definite recommendation for work during the demobilization period, of a more definite character than I had dreamed of. I recommended to the Y.M.C.A. Board first, that we undertake to plant an institution of learning in one army camp during the demobilization period; second, that we try to get permission of the army authorities to bring to that camp during that period the men who would undertake intensive study; and third, that we plan to carry on the equivalent of an extension department of a great modern University, reaching out to every camp in England, and giving an opportunity for the vast mass of the men to get the benefit of a more general instruction than that which will be given in the more central and highly organized camp where the more intensive study will go on; and finally, that we plant an Agricultural College there. I am convinced that there are over 40,000 farmers in the Canadian army who would like to get access to the national service courses. They have not yet been classified, but I am confident that we can bring intensive agricultural education into a camp in England during that period of demobilization that will be so difficult to our men from the disciplinary and moral point of view, anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 men. Of the 60 men mentioned who wanted to study Agriculture I found these were the facts—they were all sons of farmers; the majority had left the farm and gone into towns and villages and had been living in commercial or business life. They said they could not go back to that old life and that if they had an opportunity of learning how to farm properly, and if the Government gave them an opportunity to adjust themselves into farm life, they would be glad to go into it. (Applause.) So we intend to plant an Agricultural College, and put into it the equivalent of a year's work of any of our Agricultural Colleges at home. (Hear, hear and applause.)

I found a great many boys who had left home just at the time they would enter college, and who had got away from the idea of college, and were wondering if they could ever get back to where they were before they enlisted. I made up my mind that if we went into this matter with missionary zeal we could save most of those men for intellectual pursuits. (Hear, hear and applause.) So my plan is to organize for the express purpose of bringing these men to such a state of mind during the demobilization period that, when they come home, they will be content to go forward with the very thing that they originally intended. I told the men that we did not for a moment contemplate their taking a lower walk in life than the one they had in view. (Applause.)

Further, I recommended the planting of an equivalent to our modern Business College, and to see that the men got a chance to study the economic laws of business so that they might plant themselves in a better business way than they otherwise would be doing.

Then I recommended that we organize in every camp a great department such as we have in our Universities, to carry out a series of lectures dealing with problems like the British Empire, our own Canadian economic problems, the social betterment of the country, reconstruction and what it means, agriculture, and all that means to us. There is an unlimited possibility of development in the hands of good strong men if we can bring ourselves together as a co-operative force for the purpose of carrying out that work.

I recommended an organization for men who wanted to take up religious studies, and it may be a first-class service for men who are teachers in the chaplains' service to take hold of those men and fit them as religious workers in Canada. I cannot conceive of any greater service that could be done than to bring home from the army a body of men who will be trained, religious leaders, who will bring to bear on the life of this country that religious comradeship that has been a feature of their life there. (Loud applause.)

I recommended that we lay this whole matter before the Universities of Canada, and organize a Board of Management representing the Universities and the Y.M.C.A., and that we make this a great educational scheme, and make the Universities responsible for it in an important sense. Since my return I have talked with a great many University presidents and have received nothing but words of commendation and promises of help. (Applause.) Sir Robert Falconer has committed himself to the very limit of his strength and power and the limit of his organization and of the University in helping this work. (Applause.) That is the position taken by every University and president with whom I have had the privilege of talking. We have agreed on the organization of a Board on which McGill University will be represented by Mr. Wm. Birks and Mr. John Ross; the University of Toronto by Sir Edmund Walker, Col. Leonard and one or two others; Dalhousie by Mr. John Campbell, President of the Board of Governors; and Chief Justice Harvey, who is the President of the Board of Governors of my own University. We are gathering together a group of men who will be helpful to us in putting before the people of Canada the plan for which the Universities of Canada, I think, will be responsible.

As to teaching power, I believe there is nearly enough in the army to-day to carry on our plan—in the Y.M.C.A. secretaries, in the chaplains' service, among the army officers—even among the non-commissioned officers and men there are many men who have devoted their lives to teaching. My first work is to organize and classify that material, and then we will select from Canadian Universities men to fill up that organization, and I believe the Universities will give us the men. (Applause.) When I say Universities, I mean the Agricultural Colleges, and a good many men from the schools.

This matter was taken up with the authorities in England, and we had the heartiest co-operation and promises of help from Gen. Turner, who has charge of the army in England, down to the humblest officer I met. Gen. Turner said, "I will place at the disposal of this organization all the machinery that we now have, which we are using in training our officers. The moment we are through with training officers, it may be made part of this great campaign." (Applause.) He further assured me that as far as it was consistent with plans for demobilization, he would allow us to have our work done in the central camp, and carry it out along the lines I have suggested. I hope in the very near future we will have the plan so perfect that we will be able to say, "Here is a machine for the purpose of teaching these men, settling them, bringing them back to their native land in a state of mind very much better than if they were allowed to spend that demobilization period without anything very definite to do." I have laid this matter before the Government of Canada, and have received an endorsation from Sir Robert Borden and the members of his Government, and they have given us the assurance that they will be behind us in every possible way. (Applause.) Consequently I am able to say that the scheme is fairly launched, and the only thing now is to bring together the threads of organization and make it possible to see our way to the end of our plan and decide what particular groups of study should be given.

May I say, in closing, that we have a right to be proud of the men in France. Gen. Haig reviewed the First Brigade after the battle of Lens. It was not the ordinary form of review, where the review officer salutes an officer, leaving the men, and then passes on, talking to his staff officers as the men walk by; but as the men saluted sharply to him as he went by, Gen. Haig went on saluting the men, and loud enough for all his staff to hear he kept saying, "Every man of them is a hero!" He said that a dozen times. (Applause.) That is the understanding, that is the belief, of the leaders of our British army as to this little Canadian Corps in France. (Applause.) And I will say this one other thing: they are looking to you and to me to see that they are supported in the line. (Applause) ; and if we hesitate an hour in our decisions to do that, we are unworthy of the race from which we sprang, and we are unworthy of the Empire to which we belong. (Loud applause.) I have heard some little grumbling since coming home, about certain things that are happening in England. I have heard of the resolutions that have been passed indicating that we will do our part when certain things happen in England that we want to happen; and I have been saying to myself, "Are there people in Canada who have forgotten that the reason we cannot do in England what they did in Russia at the beginning of the war is because we are not Russia? Are there men who are forgetting that the very things we dislike in England are there because liberty is there? And are we to say we will do our part when the home of liberty, the land from which liberty has sprung—(Applause)—meets all our wishes? When we look out on the world to-day, we find that the whole world has its thought centered upon the England of today; that the public institutions and organizations of the world are being re-patterned on the pattern shown them. We hope we can improve our pattern somewhat; we hope we will give an impetus to the development of those institutions on a higher plane, but it can never be done except on the basis of recognizing the liberty of man. We have the Empire to-day to which our leaders have given a new significance and there is a new meaning to the moral interpretation of the law's rule, and no man can disregard the judgments we have passed when we entered the War in respect to Belgium. No nation can disregard the judgment of British leaders passed when they entered the War; and I do hope we will keep ourselves, amid differences of opinion, united in hand and heart till we see the finish of the War, and then we will take up the work of progress and establish our liberty on a higher plane. (Loud applause.)

"MY EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT"

AN ADDRESS BY STEWART LYON

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 15, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am very glad to be the guest of the Empire Club, because after all this is the Empire's business in which we are engaged, and your sons and brothers who are over in France are fighting for the cause of the Empire as well as the cause of civilization. No matter what might have happened to civilization, if the Germans had reached the narrow part of the English Channel and had been able to plant themselves firmly there, the British Empire might have gone into liquidation at about 60 cents on the dollar. The Germans are now bringing to the Western front guns with a range of 30 miles, and it is only about 21 miles across the Channel. We can now understand how great was the menace of 1914, when the Germans tried to reach the coast. They had their plans made for the use of super-guns by super-men, and they might well have rendered untenable the whole coast of Kent; but that peril is over. At the present time one can say with the utmost confidence, after talking to the men who are controlling the forces of the army, that not again will there be danger of the enemy breaking through on the Western front, even though Russia makes peace, even though Italy should be crushed, even though all the men of the Ger-

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At the time of this address, Mr. Lyon had just returned after six months' experience as an eye witness in thrilling theatres of the War, such as Vimy Ridge, Lens, etc., where Canadians have immortalized themselves. The Club was enabled to hear an address by an eloquent War Correspondent on themes which had not hitherto been covered in public addresses.

man and Austrian armies now on the Eastern front were to be concentrated on the Western front in a supreme effort to win the War there. Germany is absolutely on the defensive on the Western front. There have been one or two little local offensives in the past three years, but only an infinitesimal bit of territory on the Belgian coast has fallen into German hands since the Autumn of 1914 and the Spring of 1915, when the last German drive took place at Langemarck. Since that time, the trend has been altogether in one way. The progress has perhaps not been as great as we had hoped, but at any rate it has been progress, and all in one direction. The German wave of invasion in the West is receding, and will continue to recede.

Our men are splendid; we all know that there are no better soldiers on the Western front. In the Paschendaele operation, they have done the same great type of thing they did at Ypres, when they stopped the Prussians from reaching the coast in 1915. They did fine work also at Vimy and Hill "70" this year. Paschendaele will stand out very prominently in the history of the War, and the credit for it is largely due to our own lads.

We sometimes wonder why the almost undivided efforts of 46,000,000 British people, plus the Australians, plus the Canadians and the 40,000,000 Frenchmen have failed to break and drive back, as speedily as we had hoped, the Germans on the Western front; because Germany is bearing the brunt of the Central Powers' attack alone on that front; she has no other troops, and I do not suppose that two-thirds of the effectives of the German army are engaged on the Western front. That is to say, two-thirds of the soldiers of a nation of 67,000,000 are holding back probably four-fifths of the soldiers of two nations, one of 40,000,000 and the other, if we take the white men in the British Empire, of almost 60,000,000. That does seem like a problem we ought to consider. Why cannot we, with the force of those two nations, with more population than Germany standing alone, resist two-thirds of the German army?

The answer is to be found in the topography of the country in which the bulk of the fighting is taking place on the Western front. When the Germans invaded France in the fall of 1914 they took every bit of strategic height that they could occupy and hold; their lines were based upon the occupation of the high country, which was used wherever possible to buttress the remaining portions of their lines in the low country. (Explaining points on the map.) You must remember that so far as the British front is concerned, there have never been more than two areas in which effective offensive campaining has been conducted. Those two areas were opposite the Lorette Ridge and to the east of Ypres, on the ridges from Menin north to Paschendaele. The British armies were really under the necessity, if they were going to do any effective fighting, of securing the land on the ridges. The part of the Belgian coast marked green is just a few feet above water level, even in summer, and the sort of guns needed to carry on an offensive will, in wet weather, sink to the hub in that kind of country. When they break through the crust they never come back. In the region between the Forest of Houthulst and the sea, there is therefore, no possibility of conducting an important offensive.

There was another and more compelling reason why the British and French armies should make their first big fight in the Lens-Arras area. You can swing a circle from Lens, about 20 miles in each direction, and include most of the coal land which is mined by the French people. The Germans knew this very well, and when they came into France it was the Lorette and Vimy Ridges that they struck. No doubt they had calculated on a very great war against shipping, and that if France could not get sufficient coal from Britain, she would be in great straits. As a matter of fact, the British good-will to France in that respect saved the situation, because even as late as last winter and spring, long after many of those mines had been recovered and the Lorette Ridge had passed again into the hands of the French, one found power lorries and horse-drawn waggons taking the roads and hauling coal almost 200 kilometers, because the railways were so crowded with military supplies that they could not be used; the Lens field was the only place in France from which coal could be got in quantities for French industries and domestic purposes. The Canadian foresters are doing a vast deal in the centre and east of France, on the slopes of the Jura, to provide wood as a substitute for coal during the present winter, as the price of coal has become almost prohibitive.

The recovery of this coal region is one of the great problems of the French people. In the spring of 1915, the French fought the Germans for that dark brown patch inch by inch, not even foot by foot. They forced the enemy down into the valley of Souchez and climbed to Vimy Ridge. For a few days in the Fall of 1915, the French were actually on the crest of Vimy Ridge, and last summer I found a French helmet down in the Village of Givenchy on the eastern slope of Vimy Ridge, which shows that some part of the French penetrated that far. But they did not hold the Ridge; they were driven off the crest, and some British soldiers were driven off also and lost a little more of the Ridge. When our Canadian folks came up to the same valley just about a year ago, the crest was again in the hands of the Germans, and the whole operation had to be undertaken afresh. The coal country had to be recovered if the French were not to be hopelessly handicapped.

On that part of the Western front, the occupations of war and peace are going on side by side in a way that one does not find in any other part of the front. If they were not going on side by side, I am quite certain that the French attitude towards the War would be one of despair. The coal miners in the villages are there operating mines everywhere within range of the enemy's long distance guns. Just west of Lens, a little north of the Souchez River, one finds clusters of villages crowded with miners and—what is more remarkable—with the families of miners. I have seen the children playing in the streets of a village with great sheels coming in not more than two or three hundred yards away from them, shattering the windows of the houses by which they were playing. The sound of the guns was an everyday affair while the children were playing in the streets and the men and women going about their business. The teachers gave the youngsters a holiday when the shelling became specially heavy. I have seen the boys, when shelling started in the morning just about the time school was due having been dismissed by the teacher, come roaring back through the village, most of them highly delighted that the shelling had begun at that particular time. As a matter of fact, the women in those French villages hold knitting parties in the vaulted caverns which were made by design after 1870 so that the people of France might be protected in their cellars from artillery fire. I was for a time in a mess that was located in one of those houses, and it was quite a common thing for the ladies across the way to come and bring their knitting and spend the time in the vaulted caves if the shelling was particularly heavy. The fact that the miners remain there, and that the women are sufficiently courageous to keep the company there, and that their children are with them, has done very much to reconcile the French to the tension of the war, for, without the coal that is being won under those amazing conditions, the French people would have long ago been in dire straits. Coal is a vital thing in war as in peace.

Lille is the Manchester and the Birmingham of France combined. Industrial development has been going on in that district for a long while. Those northern French people are a fine sort, and by the moves that are going on now, the lines of British and French moving to the north-east, and ultimately also to the south-east, the enemy will be squeezed out of this great industrial centre of France without the need of over-much fighting. That also adds to the comfort of the French people when they are considering the whole problem of the War, because one can realize what the loss of a city like Lille would mean to the French people, if it and the cities of the industrial north were destroyed in the same degree in which has been necessary to destroy Lens to drive the Germans out. Since our guns began to play seriously on Lens (about the middle of May), I do not suppose there is one house in ten in that very large town that is still habitable; so that to recover France we have to destroy France, and the French people themselves, seeing the need, have very gladly consented to the change in the direction of the Allied campaign on the Western front, which puts the emphasis in a comparatively lightly settled country instead of smashing a way through, which would involve the destruction of the great city of Lille and the tremendous industrial plants centered in that city.

It may be that the enemy will destroy Lille, even if we do not attempt to smash our way through Lille, and we may think it is labour in vain to spare the city, but the thing is at least worth trying. There is no tremendous loss of material things involved in the move towards the Belgian coast that is now going on, such as would inevitably be involved if the army, after taking Paschendaele and the Menin Ridges, had swung to the right in the endeavour to envelope Lille and force its evacuation. At one time the operations on the Western front seemed to point to form a converging movement from Lens toward Lille in the north-east, and toward Messines Ridge on the south-east; but that has been changed, and I think wisely. The French officers do not wish that area devoted to destruction of a most terrible sort that would take decades to overcome.

Further south, in the area north of the Aisne river, west of Laon, probably the worst example of this German deviltry is to be found. While the journalists of the British Overseas Dominions were at the French front as guests of the French Government, we were shown not only the battle scenes, but the scenes in the villages from which the Germans had retired after the Battle of the Somme last year. The area actually conquered by our people in the Somme was relatively small last fall, but the tremendous hammering the Germans got on the Somme induced them to begin in the last week of March this year to evacuate a very large area relatively to the area of the Somme. On the Noyon front and to the south, they got back twenty-five miles behind where the actual fighting has taken place. With the exception of an occasional shell from a long range gun, there is no sign of War either on our side of this long line or on the German side, no sign of physical ravages of War. But in that country where the German voluntarily retired, the signs of War are something terrific. Take the town of Chauny, which has about 15,000 people; it did nothing but make glass; its factories represented an invested capital of many millions of francs. When we went through that town in May, about six weeks after the evacuation by the Germans, there was not a house that had not been destroyed, burned or blown up, and every factor had been absolutely levelled to the ground, the machinery thrown about in such a way that it could never be recovered. An investment of many millions of francs that had nothing to do with the War was destroyed. Another town, Noyon, presented the same characteristics. There vandalism was shown in a most amazing degree. There was a beautiful old cathedral, built by the Saxons before they became entirely civilized,—I think the beginning of the 12th century,—and that had been wrecked. For the sake of the lead with which the panes of priceless stained glass had been stuck together, they had ripped every window out. Their escape from Noyon had been hurried, and they had not time to take away the stuff, and their way was marked by the great piles of loot left by those new barbarians.

In Soissons itself the same thing happened. The Aisne river runs through the town; there are in the city a great beet sugar factory, a huge bottle-blowing establishment, and an abattoir, and those things were totally destroyed; the great cathedral was blown to pieces, with its stained glass. Half a mile to the south, where it did not matter so much, where shells did not produce so great results, the Germans had just thrown in an occasional shell and destroyed an occasional house, but the lawns and the beauty of that fine French countryside remained practically undisturbed. At Soissons those ingenious fellows had taken hundreds of thousands of bottles and used them as breastworks instead of trenches—anything to destroy the property of the French people.

Now, that experience this spring had a great deal to do with turning the minds of the French people in the direction of preventing war from sweeping over thoroughly settled parts of the French countryside, and I believe the reason why a large French army at the present moment is up here at the Forest of Houthulst helping the British forces to clear the way to the Belgian coast, is because of the feeling in France that Germany will be more quickly defeated by forcing her armies away from that coast than she would be were the Allied efforts to be directed almost wholly to shoving the German armies back along this whole line south, where there is a thoroughly settled country.

It is interesting to note the way in which the French merchant population stuck to the cities and towns and to their jobs in the face of all the difficulties that they encountered. It would be most interesting to go into Bailleul, near the Ypres salient some afternoon and see the merchandising going on under constant shell fire. I went into a lace shop—they are famous for their laces—and behind the counter was a young woman who was quite well known among the men of the army, and almost the first thing she said to me was, "Oh, from Toronto, are you?" I said, "Yes." She pointed to a picture on the wall and said, "That is a picture of a nephew of Mayor Church; you know Mayor Church?" And while she was selling me that little bit of lace there was an unseemly sound, a big shell coming in whizzed through the air, and we all listened—it is a habit out there. It fell on the other side of the square, and smashed a house or two by the way, and she went on selling the lace. Those women go on with business with the utmost coolness; there are not many men left in stores like that. There are bombs at night coming down on them, and shells by day, but the French people in that part of the country have no nerves at all. I am quite certain that in England they would not stand the same thing with the same coolness. They are willing to go on for a while longer if there is hope that in the general settlement of this War, there shall be no further eruption of those barbarians from across the Rhine. In the late part of March of this year, there was a rather dangerous feeling gathering in French Government circles. The trench had fought very long; the recovery of their territory had been very slow; the exhaustion of their wealth had been very great; the depletion of their manhood had been such as we will not know until the War ends and the figures are published; and the French people had begun to wonder whether the losses borne were worth the price.

I think, at that time, if it had not been for the coming into the War of the United States, France might have been prepared to make what would have been a premature and perhaps a very insecure peace. But, let us say it to the credit of our neighbours to the south, the coming of the United States into the War at that psychological moment when the people of France were becoming war-weary, has been one of the greatest things of the War; a thing that future centuries will record, probably, as the turning-point in the struggle against the maintenance of autocratic government in one of the greatest countries of Europe. Looking at the situation in France, the French people, however war-weary, will stick it out to the end under the belief that Britain and America will force such a reconsideration of the whole ideas of the German people in regard to government, that they will never again allow their war lords to invade France.

The American transport waggons and American mechanical transport officers and men are doing the chief work in cleaning up the Somme region—one of the most interesting things that goes on behind the lines. There are thousands of Hindus in that part of France, recovering material of war that has been put into the earth. They take out the headings of the dug-outs, they take away the barbed wire, they lift all the big walks in the trenches, they bring all those things up to stations along the line of railways, and they are forwarded to the north where War is still going on. In that work, the labour of which is done by these Orientals, American officers and troops are doing a great service to the Allied army. I believe they will be maintained on the French part of the front, for it is France that needs men most, and the fact that France and the United States are both Republics and that they have had a national friendship for 150 years will tend to make the Americans go into the line, probably on the eastern part of the French front rather than come up to the Belgian coast. The British army hereafter will have as its great job, the drive towards Ostend, which has been remarkably successful up to the present time. The Flanders plain is going to see hard fighting this winter. Our people have forced the Germans down into the plain; they are getting mauled dreadfully, by our artillery. I imagine that the further pushes must consist of moving them far enough back into the plain to make it impossible that their artillery shall shake our position on the Paschendaele Ridges. That is the inevitable sequence of the Campaign, and if it goes as everyone over there hopes, I think by the very early spring, the submarine bases of the enemy on the Belgian coast and the aerodromes from which he launches most of his air-raids on Great Britain will no longer be tenable for that purpose. The War may continue for a time after that but there will be no longer any real object on the part of Germany in having war, because she will have lost it definitely. If she cannot tire Great Britain out, she cannot win the War, because France, with the coming in of America, will unquestionably stick, and no matter what happens in Eastern Europe, or how many battalions or divisions the Germans and Austrians can throw on the Western front, that front will be able to hold against every assault that may be brought against it.

I would like to direct your attention to the despatch of Walter Willison, the Canadian press correspondent at the front, in which he says, "Our losses have been heavy. We know what that means. I suppose these Paschendaele Ridges may be found in the end to have cost us 10,000 casualties among the Canadians." It strikes me, talking to business men of Toronto, that it is the most utter and absolute folly that all over this country, men should be arguing as to the method of sending reinforcements. We have got in two weeks, without the hearing of the appeals from the tribunals, over 21,000, mostly of A class, who can be sent as reinforcements to France. Are we going to agree that because some one proposes that the Military Service Act shall be suspended if the election is decided in a certain way in December next, those men must be held here and not sent as reinforcements to our brave fellows at the front? I want you who have been in politics to get out of politics and get into War business, and see that the Canadian forces in France are reinforced at once. They need it; I know that they need it; I can say so confidently to you.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR

AN ADDRESS BY JOHN HOUSTON FINLEY, LL.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 22, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—In France, making a journey at night on the day War was declared by England, I was seized as a possible spy, carried into the guard house, and after a time one of the gendarmes or soldiers noticed that I had a little military ribbon that showed appreciation of something I had done, and when he asked me, "Why have you that?" I could not think of any reason. I think I may tell you, without boasting, that it was this—I helped France—at any rate some people in France, because only a small part of France was in my audience—to remember that she had in a sense given the two great valleys, the valley of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi valley—had evoked them from the unknown, as it were,—and had given them to the world. I hope that France and those of French origin here will not forget that. I once went from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico following the wake of the French explorers; and while in France I visited the places where some of those explorers and priests were born. I went, for example, to Laon, and saw the cathedral, and went to find a place where he was born who was the one to discover the river Mississippi on which I was born, for I am very grateful to him that he discovered

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Mr. John Houston Finley, LL.D., is one of the most potent factors in the public life of the United States. The Emperor of Japan has invested him with the "Order of the Rising Sun," and France has conferred upon him the "Legion of Honour." Besides being an author and publicist, he is one of America's most powerful orators.

that river and made it possible that I should be born there. I wanted to find the birthplace of Marquette in that little town of Laon; he came out to this region to preach to the savages the gospel of Christ, to those who had never heard of it. Well, it is about time that we were rescuing that place where Père Marquette was born from the savagery that has descended upon Europe, a savagery that is more barbarous than any that the Indians practised out here in the early days. I think that we are prepared to work together to wipe away that stain upon Laon. I went to see the place where Colbeare was born; his was the first name given to that river. Then I went to St. Eau, where the name of Marquette was first put on the French page. There is very good reason why we should be fighting together to recover those places yonder. Of course, that is not the greatest reason, but that is one special reason.

I have not come with any special message from the Government. I used to be a pupil of President Wilson, and if he had known that I was coming, he would perhaps have taken time to give me just a word to carry to you; but I could not bother him. If I represent anybody it must be those two million children and teachers in that State which is nearest to you. I think my message from them to you must be the message I sent to Gen. Pershing last Friday, as follows:—"The children and teachers of the State of New York together subscribed and secured for the second Liberty Loan $38,000,000." In sending that message to Gen. Pershing I said, "We are back of you and your men;" and I can give that message to you —we are back of you and your men.

I might say a word about the mobilization of England and of France, as a background for what we are trying to do in the State of New York. I was in Oxford about a fortnight before the War began, and in Cambridge about a fortnight after it began. In Oxford there was the calm of the cloister, and there were those memorials, dim with years, of scholars, of statesmen, of poets, even of princes; and there were conventions there that seemingly paid no attention to the outside world. But Cambridge, which only six weeks before had been, I fancy, like Oxford, was filled with soldiers, with men in khaki; there were 30,000 Territorials encamped in and about Cambridge two or three weeks after the War began. Those men marched through the streets of Cambridge; they rowed on the river Cam, and it seemed almost a sacrilege when they washed the dust from their faces at the end of the day in those waters. I wanted very much to visit one of the colleges there, but I could not visit Trinity because it was being put in readiness for use as a hospital. I saw a few men in learned garb going about, and at the Inn, or whatever it is called, I heard a few young men talking about Philosophy or Science; but for the most part the glory of the old colleges of Newton and Milton was darkened by the preparations for the grim game of war out on the sodden fields of Flanders. One incident gave suggestion of this preparedness. I went into St. John's College and there found hanging upon the wall a portrait of him who has written the greatest satire, so Augustine Birrell has said, since Gulliver's Travels. It was a portrait of Samuel Butler, painted by himself,—and I think he must have been rather kind to himself in making this portrait. for I have seen one of him in his later years, and he was not as handsome as he was in this picture,—the man who was the author of "Orepon"—Mr. Locke knows that book if no one else does—the book in which he makes this satire of his own country and of his own mother, the University college. You remember he pictures the way in which the criminals are treated as the sick, and the sick as the criminals; and in that line are the colleges—of course that is an imaginary sequence—Colleges of Unreason, colleges in which students are plucked because of their insufficient trust in the printed word, and are promoted for excellence in vagueness; colleges, as he says, in which intellectual over-indulgence is looked upon as the most pernicious form of excess; colleges that promote the growing of individual happiness, and all that sort of thing—I would not attempt to reproduce the entire book here. Here was this man who had satirized the teaching of his own college and university, and I wondered why the mother could let his portrait hang there—the portrait of this man who had rejected all her classic discipline and all her worship of the past, so to speak. But all that is now changed, and if he could look out of the window, he would see those men passing in khaki, some of them graduates of this very college, those men who had gone out to prove the fallacy of their so-called unpractical training. I could not tell you what the university men of England have done. The other night I heard the brave story of what Canada's university men have been doing, from Sir Robert Falconer, but I read in "The Times" as long ago as June or July, 1915, that approximately 8,850 Cambridge men had gone out into the War, and of that number about 250 had been killed and 450 wounded, this appalling mortality being due to the fact that those men had taken positions of danger voluntarily as platoon commanders. Since then I am told the numbers have gone up,—this heroic percentage of mortality. What is true of Cambridge is true of Oxford, which hardly dares to count her dead, and I heard a man in Balliol who said there were only 60 men in the classes there, and most of them came to their classes in khaki.

There was another paragraph in that report, and it was equally stirring—that a complete list has been made of the men who are in residence still in Cambridge, and each man has indicated how he thinks he can make himself useful for the good of his country. Cambridge has mobilized herself. That was to me a most stirring picture. Mobilization suddenly became the first word in the vocabulary of Europe. I heard that in France they no longer note the days of the week and the months, but date everything from the first day of mobilization. Mobilization suddenly leaped to a new significance, a universal and exalted use. On the night of the 4th of August, on which War was declared, I had to cross the Channel from England to France to get a boy of mine who was living in a French family in the war zone, and on the way I was in a compartment with five Frenchmen and a Russian, all going back to service. I saw a thousand men standing on the wharf at Boulogne, and in half an hour they had disappeared. I had to walk about 40 miles to get to the place nearest where my boy was, and I could see the preparations going on. When I got to Dieppe, on the sea coast, I found the peasants on the patrol; they had gotten up still earlier in the morning, and there they were with their horses and carts that had been commandeered for service. When I got back to England and Scotland it was the same. I remember in Edinborough the Cameronians marching to the stirring music, behind the bagpipes there, and the little flirt of a skirt and the quirk of the arm,—certainly a most spirited sight,—their sporrans showing. The next day they had disappeared; the pipes had ceased to sound, and, their sporrans were hidden by khaki so that they could crawl in the fields. These are just incidents in that great mobilization, which meant the transformation from a peace to a war footing. That is what it was technically, but as a matter of fact it was something far deeper than that; it was a sudden forgetting of oneself and one's own affairs in the selfless service. In some instances the men did not even go back to their houses to tell their families or to change their clothes; they simply went to the places of rendezvous, and they let the return of their garments tell that they had gone. This mobilization was swift. It was complete; it was heroic; it was as if the spirit had swept across Europe to the sea, from the Ural Mountains to the sea. Mobilization is directive; mobilization is mobility with a clear, common, destinated—I suppose Presbyterians would say a predestinated—point.

President Wilson in his halcyon academic days repeated a story of a mule being transferred down the Mississippi Valley with a tag about his neck indicating his destination, but in crossing the river he got the tag in his mouth and swallowed it, and one of the deck hands suggested, "Dat 'ere mule done eat up whar he was gwine to." I always hesitate to use that story, and I should not repeat it if President Wilson had not told it in those days that were not so sober; but I think democracy is proving that she can mobilize, that she can bring all her forces together to a common end. Mobilization is simply the process by which the mob becomes transfigured into something more than the sum of its individuals, just as a human body becomes a spirit when he speaks some divine word or does some great deed. The great problem is to find out to what extent the mobility of the individual should be restrained, should be destinated; and the great question that is being discussed on the other side is whether a highly organized and nefariously directed system of individual predestination shall govern this world, or whether there shall be a social system in which the individual shall have mobility, but in which the individual shall be ready at all times, whenever called upon, to give himself for the common good; and that is our only salvation.

One of those men who crossed the Channel with me was a maker of meerschaum pipes who had a little shop in London. I think he was not obliged to go, but he had a son out in Australia who could not come, and so he was going, leaving his little family, and going to find his uniform and his quota somewhere. He was one of those selfless patriots losing himself in his country's cause. I may refer to him as a concrete illustration of that abstract principle that I have stated, going out unhesitatingly and without question, and without making any boast of his patriotism or heroism. He even admitted a bit of fear, saying, "Well, I don't care if it doesn't come to bayonets." I make that illustration graphic to myself when I say, every man should have an imaginary uniform—let us say we cannot have the other sort—always ready for him in a locker or in some house or place of rendezvous which he can put on when called upon to perform some public duty. To-day I am a maker of meerschaum pipes, if you please, or I am a surgeon who is in his laboratory, and who goes to serve in one of the hospitals at Lyons. Tomorrow night I put on this invisible garment, or it may be a visible one, and I go off to do my public duty in War or in peace. The next day I come back and am at my pipes again, or at my desk, or at my work as a surgeon, and so on. That is an illustration of the social system or political system as you may call it, that we must have;

one must be ready always; there must be individual mobility—freedom to move as much as possible—but at the same time a readiness on the part of everyone to give himself when the time comes. The weaving of that uniform must begin in youth, and that is the background of what we are doing in New York State. I will say that, before the law was passed, I objected to military training in the schools; I thought that was not to be a part of our curriculum, but I urged what was afterwards made law without a dissenting voice, that every child in New York State eight years of age or older, boy or girl, in the elementary or secondary public or private schools must have physical training as part of education. Every school in the State is now pledged to see that that provision is made. That was the beginning. I cannot dwell upon the wholesome influence of making the children of the State happier men and women. Another Bill was passed providing for military training of boys who were not at work. I objected to that on the ground that it was undemocratic, but the Bill was passed and applied to about 25,000 boys, who were about all we could find. That law was amended last winter and made to apply to boys in the State between sixteen and nineteen, with the proviso that this military training requirement which was not to exceed three hours per week, might be met by such educational training or educational experience as would prepare boys of those ages to serve the State in some useful way in the maintenance of defence, first of all in the promotion of public safety and the conservation and development of the resources of the State, or in the construction and maintenance of public works. There you have 350,000 boys who are, in a way, drafted, conscripted. Of course they are conscripted for their elementary school training; they are now conscripted for their physical training, and they are conscripted to prepare themselves to perform service to the State in some useful way. If a boy is not in an essential industry or in preparation for one, then he must be undergoing his physical training. Our greatest problem in the State at the present time is the education of children or youth, but it is the most significant. It was William James who gave that idea to me in his wonderful essay on the Moral Equivalent of War, and the idea that was in the head of a philosopher has at last gotten into concrete expression in the law of New York State.

In closing, I want to read a definition from a French school girl in one of the Lycées in Paris which I visited, and I cannot think that there has been a better definition or estimate of the distance between this side of the water and the other or of the distance from one side of that enemy's mine to the other:—"It was only a little river, almost a brook. It was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice; and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings; and on the two banks there were millions of men, one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice. The ocean is so vast that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it.

During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to another the hearts are touching." I wish that letter might be printed and circulated throughout Canada.

I wrote, a little time ago, my tribute to your sons and your brothers, and those on the other side. This was before we ourselves got into the War. I have taken a rather gruesome incident from the life of the monastery of St. Francis of Assizi, where, when one brother dies, another who was so fond of him that he did not know how to express his sorrow, asked the Superior that he might have the skull of his brother who had gone, that he might make two cups, two porringers, from which he might have his daily food and drink. I have taken that incident as giving point to what I want to say. This is addressed to one of your sons or brothers:—

Brave fellow, who has died for others' sake
In some wet, putrid trench or blasted field,
I beg of earth thy skull, that it may be

For me a deathless symbol of thy virtue.
I'd make of this, thy crown, two porringers,
One for food, and one for drink, that I,
Touching in hunger or in thirst their rims
May learn to face my ills without complaint—
Shun softness, luxury, and cultured ease
In the close comradeship of fearless men
In such democracy as fears no foe—
Endure misfortune without bitterness,
And fight as bravely for my troubled land
And thou, O valiant one, hast fought for thine.
I'd scour all Europe's battle field to find
Such cups in which to drink my country's health.

But now our cups are flung there beside yours, we take these precious vessels of our common offering and at your side, with sad but proud hearts, drink to the health of our beloved neighboring man and that of suffering humanity.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STATES IN THE GREAT WAR

AN ADDRESS BY HENRY PRATT JUDSON, LL.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 29, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—You have often asked why the United States came into the War so late. You have reason to ask it; and yet to answer it adequately involves some knowledge of the historic ideas of our Republic. In the early period of its history the United States formed a definite opinion that, as a matter of national policy, it should avoid all entanglements with European questions. The fathers of the Republic—Washington, Jefferson and Munroe—all told us,—and in telling us they expressed the sentiment of the nation at large—that the European nations had a set of primary interests entirely unlike those prevailing on this side of the Atlantic, and that we should keep out of them altogether and attend simply to our own affairs. That has been the fundamental doctrine of the Republic from the beginning. I may put it this way,—that we in the States have not been accustomed to think internationally. We have been absorbed in the questions of settling a vast area of land, of developing the raw resources of this enormous country, of absorbing great masses of the new population coming to us from every quarter of the globe. We have had our internal disputes, arising at one time to the issue of civil war, but our eyes have seldom crossed

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Dr. Henry Pratt Judson is President of the University of Chicago, and is one of the outstanding authorities to whom the President of the United States looked more than to any other Educationist in the recent world crisis.

our own boundary. You in Canada have not had that history, but are a part of the great British Empire, and you have been accustomed from the first to think in terms of Imperial power, and therefore of the relations of nations one to another. The United States, save that one period of its history, has not looked beyond its boundaries for aggression. After the fall of the slave power in 1865, and from that time, it had no thought to acquire territory or dominion. I say that advisedly; our acquisition of the Philippine Islands was an accident regarding the Spanish War, on the ground of the horrors in Cuba. Very few people in the States had ever heard of the Philippines until Dewey stumbled on them one day, and we found ourselves in possession of them, very much like a man who had the bear by the tail—he didn't like to hold on, and he couldn't let go safely. So when this War came on, the United States was absorbed in its own questions, and moreover was permeated with an intense conviction on another subject. All people who thought themselves to be thoughtful, were intensely convinced of the reality of what we called the progress of the world, and we watched with great interest the advance of civilization in different parts of the world; we believed in it; we thought the whole trend of international life was in a forward direction; we realized the enormous advances in man's control over the forces of nature and what that meant towards the progress of wealth; we realized the enormous advance in thought, the enormous advances in the control of health and of our efforts against disease; and we believed there was great progress in the handling of the question of humanity, the relations of man to man. Therefore we believed that the progress of the world was assured, and in that we believed in the moral progress of the world. We were convinced that in all civilized nations the primary thought was what was best for humanity; that every nation had a part in the welfare of humankind everywhere; that while there might be international differences, yet the civilized nations—every part of them—were one. We believed in the progress of the world. Of course we saw differences of opinion in regard to Constantinople, but we cared nothing for that. We cared very little for Constantinople. Some of us would have been very glad to have had the Turk driven out of Constantinople, and we cared very little who took his place, because any change would be for the better. We heard of the eastern part of Asia and its possible division among various powers, but that did not interest us. We sent money for missions and hospitals in China, but the American nation had no desire for China's property, and if China had been divided amongst the powers it would not have interested us very much.

There was one bit of international relations that interested us very much, and that we have sometimes called the Monroe Doctrine. That means to us simply that for a century now we have not thought it advisable for the great military powers, at any rate, to effect a lodgment on the continent of America. We wanted to retain the independent republics to the south, believing that if they were let alone they would work out a good government and a good civilization; but partly also because we believed in 1823 that the military powers then controlling,—the so-called Holy Alliance—which had conquered those colonies that had declared their independence, would make our Republic the base from which these independent republics would be endangered; and that was true; therefore our Monroe Doctrine was partly altruistic and partly selfish. We believed that the great military despotism of Europe ought not to be entrenched on the American continent, and that is all the Monroe Doctrine. And that is all we have considered internationally—I am speaking of the nation as a whole, the hundred millions of people in its factories and its farms, and thinking little beyond the national boundary.

Some years ago I asked a military gentleman who sat next me at dinner, why the Canadian troops were organized so largely, and he replied that some day they expected to be attacked by the United States. I looked at him in profound amazement, and was still more amused when I found he believed it. Why, gentlemen, there is not a man in the States that I ever saw that ever had the remotest notion of that sort. Occasionally we have a politician make a speech, and we merely smile at it, but for one hundred years there has been no talk of a war on either side.

In 1914, to our profound amazement, this War broke out. We could not believe it. I happened then to be in the far East; I had been in China on certain educational affairs, and was going through Japan, and the ship was at Shanghai. A young Englishman who was at the head of the Reuter Telegraph Agency told me there was going to be a great European War, but I scoffed at it and did not believe it; however, when I got to Japan I found the War had broken out, As a matter of fact I did not know what kind of men were responsible for the two great nations of Europe. I had supposed they had the same notions of the world at large as we had in our Republic, as you had in Canada, and as men had in England and France, but it was a mistake. Of course I had seen various documents issued by the Pan-German Union; some of their books and pamphlets had come to me; I had read them and smiled at them as cranks such as we have in the United States, who do not, thank God, represent the settled sentiments of the American people. But it took the United States a very long time to become awake to the realities of things, for the reasons I have given you. We began to think of international relations; we began to change our whole fundamental conception of international life, to believe really that the progress of the world was not the real thing back of all the nations, to find out that there were nations which were and are essentially piratical in their essence. We find it hard to believe that and realize it, but it is true. We found it hard to believe that the nations could do the kind of things that have been done in the last two or three years. We had taken part gladly in the various Hague Conferences, and signed treaties and offered other treaties to other nations; we always favored arbitrations as the way of settling international disputes, and we considered that all treaties were obligatory on their signers; we had known that among gentlemen the word of honor is equal to a bond; we had supposed that among nations a treaty obligation was equal to a bond. We found out that that is not true. Then we found that our own country was permeated with intrigue; that people there were hired to obey the mandates of a foreign power, that they were engaged in destroying our factories and in trying to destroy the ships on which our people were sailing; that they were engaged in levying war on peoples with whom we were in amity, with our land as a base. We found it hard to believe that, but we found that it was true, and all those things involved a complete reconsideration of all our essential national ideas of the world. We have learned that there are nations in the world who are not bound by any obligations whatever. They tried to prevent us from selling munitions of war to their enemies, and in doing so they violated the admitted and well-known rules of international law. They were also acting in plain and definite violation of an existing treaty between the United States and Prussia which provides that if either contracting party is at war, the other party shall be at entire liberty to carry on its trade with a special power, including contraband of war, providing only that they are willing to conduct the same trade with both belligerents; yet they were violently angry at us for dealing with munitions of war that is contraband, with their enemies. They could have bought ammunition in the United States; it was not our fault that the British fleet was in existence.

At last the United States became thoroughly convinced that things could not go along any further. We found very thoroughly that the German Empire is, and for forty years has been determined on the conquest of the world, and on subjecting it to Prussian domination. We know that in the course of that conquest they intend to overthrow the existing canons of humanity and substitute for them the theory of the state which to us is unthinkable—that whatever the state wills is right. Ethics apply perhaps to individuals, but not where the state is a party; treaties are no longer binding than they are useful; that the state has an end to attain which humanity would perhaps somewhat impede. We found out, in short, that liberty, with every free nation in the world, is not safe; that liberty is not safe in the United States; and at last—slowly, reluctantly, perhaps sluggishly—we have become convinced that this is a war to the death between liberty on the one hand and absolute tyranny on the other, and that is all there is of it. We are convinced that a peace that is anything short of the greatest victory for the forces of human liberty, will be a tremendous disaster; it will mean simply a truce, and that every nation must go on for the next decades arming themselves to the teeth for defence against the next War that will come in a very short time. It means that unless we put our lives and our money into this War to the last man and the last dollar, the time will come when the lives and the money of our people will be taken away from us without our consent. It means that if we, in the United States, do not put our money into the Liberty Loan, and you here into the Victory Loan, we will pay ten-fold more in indemnities to Germany. We in the States would rather pay it to our own government than to the government of Germany. I want to say to you, gentlemen, that this conviction is now as deep in our country as it was slow in coming. I believe that our entire nation is united solid in the determination to see this thing through to the end. We are determined that nothing shall stand in our way; that our ordinary divisions shall disappear, shrivel in the heat of a national need.

It has been my duty for some four months past to sit in Chicago as Chairman of an Appeal Board in connection with our National Conscription Act, which was one of the first passed by Congress in connection with the prosecution of the War. The Board consists of five men. On my right sits a very prominent Labor leader. At my left sits a captain of industry, a man of large wealth, leader of one of our great steel corporations. On the other side of the table is a lawyer, and by him is a medical man; and I want to say to you that in all those four months, in all questions before that Board on the fundamental issue, I cannot tell the difference between those five men.

Our colleges in the United States have been to me a source of very great pride. The principal classes in our colleges have lost a fifth of their men to start with; they are going into the camps; they are already found on the battlefields abroad and in the great camps of this country; they are forming officers of our national army. Since April last among our alumni there is only one question—what can I do for the cause? I believe that the spirit in which the States have entered into the War is one of stern determination. We are bound that nothing shall stand in our way. We are glad to fight side by side with the gallant soldiers of France, of Italy, of England and of Canada. They have been fighting our battle for three years, and we know it; it is our turn now to fight the battles. In Chicago I have seen what I never saw before—State Street lined with the Union Jack. The flags of the Allies are found everywhere.

I am often asked how many men we will send into France. I can only answer, that depends on the number of ships available. When War was declared, we found a number of German ships in our ports; they are all now flying the American flag, and have American names, and they are all busy carrying American troops across the Atlantic. We have sent to the camps already about half a million men. We enlisted in our registration ten million men, and are now preparing the registration under a new system whereby we will have five classes. This is our selective conscription law, which in our judgment is the only democratic, wise and fair law. We are going to use every man where he can be of the most advantage. When the Government calls one of the men from our faculty, we feel it is necessary to answer that call. The Government gives him a small salary, and we make up the difference; if the Government wants him and does not pay him any salary, we give him leave of absence on full pay. All our laboratories are at the service of the Government. We have a distinguished professor of English literature who is over 50 years old, and he is a Captain in the army; it happens that he became enormously interested in mediæval ciphers, and therefore is a master on that whole question, and the War Department last summer was puzzled with some ciphers, and happening to know of this professor's special knowledge, they called him in and he deciphered them. He has now charge of the ciphers in the Intelligence Department, which has a large number of ciphers on hand. You know that this is a war of nations where every man and every woman and every child can do something, and we feel that it is a war in which our whole nation is committed. We have organized the entire nation for war first, everything else second. We all know that unless this War is won by the forces of civilization and liberty, this world will not be worth living in. Unless we give our lives and property to this great cause, the lives and property of our descendants not far in the future will all be gone. Better give it now, right now. You can count on us to the end.

May I say that I rejoice unspeakably at one thing more; here we have two great nations, the British Empire and the American Republic, essentially one in fundamental ideas, in legal basis—for the American laws are English laws—and essentially one in their ideas of humanity and civilization. Why should they not be together in this War and beyond this War, for the security of civilization? I believe the old foolish days of international jealousies between the nations are gone, and gone forever. I know that we in the States are intensely proud of the magnificent record of our Canadian brothers in this cause. We know that record, and we shall be extremely proud if we can follow in its footsteps; we ask nothing better; and when we have given our blood in torrents, as we shall before this thing is ended, we know that you will feel that we Americans are yours also, for I know whereof I speak when I assure you that the two nations are one in this great cause of human liberty.

EMPIRE AND AVIATION

AN ADDRESS BY LORD MONTAGU, OF BEAULIEU

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, December 13, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I come here to-day to tell you how important aviation is at present and how much more important it is going to be in the near future in this great War, and eventually what a decided influence it will have upon the final stages of that struggle. It is due to Gen. Heigh that you have had very good facilities for training aviators here, and that you have already sent over to us a very large number of specially well-trained Canadian pilots who have not only justified their training but also have justified the country of their origin. In military aviation at the front, it is, above all, necessary to possess the qualities of individual initiative and personal bravery, and there, I can tell you, we appreciate the Canadian pilot as much as you do here, and in some ways almost more. In France I came across as fine specimens of young men as it was possible to see, and in one of our best fighting squadrons I saw several gentlemen who came from this part of Canada who were doing great work there—Hoidge, M.C., and Baird, who came from the School of Science, University of Toronto, and Lieut. Curry, of the School of Science, both of them doing wonderful work in that fighting squadron.

I want to tell you how aviation has grown in importance in this War. When War broke out, our squadrons at the front were so limited in numbers that they could

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Colonel Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, was Advisory Inspector of Mechanical Warfare for the Government of India, and was on his way from England to India at the time of this address.

hardly be discerned in the welter of battle. At the actual start we had between 30 and 40 aeroplanes to work with our forces at the front; but notwithstanding that, in the retreat from Mons and in the return blow which we delivered on the Marne, I go so far as to say that even the small number we had, assisted materially in enabling our retirement to be carried out in an orderly way, and saving us from unforeseen attacks by their keenness and activity as the eyes of the army in every sense.

Those few pilots have now grown to many thousands, and we hope to see our air forces so big that we shall be able to clear the air, so to speak, of the Germans, and to enable our army to have eyes to see, and to blind our opponents by driving his machines out of the air. I can tell you this: for every general at the front it is a commonplace that you cannot plan any big attack, you cannot carry out any big push, you cannot pursue the enemy afterwards and find out his position, without aeroplanes. In fact they are a necessary prelude to an attack, and lately, at any rate, a prelude to victory, and the duties they have now undertaken far surpass anything that could have been seen a year or two ago. At one time they were used chiefly for reconnaissance purposes. Nowadays two-thirds of our aircraft at the front are not fighting so much as carrying out reconnaissance and topography. We have also squadrons which carry out bombing, and squadrons which carry out fighting to protect the others. Nowadays some of our aircraft and pilots have really taken on other duties which originally were supposed to belong to the other branches of the service. I will give you an example. They now descend so low that they are able to us their machine guns on the enemy in the trenches; to pursue and disorganize forces coming up; to shoot at the groups of staff officers; to come down so close to hangers and other aerodromes as to drop bombs on them accurately and set them on fire. We also carry out raids on all the important depots behind our lines; we attack their important railway junctions, blow up their ammunition dumps, harass their troops at night, and make their lives, as far as we can, entirely detestable.

Mr. Lloyd George the other day called them the "cavalry of the air"; and much as I admire the cavalry, and keen as I used to be when young, on hunting and horses, I am free to confess that I can see hardly a single function of cavalry, in the old sense of cavalry functions, that could not be carried out to-day by aircraft. They can pursue more quickly than cavalry; they can pursue farther behind the lines; they are not stopped by mud; they are more difficult to attack by machine guns; cavalry cannot carry machine guns, but aircraft can; in fact there is hardly anything cavalry can do to a retreating army which cannot be done by the pursuing aeroplane.

Then again, the long-distance bombing machine is really a long-range gun. It does not matter, if a man is blown up, whether the projectile comes out of the sky or gets at him from the horizon, the effect is the same; and if you can drop it on the head of a gentleman a hundred miles away it is equal to a projectile being fired at him from a gun. So the long-range bombing machine is really a long-range gun which, instead of fighting a range like a long-range gun—possibly 20 miles—has a range in the future of perhaps 200 miles. I hope to see the time in the near future when we shall be able to attack by bombing the whole of that part of Germany which lies in Westphalia. The distance from a certain point on the French line—Essen, for instance,—is only 178 miles; the majority of the Rhine bridges are under 200 miles; the whole of the great industrial district that centres around the lower Rhine—Dartmund, Cassel, let alone Frankfort and places higher up—are all within 200 miles of the starting point. I hope to see that their life is made even much more uncomfortable there than they try to make us in London and some of our east coast towns, because it goes without saying that if we could really deliver a knock-out blow at Essen and some ammunition-making centres in that district, it would be a more worth-while blow than it would to blow up scattered dumps of ammunition at the front. If you blow up the wasps' nest, you needn't bother about the individual wasps—it is a cheaper and more efficient way of doing it. There are certain Rhine bridges which are absolutely vital to the German army for the carrying of supplies from behind. We hope to get at them in time. You may take it from me that just as we have beaten Germany at all the tricks of war ever since the beginning of this struggle, you may be fairly confident that before long we shall beat him at long-range bombing, and we shall make that weapon recoil upon himself with ten-fold force.

I will first speak of the Royal Naval Air Service, and then of the Royal Flying Corps. The chief duty of the former is the anti-submarine work. It stands to reason that the higher you go up from the surface of the sea, the bigger is your horizon, and the more space you can see underneath. Even taking a margin of 100 or 150 feet above sea-level, even from the crow's nest on the top of a ship, you cannot see anything like you can see in an aeroplane; and, given reasonable visibility, you can increase your horizon almost uncannily. In a big seaplane a pilot can get a horizon on a clear day at sea up to 50 or 60 miles away, while the actual horizon is very much greater even than that. It therefore follows that the bigger expanse of ocean you can see, the more chance there is of picking up the sight of an enemy's submarine; consequently the power of approach is better. You can approach at 80 or 100 miles from the heavens and he cannot see you; then you drop one of those convenient little pills on him, which puts an end to his existence or seriously troubles him for a long time to come. We have already used that as a very efficient anti-submarine weapon around our coasts, and I hope we shall be able to multiply our aeroplanes in that direction, for I feel that they are the very best answer we can possibly give, at any rate to a submarine within reasonable distance of our shores. Many of your boys are doing that kind of work, and doing it very well indeed. We have several of them in the Royal Naval Air Service, and I assure you we appreciate them very highly on the other side.

The Royal Flying Corps has been one of the wonderful things in this War. All along our portion of the line, 120 or 130 miles long, the general staff require every day accurate knowledge of what the enemy is doing. It is all photographed so many days a week, sometimes every day, according to the activity prevailing. Those photographs are taken, developed, pieced together, and actual photographs of everything going on back of the enemy's lines are obtained; you can see exactly where the enemy's trenches are, his lines of communication, his ammunition dumps, where he has built special lines of railway to support his trenches, and so on. A model is made of that, and then the general staff work out their plan. You may take it from me that no defence and no big action could be planned nowadays without the work done by the reconnaissance plane that carries a photographing camera. That work, though it sounds not so exciting, is good fighting, for it requires not only a pilot of great skill but also of pluck, because if you are attacked when you are flying a reconnaissance machine, you have not the same power of retort and of getting out of trouble as you have if you are on a fighter. If some of your boys are doing reconnaissance work, you must not think it is any less important work than that of those handling the actual scouts. Then there are the actual fighters, some of whom are quite marvellous. The stunts they do would be quite a revelation. Looping-the-loop is almost a back number compared with what they do nowadays. You have no doubt seen tumbler pigeons flying about. Well, the tumbler pigeon has been left far behind by the stunts of the modern aviator. I think there is scarcely any bird that is not taking a back place as far as that is concerned. When you come to consider that those single-handed combats take place up 15,000 to 20,000 feet in the air you can see what it means. It means an extraordinary degree of pluck, cool nerve, daring, personal initiative, and it calls for those powers in which I am proud to say the Anglo-Saxon race has always excelled and which I find very strongly developed in Canada by the peculiar conditions of your country and by the fact that you have been up against the forces of nature here and have been forced in most cases to overcome them.

The air service suffered from one permanent feature—

I won't call it a drawback—which I have come to tell you about. The wastage of men and machines is very great. Not that very many men are killed in proportion to the work they do, but you can see you have to give your pilots constant rests from such peril. When he gets a rest for his nerves, he comes on again. The wastage of machines is less in crashings while in training than when you land in very unsuitable aerodromes in France and Flanders. When you consider the strains such a machine has to bear, you cannot afford to run any risk with material, when you have lives, and such gallant lives, to think of on the other side. I cannot make any promise, but I hope that well-equipped and great factories like you have here will continue to turn out work for the Empire for many months and years to come. I hope to see our factories here as the nucleus of a still bigger interest throughout Canada.

As regards recruits, I believe you have supplied my friend Gen. Heigh with a splendid lot, and he is still getting names of candidates and training more and more men, and part of his squadrons have gone down to Texas for the winter to train. The records he has given me of the work here surpass those I have had in the Old Country as to the number of hours he gets from the training squadrons. It seems an ideal way of dealing with the matter to supply the billets so that you can train them in this country and then that they should take over the machines they are going to use at the front. I congratulate you in Canada, and especially in Toronto, on the help you have given to Gen. Heigh and the Flying Corps here; I think Toronto and this neighborhood deserves special credit in that direction.

If we are going to possess and maintain a very much bigger air force than we have now, we shall want every recruit we can get in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Home Country as well. You cannot give us too many young men suitable for this work. I hope in the course of time the factory here will be able to make machines of the latest types. We want you to understand that we are placing more and more reliance every day on aviation as a means of winning this War, and I believe that if we can once rule the air along the whole line of our front, everything else we desire will follow. If you can get us armies that can see while the German armies are blind, you can drive him out of the air while you maintain yourself in it. If you know where he is moving troops and he does not know where you are moving troops, I think the victory will be in the air, and we shall be able to drive back and disintegrate the German forces against us. I want to warn you that this is going to be a long and bitter struggle. Don't count on early victory. We must set our teeth and work on and realize that the enemy has still masses of men, great intelligence and energy, and that he is building aircraft for all he is worth, and training pilots as fast as he can. We must not in any way relax our efforts to win, but I believe if the Empire joins together, all the various members joining with the Mother Country, that by our united forces, backed by the will-to-victory, we shall eventually overcome all difficulties; and I am sure that Canada, and Toronto especially, will help in this great work, and that we may rely upon you to give us the best men and the best machines you can. In that way you will be making the best contribution you can towards winning this long and bitter struggle.

THE IMPERIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

AN ADDRESS BY REV. CANON GOULD

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, December 20, 1917

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the pleasure of knowing both the land of Palestine and the city of Jerusalem extremely well. I could find my way about Jerusalem in the dark better than I could about some parts of Toronto. I have ridden on horseback at least forty times between the city of Jerusalem in Judea and Nazareth in Galilee. I have crossed the river Jordan certainly every month in the year and every hour of the twenty-four.

The British forces have already captured three out of five of the most prominent places in the country—Hebron, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, while Niblos, the ancient Shechem, is within reach, and Nazareth of Galilee not far beyond their reach at the present time. We must remember that though Jerusalem is the centre of our hearts' affections from many directions, yet, speaking as a layman, it is not a strategical centre of the country of Syria, including Palestine, because you will find on your map that a line that runs southward parallel to the coast but behind the range of the Libyan mountains in the northern part, connects at Libeau with the Constantinople-Bagdad railway. There it links up with the primary scheme of the Teutonic powers which we speak

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Reverend Canon Gould, D.D., is a well-known authority on all matters relative to Eastern countries where he has travelled extensively, and particularly on Palestine and Jerusalem, where he resided for thirteen years.

of in the term, "from Berlin to Bagdad." Then it switches over to the city of Damascus, and from Damascus the other railway, which is practically a continuation, known as the Hashaz railway, runs directly southward to the cities of the Hashaz province in Arabia with the holy cities Mecca and Medina. It goes eastward of the city of Galilee, eastward of the Jordan, parallel with it, and eastward of the Dead Sea. This branch line, which was the line of communication for the Turkish forces in Palestine proper westward of the Jordan river, leaves that railway and crosses over the Jordan valley at the south end of the sea of Galilee. Let us remember that Palestine runs in parallels. Up the coast you have the plain country about 25 miles down at Gaza, up in Mount Carmel not more than 5 miles. Then you have the great rocky limestone backbone of the country, Jerusalem being 2,600 feet in altitude above the Mediterranean Sea. Then you have the great depression of the Jordan valley, the Dead Sea, the surface of which is 1,294 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, not of the city of Jerusalem; the whole Jordan valley seriously depressed below the sea level, the surface of it actually 626 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. From the standpoint of military operations it is a most difficult country, because an army such as the British forces, passing up the coast regions, have on their right flank this great depression of the Jordan valley. On the other side of it there is a plateau, eastward of Jordan, in the Moab country, and right down that plateau runs the main line from the city of Damascus to the Hashaz railway. So that as Gen. Allenby advances up Palestine and into Assyria, he is in danger all the time and must guard against an out-flanking by a force based upon the city of Damascus and supplied by the Hashaz railway which runs eastward of the Jordan valley and parallel with it. You remember that the Welsh troops which made a sudden advance and got astride the Jericho road themselves, cutting that line of retreat for the Turks in Jerusalem, and contributing so largely to the capture of the city, made this advance from Bethlehem. The short cut from Bethlehem down to the

Jericho road passes below and behind the hill upon which stands the Turkish force whose destruction was reported yesterday morning, and which was cut off and surrounded and captured as described yesterday in the despatches.

Then we have to remember the weather conditions of Palestine. In the end of October the fierce Sirocco winds ceased to blow, the first rain falls and lays the dust, but does not soften the baked soil sufficiently to impede the progress of an army. November is one of the best months for travel or for military operations in the land of Palestine. Now we are entering the period of the great winter storm, when tempests of enormous fury and strength sweep up from the south-west; ninety-nine rain storms out of a hundred come from that direction, and continue sometimes for a week on end. The wadys become furious torrents, and every dry water bed on a sudden becomes filled up to its level. Then comes an interval, and in the interval between the rain storms you have some of the most delightful weather you could possibly imagine finding on any part of the world's surface. From now until the middle of March we must expect the British forces will be held up by those periodical outbursts of wind and downpours of rain. There is another reason for that. Those forces in the East must be dependent for transport largely upon the service of the camel, the incomparable ship of the desert. He is a splendid mountaineer, strange to say; he will climb the rocky pathways with fearless intrepidity; but put a camel on mud and he can skid worse than a "Tin Lizzie" on ice, or Laurier in an election. If we follow the forces of the British Empire, whether in Palestine or on any other front, we shall do well to remember that the general situation, like the city of Jerusalem, lies over the ridge; we are facing the sunrise.

The Imperial significance of the capture of Jerusalem rests largely upon the fact that it is one of the three pedestals of the religious world, as far as that world includes Western Asia, the whole of Europe and America. Sinai, the scene of the law, the Jewish faith; Jerusalem, of the Christian faith; Mecca, of the Mohammedan faith; just a little triangle at that strategical centre of the continents. This is not a religious address, but any man who fails to grasp the religious significance of the power of the religions in the near East leaves out of his computation one of the factors of first-rate importance which will enable him to understand the situation. We must not transfer into the East our ideas of the place and the function of religion. We think of it as something internal, which dominates the heart and controls the practice; but that is not its main function in the East under present conditions. There, religion is external; it represents the relationships of the man, political, social, as well as religious, and the man's position and status in the nation or state is determined almost altogether by his religious affiliations. We remember when, a few weeks ago, the Premier of England, Mr. Lloyd George, created a very great deal of temporary unrest and criticism of the want of unity and forethought in the plans of the Allies. It is well for us to remember his remarks in connection with my subject. For example, let us take each of the great religions I have mentioned in their historic order. First, the Jewish people, scattered across every sea, and though without a country having their standards planted in every land; and we remember that those three religions meet in the city of Jerusalem, for in addition to Jews and Christians it is the second holy city, after Mecca, for the 225 millions of Mohammedans in the world. Mr. Balfour, the British foreign minister, recently announced that the British government would welcome the restoration of the Jewish people to Palestine as their national home. That seemed to be excellent as far as it went, but it was followed by Gen. Allenby's proclamation to the people of Jerusalem which distinctly reserves to the present occupants all the religious and sacred places of the city. That includes the temple area, the centre of Jerusalem and Palestine, where stood the temple of David, where the glories of David's son, Solomon, shine forth. Do you not see the want of concord, of unity, in restoring the Jewish people of Palestine, but reserving the temple area to the Mohammedans? That is not to solve the problem, but to increase the problem, and I cannot but think that in that respect the proclamation indicates military necessity for the moment. We must hope that it does not translate into words at this early and unnecessary stage a permanent policy for the nearer East; otherwise, Jerusalem will be the centre of further problems in the days to come. The last mention of Jewish people having entered the temple area is as long ago as the year 717. Already the Jewish people have returned in very large numbers to Palestine, and during the past fifteen years they have held within their grasp the commercial activities of the country. They have proven that the Jew can be a successful agriculturist. They have established colonies all up and down the country, and as I travelled four years ago I found they had made a combination that was acting as a go-between for certain financiers abroad who were purchasing large areas of land not only westward of the Jordan, but eastward as well.

Then we pass to the second constituent element, from a religious standpoint,—the religious population of the nearer East,—the depressed Christian peoples of the Turkish Empire in particular,—and here the capture of Jerusalem reveals one of the chief points of its significance. It was captured in the year 66 by the Caliph Omar Beddolel Haddan, the second in succession to the prophet Mohammed, and the terms of capitulations of the city of Jerusalem at that date have been the oppressive terms which have determined the depressed condition of the Christian people throughout the Ottoman Empire from that day to this. The Christians were guaranteed the security of their persons and churches, but the churches were to be opened day and night for the inspection of Mohammed. That explains the presence of the Mohammedan Guard, so to speak, or custodians in the vestibule of the Holy Sepulchre. The Mohammedans were to be treated with the greatest respect. The Christians were at all times to accord to the Mohammedans the rightful hospitality. That meant that any Mohammedan, particularly an official, could come at any time to the door of any Christian and demand hospitality as a right; they were to rise to receive him, and give him the highest place of honor in all their assemblies. The Christians were to build no new churches or other religious edifices either within or without the city or in any other part of Mohammedan territory. This is not ancient history, gentlemen; those were enforced, most of them rigidly, up to the hour that British forces entered Jerusalem and the flag of the Triple Cross floated proudly from the staff of the Towers of David at the Jaffa gates. We built a hospital at Niblos, the ancient Shechem, backed by all the prestige of every British embassy in Constantinople. It required seven years, and more money as backsheesh than I care to remember, to secure that protection from the city of Constantinople. If a tornado swept over the country and a church was injured, it could not be restored without official permission from the Mohammedan government; that is the present situation, and this continued as follows:—There must be no public exhibition of Christianity; they must not imitate the Mohammedans either in dress or behaviour—and you know in the Turkish Empire of the nearer East the higher your station the longer your dress, so that if you attain to the dignity of a cadi or a judge your skirts just swept the dung and the refuse as you passed by. Neither in dress nor in language, to this very hour, can a Christian imitate, and if a Christian saluated a Mohammedan in the Mohammedan phrase of salutation—"May your morning be with God"—he would probably not deign a reply. I have given you only the chief conditions of capitulation, but it was provided that if Christians failed to comply with a single one of the provisions, they should confess that their lives were religiously forfeited and that they were deserving the punishment inflicted upon rebellious subjects, which is death. Those conditions were the basis and the justification for all the Turkish atrocities in relation to Armenians or any other of those depressed Christian peoples.

Now, the capture of Jerusalem by the British forces represented the abolition of those terms by the same process which had imposed them—conquest, the power of the army—and it should have represented the unconditional emancipation of those oppressed Christian peoples throughout the nearer East. But Gen. Allenby's proclamation says that the hereditary custodians of the Holy Sepulchre have been requested to continue their function. I say, with all due submission and profound respect, that Allied aims must ring true farther than the Western front, and that they are concerned to-day with the situation in the nearer East. The entry of the British into the city of Jerusalem, great and magnificent and historic as it is, and as it will be considered in all the days of the future, revealed that incredible weakness of British statesmanship—the lack of definite far-thinking, before a policy is announced. British statesmanship has suffered from the fact that the British people have been bound up in a little island; they are men of one tongue, and one language only. When Turkey was trembling on the brink as to whether she should cast her lot in with the Teutonic powers or refrain, there was only one man in authority, and he in subordinate authority, in the British Empire, in Constantinople, that could speak English; I knew him; while the others had men through whose lips the Turkish language could proceed with equal facility. Nevertheless, let us not allow the shadows to have undue importance. The British flag floats in yonder city on the hills of Judea, and from David's Tower itself,—the only bit of the ancient fortifications left standing by Titus as an example of the strength of the defences which his forces had overthrown, as a protection to the Tenth Legion of Roman soldiers left in garrison. On that tower to-day, with the same sub-structures, floats the glorious flag of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races through the whole world.

We come to the consideration of the third great religious community of the nearer East and of a large part of the world. One of the things which will profoundly influence the verdict of the future historian will be the marvellous action of the majority of the Mohammedan world in alliance with and allegiance to the British Empire. The British King is King of 80 millions of the 225 millions of Mohammedans; and a speaker recently from India declared the other day that there was not one known case of disaffection and disloyalty among the 60 millions of Mohammedans in India. Before the War, there were two great movements surging through the Mohammedan world, one known as the pan-Turanian or pan-Turkish movement, which really started with momentum during the visit of the Kaiser to Palestine—a pro-German movement with the city of Constantinople as its centre, with the dreams of the German Emperor as its goal, viz., that the German Emperor was to stand in the Mohammedan world where the King of Britain stands, and occupy his seat of authority and influence. This pan-Turkish movement has been responsible for the abominations suffered by the Armenians in particular and the inhabitants of the ranges of the Libyan mountains during the progress of the struggle. A noted student of nationalism from his standpoint, a member of the Reichstag in Berlin, pointed out that in the interest of the pan-Turkish movement, it was necessary that this people of Highland stock, the Armenians in their uplands in eastern Asia Minor, were right across the avenue of progress of the pan-Turkish movement, and that if that movement was to reach its success, it was necessary that they should be wiped out of the way, and we know the result. But over against that pan-Turkish movement is the pan-Arab or Young Arab movement, whose ideals run counter to the pan-Turkish, which is pro-Teutonic, while the pan-Arab has been for half a century pronouncedly pro-British; it seeks to restore to the seat of authority the people of the same blood and tongue as the prophet Mohammed, that is, the Arab people. We have seen progressive steps made in the realization of the programme of the pan-Arabs; that is the explanation of why, when that heroic little force under Gen. Townsend was encompassed by flood and fire and enemies at Kut-el-Amara, and forced by starvation to surrender, that the whole Arab world of Arabia, the fiery tribes, the leaders, the free Bedouins of the desert, did not rise in their hundreds of thousands, as the Germans thought they would, and sweep the remaining British forces into the waters of the Persian Gulf. It was the pan-Arab movement which was the ancient alliance between the Briton and the Arab. We saw another step when the sacred province of Hashaz threw off Turkish allegiance, expelled Turkish troops, and established an independent nation. That is another great landmark in the history of the British Empire in the days to come. In the capture of Jerusalem we have the next step, in some respects far outranking in significance and potential importance all that has preceded it, so that the three holy places—Sinai in the desert, in the peninsula of Sinai, Mecca in the province of Hashaz, and Jerusalem on the hills of Judea—are ever under the protection of the British flag or definitely controlled through subject forces to the same end. That, I repeat, is the chief political importance of the city of Jerusalem. The fact that Jerusalem, the second holy city in the Mohammedan world, has been captured by the might of British arms, goes to substantiate and to prove that the Arab mind through the world has not made a mistake in trusting to British authority and in depending in the end upon British rescue and support.

I might give you many reasons for that state of affairs. There is a magnificent reason to be found in the British transformation of Egypt. Another goes back to the year 1852, to the League known as the Crucial League with the Arabs of Arabia and surrounding countries. While I was living eastward of the river Jordan for some years, I came in contact as a medical man, with the untutored Arab of the interior of Arabia, a man who knew nothing of European influence, uncontaminated if you will, a man of some capacities and feelings. Among his capacities he has this one to a superlative degree, that he is the most inveterate, the most persistent, the most consistent, the most contumacious, the most persuasive, the most impregnable, the most incurable liar on the face of the whole earth. But here comes a statement I have frequently heard. When an Arab, after hours of wrangling with another, threatening murder and all the rest of it, determines at last to get his feet planted on the rock of truth in the ocean of lies—or, to change the figure, to get his piercing but diseased vision fixed on a star of the thousandth magnitude of veracity in the firmament of falsehood—who does he say?—"By the word of the British, what I say is true." That, I think, is the most splendid tribute to British faithfulness and British integrity to be found, possibly, in the whole world. How did he get it? His fathers and grandfathers of the Crucial League had told their children of their dealings with the Viceroys of India, of their dealings with the two uncrowned kings of Arabia, as they have been called—the general commanding at Aden, and the British consul general at Pushwar in the Persian Gulf. They had learned by experience to know that when a Britisher spoke (in the name of the government) whatever his personal feelings might be—and they have their own share of them—though the earth rocked and the heavens cracked, the word of the British would stand. It became a proverb in the Arab troops, and then it passed into common speech—"By the British word, what I say is true." The British record is established to-day in the Arab mind as he has heard the story by his camp fires of British arms, British faith-keeping, British treaty-keeping; and when the critical hour struck there was no question, much less turning back, but all the power of Britain's manhood, all the devotion of her womanhood, all the priceless treasures of her mercantile marine, all the unsurpassed power of her navy, all the magnitude of devotion and bravery of the "contemptible little army" was thrown into the crisis and turned the scale.

If I have given you shadows as well as sunlight, put the shadows in their proper places. I have said that the British policy as shown in the nearer East has already certain inherent defects. Over against that, put the magnitude of British accomplishments everywhere the British flag has flown, and then in spite of those things the depression has been lifted up; the manacled have been emancipated, the darkened have been brought into light; the ignorant have been taught; and everywhere freedom and progress, equity and honor, have been the key-notes and the glory of British policy around the world.

EXPERIENCES OF A CANADIAN AVIATOR IN FRANCE

AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR BISHOP, V.C., M.C., D.S.O.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, January 10, 1918

PRESIDENT SOMMERVILLE, in introducing Major Bishop, said that for a long time the Club had looked forward to this talk by Major Bishop. He asked the Major to overcome his modesty on this occasion and give the audience his own experiences. The Major is dearer to Canadian hearts than any other man who has gone overseas, because he is a Canadian boy who, first of all lived the life that prepared him, and had then shown what a real Canadian boy could do. (Applause.) It was very natural that as a result of his splendid work at the front he should have been given a Military Cross, and then, when he had formed the habit of doing brilliant work, it was most natural that he should be awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Then when the British authorities found report after report coming in every other day about this genius of the air, they looked about for another honour, and awarded him the Victoria Cross. (Loud applause.) Then they looked through the Honour List of the Air Service of Old England, and found that the

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Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Legion d'Honor, Croix de Guerre, born and educated in Owen Sound, Ont., joined the 4th C.M.R.'s from the Royal Military College, Kingston. Having been held in Canada on account of illness, he went overseas with the 7th C.M.R.'s as Lieutenant, and did one or two tours in the trenches before transferring to the R.F.C

He is officially credited with bringing down more enemy machines during the War than any other British pilot and is generally known as "the Ace of Aces."

records were still piling up the wonderful achievements of this Canadian hero, and so to-day they give the reason for another honour that has been conferred upon Major Bishop when they added a bar to the D.S.O. (Hear, hear.) Not being able to pick out of the multifarious exploits of Major Bishop the one particular thing that merited the honour, they have given the honour in these words:—"His consistent dash and great fearlessness have set a magnificent example to the pilots of his squadron. He destroyed no less than 45 hostile machines during the past four months—(Loud applause)—frequently attacking enemy formations single-handed, and on all occasions displaying the fighting spirit and determination to get to close quarters with his opponent which earned the admiration of all who came in contact with him." (Loud applause.) Having done all this, Major Bishop came home and won new honours, and though perhaps he does not openly admit it, he acknowledges that ever since he has been in Canada he has about him the best pair of wings that he ever knew of. (Laughter.)

Major W. A. Bishop, V.C., M.C., D.S.O., was received with loud applause and cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the large audience standing. He said:—"I am not a speech maker, as you all know, but in the last ten minutes I have decided that if ever I go on the vaudeville stage or into a menagerie of any sort to exhibit myself, I know whom I will ask to be my manager. (Great laughter.) I am going to leave behind me to-day more or less the set speech which I had on hand, and perhaps tell a few experiences of my own, to try to convey to you just what the life of a pilot is in a fighting squadron in France to-day. Of course, this varies a great deal with the squadron and the time of year and everything else, but I will just give you my own experiences, and you can get more or less of an idea of what we go through. You know the life of the trenches—so many weeks in the mud, so many weeks out in dirty rest billets, and that sort of thing, but many people are vague as to what we do when we are on duty and when we are not.

The life we lead when not on duty is not, as most people might think, a life of training and constant preparation of one's self for the next flight and the next day's work; it is rather a light-hearted sort of life in which we try, when on the ground, to forget the work we have to carry out in the air, and keep it out of our minds. With this object in view the life of a fighting squadron is planned by the squadron commander. On all days there are sports of various kinds—horses to ride, tennis courts, and various other luxuries; and people who do not amuse themselves at these find many other things to do. For instance, last summer it was too hot to ride and to play tennis, and we had a big farm-yard on the edge of our aerdrome, which afforded us a lot of pleasure. There were many ducks and geese, pigs and everything, and each day we would make it our work to drill these different animals into the proper spirit. (Laughter.) In the end we had the whole farm-yard moving around in proper formation—(Laughter)—with a big, fat sow leading, with iron crosses and "Richthofen" written on its back. (Laughter.) Our billets are very good. For the most part, we live in huts which are fixed up, and everybody is encouraged to put wall paper on the walls, and to get proper beds, and one sleeps in sheets and has all such luxuries as that. The messing is very good. In my own case we had a large mess divided into two rooms, ante-room and mess room, with a kitchen off it. Meals were extraordinarily good, and at night we would have a four or five course dinner; breakfast in bed if you wanted it, or you could have it in the mess room; so that on the ground, life is not so bad. We find it very interesting because, being in comfort, the troops who come out of the trenches always swarm up to see us and look around the aerdrome, and stay two or three days with us, so we always have guests and are able to entertain other people, and these things help us in our object, which is to forget our work in the air.

When it comes to the actual work in strenuous times such as when a battle is going on, or when there is any special call for a lot of fighting in the air, each pilot usually has two jobs a day, and sometimes three. These are regular jobs, and simply mean leaving the ground in formation with five or six others, and going out on a definite job of fighting, that is, to seek out and destroy the enemy, staying out for two hours, coming back, and then later in the day repeating this operation. Of course, it would never do to sit all day long, as soon as you come down from one job, and think of the awful time you had, and what in the world might happen on the next job. With our present system we have pilots who will come down and play tennis for an hour after they get on the ground, forgetting all about the events of the early morning; and they won't wait for the next job, but three-quarters of the pilots of the squadron will be going up in their spare time, trying to sneak over to the line in hopes of having a little fight all on their own account. (Laughter.) The whole game of fighting in the air is not looked upon as work, and it is not really described as I call it here, a job. We speak more of going out for a fight, or, in the case of a man going alone, of going hunting. You will hear one pilot say to another at night, "How would you like to come out hunting to-morrow at ten o'clock?" The other fellow says, "Right you are." And there they go. In that way we have been able to develop a lot of pilots who would otherwise have come to France and done their regular jobs of work, and come down again, and been quite satisfied with that; but instead of that we find that the pilot who has been a month in France, will get keen and want to get a few Huns to his own credit, and will seek every possible opportunity to go out with some older man to learn his methods, and then later on, go off alone. Of course, it is a dangerous matter at first for an inexperienced man, and we forbid it until he has been out in company, then he gets the permission of his flight commander to go out. It has often happened that pilots who have been two or three days in France and are supposed to be up learning to fly a new machine, will turn it gently this way and that, and slip across over the lines and come back riddled with bullet holes. That is the spirit that has held for us the supremacy of the air up to the present. (Hear, hear and applause.)

As to the actual fighting in the air, the most successful fighting has been done on single-seater machines, and we use no other, with the exception of one machine which carries two people. By single-seater machine I mean a machine carrying one man. This machine has two or more machine guns mounted straight in front of the pilot so that they will fire straight ahead, missing the blades of the propellor by a mechanical device as the blades revolve. The guns are fixed and cannot be moved, and to aim at a man you must aim the machine, and, of course, accurately. To do this we have a telescopic sight line along the top of the machine, which is in front of the pilot's hand, and as he sits back in the natural position of flying the machine, he can look through this sight, and of course aims that way. Shooting in the air is, of course, a difficult thing, because, although you are firing with two machine guns at the rate of 1,200 bullets a minute you are moving at the rate of over 120 miles an hour, while your opponent is moving at the same rate, and usually he seems to be moving about 50 miles an hour faster. (Laughter.) If a man is passing in front of you like this at say 120 miles an hour, you have to judge the speed and the range very accurately, and place your sights just ahead of him, so that when he reaches that spot the bullets will also reach it and get the man. To bring a machine down, it is not a matter of hitting it. I have seen a single-seater Newport machine come back from a fight with a wing type a little over 30 feet distant, and I have seen that come back with 116 bullet holes in it, and the pilot unwounded. This shows that accurate shooting is the secret of the whole game, and now we are training our pilots, before they go to France, to shoot in all positions as well as to fly well. Some shots are favourites and much easier than others; for instance, when you are fighting another single-seater machine, if you are directly behind him you can fire straight at the pilot and he can't fire back at you, but, of course, it is a difficult place to stay, and no matter what he does you have to do the same thing. He may leap, turn on his back, twist around like lightning, or do any of the hundred little tricks we have, and you have to do the same thing in exactly the same time if you want to stay there; otherwise, you will find he is behind you in a second or two.

Fighting a two-seater machine is, of course, a different matter; it has its machine gun mounted in the front in the same way, but behind the pilot he has a gunner to fire one or two machine guns above or behind him. He has no protection above him, whereas in a single-seater you have a big engine in front of you. He cannot fire beneath him. He may be able to climb as fast as you, but he is never able to manœuvre as quickly, so it becomes a question of manœuvring, and, of course, judgment. You go into a range of three hundred yards and he opens fire on you. You watch his bullets; they are incendiary or tracer bullets, the path of which can be seen as they go through the air. You can see when his bullets are coming nearer you, and you turn to give what we call a "cross-shot"—a most difficult shot—and edge in a little nearer all the time, working from side to side to get underneath him. Even if you have to come straight at the man you have the advantage. You have two machine guns to his one, and in any case it is easier to shoot from a single-seater machine with fixed guns than it is for a man holding two guns and trying to get steady shots from them. He has the feeling—and this is the great thing—that the man in the single-seater is out for blood; and he does not want to fight—at least I have never yet struck a two-seater man who did; and that helps more than anything else. His bullets may be coming in a well-concentrated group when you are 300 yards away, but by the time you are 50 yards away you find he is doing worse shooting than at 300 yards.

He is getting nervous, and his shots are scattering all about. Of course, when you get into proper range, which is under 50 yards, you have him where you want him. (Laughter.) If you can get underneath him you know that he can do nothing to shake you off, because, supposing he makes a turn to one side and has half finished that turning, in a single-seater machine you can catch up with him in half a second in that turn, remaining all the time out of his line of fire.

Another way of attacking two-seater machines that we use in formation is for three men to go out to try to get at a machine. One goes up on either side of him, about the same height; the other man goes down about 3,000 feet below, where he will not be seen. The two men beside him dash in on either side, just fire at random to worry the observer, while the man underneath steadily climbs up, and it is very seldom that he sees this third man coming at all. I have had a lot of luck this way, and although on one or two occasions the enemy has unfortunately seen me when I didn't think he did, the other times I managed to get up to 20 yards from him; then you take careful aim as if you were shooting at a target, and open fire, and about ten rounds is all you need—he is down.

To illustrate the different tactics we use, of course you will understand surprise is the greatest thing possible, but it is also the most difficult, and it requires more patience than anything else, consequently there are not many people surprised. You do it by using the sun and clouds, or mist, anything of that sort. For instance, if you dive at a man from the direction of the sun he very seldom sees you at all, as it is so nasty to look towards the sun that he hardly ever does so, even though he knows it is very dangerous not to do so. I was very successful in surprising on many occasions. I will just give you one case to illustrate. One day I went out I saw four enemy machines. I was looking for machines to surprise. I had already passed about three groups which had seen me, and did not look good enough, so I let them go. (Laughter.) Finally I saw this group of four, and managed to get about 6,000 feet above them. I stayed there for twenty minutes, following them up and down. It is very difficult to see a machine of that type above you when you are at a height of about 17,000 feet, as I was then. The four enemy machines kept going up and down a certain beat. They were flying from Lens down to Cambrai, and going down to one place they all turned and went back. I followed them up and down there for some time, and then started to come down. I wanted to get behind them, and they swirled off to one side, having seen another of our machines. I had to go up and wait again until they had cleared our machine, which was flying beneath them, and they resumed their former beat; then, waiting until they were just about to turn, I came down, judging my speed to be about 150 miles an hour, so that just as they were turning I would be about a quarter of a mile farther along their beat and behind them after they had turned. They were flying probably at 110. As a matter of fact, I was flying a slower machine than they were, so it meant that I had to have extra speed when I reached them, in case the surprise did not work and they turned on me. But they turned along and saw nothing. The rear machine, luckily for me, was slightly above the rest, and I came down, gliding along just about 10 feet underneath him, and then pulled my machine back so that the nose of it was probably a bare 10 feet from where he was. I could make out the smallest scratch on his machine, and waited until I had carefully got my sights in the exact spot where the pilot was sitting, and then pulled the trigger. The next moment, I was in danger of being hit as he fell, and I had to slip to one side by skidding the machine out to the right, as he fell to the left and missed me. The other three had heard me shooting; they turned around, and rather luckily, the enemy machine I had brought down burst into flames as it was falling. They probably gazed at that a moment, and that was just time enough for me to get within 20 yards of the second machine to the rear, and get my sights on. The whole fight was probably over in 15 seconds at the very most, and the two machines were going down. The other two did not wait to realize that they were two to one, and in better machines than mine, or anything else; they saw two of their machines down, and off they went, and unfortunately I could not catch either of them. (Laughter.)

Now, to illustrate what I was saying about the two-seater machine. I had occasion once, when flying alone, to see a two-seater machine about 2,000 feet above me (about a mile over) on our own side of the lines. It was such a rare thing last summer to get a machine on our side of the line that one was willing to sell his life if he could only get a fight with them there. However, they very seldom stayed; in fact, probably only two fights out of five hundred would be on our side of the lines last spring and last summer. (Applause.) This machine had been over taking photographs or something, and I commenced to climb up to it, being directly underneath, and hoping that he would not see me. My plan was that if he did see me when I was 200 or 300 yards underneath I would use the old trick of watching his machine gun. I might explain that the observer's machine gun can be seen as it sticks over the side of the machine, and you know from which side he is likely to fire. If his gun is sticking over the left hand side, you keep slightly to the right; if he suddenly switches his gun to the right and the machine banks over to get a shot at you, you skip back to the left. If he banks like that and keeps his machine gun on the left hand side, you know then that he is immediately going to turn back the other way. This is one of the little things you have to watch carefully. (Laughter.) I was climbing along, not thinking much about that, and not intending to watch him in that way until I was within 200 or 300 yards, and I was still 2,000 feet underneath him—too far away even to hear his machine gun—when I noticed three or four holes in the wings of my machine about two feet away from me. The cabinet lock and petrol tank and engine were both hit, and luckily for me they were both hit before I was, because the engine immediately stopped and I had to come down. That just illustrates that good fortune is not all one way. I should not call that good shooting; it was more luck, because there is no question in range shooting, either good or bad, if one ever makes a hit at long range it is luck, and luck is a thing you can't help. The same thing comes in with anti-aircraft firing. Sometimes a shell will burst so near to you that the smoke will pass all around your machine, the shell bursting, and not a single spot in your machine be touched. Another time a shell will burst several hundred yards away, and you are rather laughing at the man on the ground who is making such shooting. You come down to find that several pieces have passed through your machine. Anti-aircraft firing is really a thing which does not worry us very much in any fighting machine, and it is never an excuse under any circumstances for leaving a job, because the firing is very bad; but we do lose a lot of people by it, and of course it can't be helped. As I say, that is luck.

Another job we have is, to attack hostile balloons, and this is one of the nastiest. The balloons are captive balloons and held to the ground by a cable, at the end of which they have some means of pulling them down very rapidly. Our job comes before a bombardment or any small engagement on the ground; we must go over and settle those balloons in order to upset the enemy artillery. The problem of getting at them is the most difficult; that is, to catch them in the air, as they can be pulled down so rapidly, and the enemy watches machines coming across the lines with telescopes, and the moment these machines appear dangerous down the balloons go. But this disposal of them is of no use, because when you are a mile past them, up they pop again; so they must be destroyed, which means perhaps half a day's delay before the enemy can get another one up. Our method of destroying them is by special incendiary bullets from our machine guns. Unfortunately these do not always work, so that many people will attack balloons, go right down beside them, and the balloon will not ignite; they take all the chances and all the risks, but they are not successful. The risks are as follows: First of all, you must get above the balloon, and get there quickly, and try to catch your opponent in the air; he is going down very rapidly. The Germans know that some time or other they will be attacked, and all around the balloon they have special anti-aircraft batteries to engage you all the time you are coming down. From the moment you reach a height of 4,000 feet on your dive towards the ground, the machine gun batteries on the ground open fire on you, and all this time you have something which is more terrifying, and that is what we call flaming onions—balls of fire which they shoot up at you in groups of about ten. We do not know if these have ever been successful or not, for if many people have been brought down by them they have either been killed, or have never mentioned it in letters home from Germany, so we cannot tell how successful they are; but they are most terrifying, and any new pilot who happens to get on a job like this, finds it a terrible thing to have these things coming at him. But of course nobody funks at them. The quickest way to get back home in safety is to get down at your balloon and get away again.

I can describe my second attack on a balloon, which was luckily successful. We all crossed the lines at a certain time, an exact moment, and headed towards our balloons. The day was very cloudy and misty, and the balloon was hard to find. I was new at the game, and very much worried for fear I would miss the balloon, so that on my whole trip over, 6 miles and back, I was looking for nothing else but a balloon, never for a moment thinking that there were naturally some Huns in the sky who would be looking for me. (Laughter.) I found my balloon, and did a circle over it to make certain that I was not over the wrong one, and then commenced to dive at it. I had gone down only a few thousand feet when I realized for several seconds that there had been the rattle of a number of machine guns right behind me. Remembering certain advice that had been given me, I pulled the machine back and began to dive again just as the Hun went beneath me, going in the direction I wanted to go. He was right in line with my sights, and although every bullet I had was precious for that balloon I could not resist it, and I let him have it. (Laughter.) Although I was inexperienced, it was the best thing I could have done, and the Hun went in exactly the one place where he would have gone if I had asked him to. (Laughter.) Of course I could not miss him, and he went down. It was next day before I heard the result. The anti-aircraft reported it the next day; they had seen it, and I was so excited over the balloon, and so frightened, that I had lost it altogether. I did another turn. This time the balloon was sitting on the ground, and the people down there all waiting for me to come down. I came down 800 feet, and opened fire on the balloon. I was inexperienced with my special type of engine; I was rising, with the long dive and the oil had run into the cylinders, which had become very cold, so that as I was gliding past the balloon and firing at the people who had been scattered along the ground, I suddenly realized that my engine was not running at all, but had stopped absolutely. I worked as hard as I could with every adjustment I could find. Nothing happened. I was going at the tremendous pace of 200 miles an hour, and had intended to go on to some fields beyond. I glided straight ahead and picked out the place where I was going to land. Just at that moment, 15 feet from the ground, one of the cylinders picked up, and then two, and then the whole lot went off with a roar, and I tore off. (Laughter and applause.)

A return trip on these occasions is very exciting and very amusing. It is not as dangerous as it sounds, and I will explain why. We come back at a height of anywhere under 10 feet from the ground. Coming to a hedge or a clump of trees, we just duck up and over them, and down into the next field, and tear along, zigzagging all the way so that the enemy cannot warn their people ahead of you by telephone exactly where you are going, and just make in an approximate direction of home. You cannot pick out a landmark that low down, so you just keep tearing along till you are past the trenches, and you know you are all right. The reason you do that is this: You could come home either close to the ground, or you could climb. If you climb you are in a very dangerous position as regards aircraft firing, but they cannot fire against you when you are near the ground, and machine-gun fire is not very dangerous, as you are passing at such a pace; but 1,000 feet or more up they can get quite a good sight at you, whereas if you are on the ground they only see you the time you are in the field that they happen to be in, and you often come to groups of people around a battery of machine guns in a field looking around for somebody like you tearing along. I always imagined them very much pleased as they see you about two fields off, and get ready for you. You are travelling about 120 miles an hour. You dodge up over some trees and into their field. They are probably 200 or 300 yards away, and the only thing to do is to go straight at them, and, by the time you reach anywhere near that battery of machine guns, with your speed and a few bullets here and there, there is not a man within 50 miles of it, and everyone of them going hard (Laughter.)

Another job which we have been doing lately is to attack the infantry on the ground, and this is a little more dangerous because you have to do it from a height of about 500 feet, and then make your dive from there, because you have to pick out the place you want to fire at. You come down just above the enemy trenches, making certain that you are 200 or 300 yards behind, because the average man in a fighting squadron is not certain, to within 200 or 300 yards, exactly where our front line is and where the Huns are. You are using bullets which leave either a trail of smoke or a little spark of air as they pass, and as you come down you just scatter those around on the ground at random, even if you can't see a Hun anywhere, for they are all lying low by this time, and this has the greatest moral effect on them In an attack of that kind you probably may not kill very many people, but the effect on the men on the ground is tremendous, and the effect on our infantry is correspondingly good, because the next day, if you happen to be near the ground, you will hear the story of the man who did it, coming down within 200 feet of the ground The following day you will hear the story of a man who came down to 100 feet from the ground and fired on the trenches there. When you go back a week later you will find that a man came down to 50 feet—(Laughter)—and a little later, when they get out of the trenches altogether, you will hear that a man came down, and Heaven knows what he didn't do! (Laughter.)

I think that covers, as far as I can remember it, all the little jobs we are called upon to do. Before I close I would like to speak of things in general as they are now. The Germans are not the people to underrate all their enemies, and they realize the importance of the programme the United States was planning for the air. From the standpoint of the supremacy of the air, I happen to be pretty well posted at this moment, owing to the fact that some people have just come straight back from France to explain to the States how things are there, and I saw them last week in the conference. Germany has expanded at a tremendous rate in the air. The fighting now is no longer 6 to 10 miles back on the German side of the line, but it is over the lines, and the whole thing is uncertain, just like that—one day one side, next day the other, and it is anybody's battle. Now, that is serious enough; but France, whose Flying Corps has developed at a tremendous pace from the beginning of the War, has reached its limit, and in the coming year they have not planned any more growth in that branch; in fact they may have to contract a bit and disband several of their squadrons to fill up vacancies and keep up other squadrons. The United States is planning a tremendous programme, as you all know. Germany has prepared for this, and has prepared an even greater programme. What she is holding in stock for the spring I do not know; you can imagine that both countries always hold back their big efficiency in the air for the spring, when the weather is good; but now they appear practically able to outnumber us on the front, and they seem to have any number of machines to call upon. Pilots that are being captured tell our people that they can always go back, if they don't like the machine they have got, and get one they do like, or if one machine appears worn out, they can go back and get another one. We cannot afford to do anything like that, and our losses are tremendous, as you know, for the casualties are so great. What I want to get at is this: the United States will not have anything like the programme they have planned; they will not be able to carry that out in the spring; there is no doubt about that. Instead of 22,000 machines in the spring, I doubt whether they will have 500 machines working on the 1st of April. They are coming on, and they are working like fiends in the States; I have been there for over two months, working with them, and I know what they are doing, but the job they are up against is tremendous. They are very much behind in all their training systems and everything else; naturally they have not gone ahead as we have, but they have luckily within the last month adopted our training system, which seems to be most successful. But the production of machines is very low. However, when it does get going, it will be enormous. Unfortunately it is not working out yet, and the fact is this, that in the coming spring campaign, England will have to expand enough to meet the German force and to allow for the fact that France is not expanding any, and also for the fact that the United States will not be there in the early spring. Now, it is an awful problem, and people who know how things stand on the ground claim much the same thing—that Germany is planning a tremendous campaign for the spring; and we are up against it; this coming spring we have got to fight our hardest, fight as we never have fought before. In the United States I could get up and explain this to people and tell them to wake up and stir themselves, and do something; there are so many people there who have not done anything. They are so inclined to think, as many people in this country are, that because the United States are in the War we have their resources and their men to fall back upon, and we must win. Well, men are all very well to put in the trenches. Russia put a lot of men in the trenches, but they were not armed, and what could they do? That is the problem they are up against, and it is a great one. Nearly everybody in this country has done his best, but they have got to do more. The War is not over yet, and it is a long way from being over, and what we have gone through in the past three years is absolutely nothing to what we have ahead of us and just a few months off, from what I can hear now; so that every effort that can be made by any man in all the countries on our side must be made to help us win. When we hear people discussing peace, it really sickens the heart of those who have seen people die over there, and seen how they die." (Hear, hear.)

[Major Bishop illustrated this point by telling of the death of a young Englishman named Bower, who in an air fight was hit by an explosive bullet, and though seriously wounded, flew over to the British lines in order to get help for his fellows who were in the fight. He lost his way, got out of his aeroplane and walked till he found a man to whom he gave the urgent message. The doctors, after his death, stated that his life could have been saved if he had descended behind the German lines or if he had remained in his aeroplane, which he had left for the special purpose of getting help for his squadron.]

"I am not a speaker, and I cannot convey to you how I feel about this matter, and how everybody else out there feels. Every man who has gone forth from this city is proud of Toronto, and they have reason to be proud, for Toronto has done well,—but this city has not done its best yet, and it must do more. A lot of people in Toronto have not done their share. Another lot of people have done more than their share, but they must do more still to get after those who have not done their share, and bring them up to the mark. That is all I can say to you." (Loud and long continued applause.)

THE ARTILLERY AT PASSCHENDAELE

AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR ROBERT MASSIE, D.S.O.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
January 17, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—The work this year at the front, from the standpoint of shell fire and difficulty of working, has increased very much over 1916. Certainly after the break-up of the Russians the increase in shell fire was very noticeable on the Western front, and apart from the machine-gun fire and the attacks, the daily casualties are the result of shrapnel and high-explosive fire from the enemy guns which cover the rear areas continuously, sometimes more intense than at other times, and of course shutting up entirely sometimes. But speaking from my own experience, the shell fire during 1917 is, on the whole, from three to five times as bad as it was in 1916, referring particularly to the Somme and Passchendaele. The ground conditions were also worse.

The work done by other branches of the service—aeroplane observation, medical corps, engineers and transport—has always appealed to me as being exceedingly good, including the reconstruction by the engineers of the roads in Passchendaele. Before the Canadian division went in there, the engineers had gone about 350 or 400 yards in building a plank road in about two weeks, the ground being impassable. The transport service was

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Major Massie is a Toronto man. He acted as the forward observation officer for the Canadian Artillery and was able to see the whole battle of Passchendaele up to the time he was wounded.

equally good; there was never a day we went hungry, though of course sometimes we would not get fresh meat, but the grub for the men and horses was always delivered. The work of the medical corps appealed to me particularly on account of the treatment I got. I was laid out at about 7 o'clock in the evening three-quarters of a mile from the dressing station, the roads being anywhere from ankle-deep to knee-deep in mud. At the station I was mud pretty nearly up to my waist. They put a pad on my head, and I sat up beside the driver and went down to Flammerton. The Huns were shelling the road a little further down from where we were, and it took us an hour and a half to get the seven or eight miles. When we got to the dressing station, they gave me an injection of anti-tetanus, put a pad on my head, and said I would be all right, and shot me back into another bus and down to another station outside of Poppering. I got there between half past ten and eleven. The medical men came up and took off the pad, looked at it, looked at the card pinned to me; a sister gave me a drink of hot Scotch, which was the best thing I had taken for a long time, and sat me down on a sofa, and in about ten minutes when my turn came, they shot me into the room, took my clothes off, and operated on my head—I don't know what was wrong with it—and I was back in my bed before midnight. That is the same treatment the men of the army get; it is no different for the officers. The operating-room looked like a nice, clean, well-run butcher shop. The orderlies carried me up on a stretcher; the doctor asked if I was able to sit up, and I said "yes." I jumped up on the table, and before I got settled down, one sister came up to clip my hair off, another one said, "Take a long breath," and another clamped a cover over my head, and that is all there was to it.

Speaking about Passchendaele, I will confine myself to what I saw or what came through the Intelligence Department of our own battery. I only got to Canada last year after the batteries went over Vimy. From one of my own officers who took the 33rd Battery over the Vimy Ridge, I have heard a description of what it was like, but I will tell only what I have seen. We sat down in Vimy this year and had the life pounded out of us more or less during the good summer months, during which several minor attacks were made on Lens and Avion. We used to read in the papers that we were not fighting the German nation; that may be true, but it does not strike me that way a bit. After an attack at Avion, when the boys had taken that place and straightened out the line, I went up to the o'pip in front of the rolling ground on the front line, so that what we could see up there could not be seen from our front line; I got there about seven o'clock in the morning. The officer who was in charge of the o'pip is here to-day. When I came up, he went back to get some breakfast, and I sat down to look over the front. In a little while I saw a party of 30 or 40 Germans coming up under the white flag. Unfortunately, instead of shooting them up I called out, "Come up and see these men that are going to surrender." His remark was, "Shoot them up;" but I didn't. They were not stretcher bearers; as it turned out afterwards, they were reinforcements that had used that fake to get into the front line. They dropped into the front line quite safely; the infantry could not see them, and I very foolishly let them get up. The next party that came up did not get in. Later in the day we saw a couple of what looked like stretcher parties coming from Lacolette, a place on the left, and this officer was then in charge of the o'pip and shooting the battery, and his attention was directed particularly to the rear stretcher, on which there seemed to be an enormous man; if he had been a German he would have had a stomach about 30″ high, and he asked me if he could shoot him up. I said, "Shoot if you want to." He fired at this apparently invalided German. The stretcher bearers dropped him, and he broke into a machine-gun and a tripod with a blanket over it. Now, those men were carrying this under the white flag. That is the sort of thing you meet in the front. One cannot help but appreciate what it means when you are up against that sort of thing.

In August we went from Vimy down to Hill 70 to take it. It was a very nasty attack that time.—I am quite safe in saying the most strenuous time, from the standpoint of actual fighting, that the Canadian artillery had had. We had about eight days there when there was absolutely no peace; the Germans pulled off some twelve or fourteen counter-attacks in that time, night and day attacks, and the artillery which was called on then to put up a protective barrage beyond the final objective did not have any rest, though we had the satisfaction of a liberal reward in the way of dead Huns for our work. The officer and other men figured that in ten minutes of firing we laid out from 300 to 500 Huns. It was a registered barricade. The Germans broke through that and ran into the woods, and we soon got at them with 6″ and 9.2″, and had the pleasure of scattering them around the country. At that place we also had another experience of extremely heavy gas shelling, including the mustard gas and others whose names I don't know. It was during one of those attacks that the men of the artillery in charge of those batteries took off their gas helmets and worked the guns until they could not work any more, in reply to the calls of the infantry for a barrage; they took it in series, two men would work with their helmets off. In some cases they dropped; a great many died as a result of it. This shows how the arms of the service will work together to carry their point.

Passchendaele has probably appealed to all of us more than any other action this year on account of the difficulties that existed in connection with it, and because of the fact that other troops had failed to take it. There were five attacks on Passchendaele, three of them being main ones. Generally the artillery major, if he is wise, keeps as far back as he can, and creeps into the dug-out if there is one. I went forward, not to the front line, but about 600 yards behind it in the first instance, about the same in the second, and in the third I was 400 or 500 yards from the German front line, so I had the opportunity of observing through the glasses quite clearly what took place on our own front. The roads are the chief point of shell fire, as communication must come along them, therefore before we took them from the Germans we used to shoot them up, and after he took them he shot them up; hence the roads were pitted with shell holes and in some places entirely obliterated. Those holes may vary from 6 inches to 6 feet, but supplies and ammunition had to be brought along them. The infantry also had to go forward, and their advance was assisted by constructing duck-walks, that is, the short duck boards that are put in the trenches to form a footing for the infantry; they put them two boards wide for several miles out to form paths for the infantry; but the artillery was obliged to stick to the roads. The first day I went in, the mud was 6 inches deep everywhere, and in most places half way up to my knees. It would dry up sometimes, but would always rain afterwards and be worse than ever. The surrounding country was literally shot to pieces, looking like a field after trees and stumps have been pulled out, except that the holes are as deep as 10 feet and filled with water. The lips of one shell hole practically touch the lips of another, so that horses and mules could not go across the area. The first lot would get across, but half a dozen following would soon turn the whole thing into a mass of water and mud so that the animals could not make it at all. Being obliged to go down a road across which the Germans had placed a barrage extending to 50 yards on either side of the road, I tried to walk through the mud around the end of the barrage, but at last I decided I would rather walk through the barrage than take chances of being laid out on either flank where it would be impossible for anybody to get me out. Nobody goes near shell-fire if he can get away from it. There were no gun positions; ordinarily we dig our guns in, from two to five feet, but in Passchendaele if you went down you would drown, so we stuck the guns up on the only dry pieces of ground we could find. The first we took over was an English battery, and we had to move it for 500 yards. We had filled sandbags and pounded them in, and then put a wooden platform on them, and our guns on that, driving stakes in behind to form supports for the control of the guns. The observation was done from the higher ground forward, which at that time was the Abraham Heights.

The first attack took place on the 26th October. The 3rd and 4th Divisions had to attack over low ground, called marsh bottom on the maps, prior to reaching the higher ground on the other side which was named Bellevue Heights, on which there were a number of pill-boxes. It rained that night, so that in the morning the going was extremely difficult. The barrage opened fairly well on time, and after the light got stronger, about half past eight or nine o'clock, I could see the infantry going forward fairly well up with the barrage, but the going was so difficult that the men could not keep pace with the lifts of the barrage—I think it was 50 yards every four minutes; ordinarily, on dry ground, we had 100 yards every two or three minutes. I could see the barrage on our left going further ahead of those men, and it was quite impossible for them to keep up. You could hardly distinguish them; if they had not been moving you could not tell them from the ground. I don't believe they had been going ten minutes before they were all soaked and covered with mud, head to foot. Those that were going forward on our particular zone, which was just on the right of the Gravenstahl road, were the ones I was chiefly interested in. I saw the men take the pill-boxes on Bellevue Heights quite a bit ahead of our barrage, because they had a quick slope to go up, and it had turned the rain better; the men who were going on our front were still going on low ground; the barrage lifted and went ahead of them quite a bit, then about ten o'clock went beyond a certain strong point which looked to me like the ruins of a farmhouse on which the Huns had created a roof and thus made it a strong point. These pill-boxes vary in size, some being 8 by 10 feet inside, some bigger. There would be 12 to 18 inches or 2 feet of concrete on the sides which are exposed to our shell fire, and from 2 to 5 inches on the top, the whole reinforced with steel work. It is a small target for a heavy gun to hit. An 18 pounder shell or a 4 or 5 Howitzer shell just bounces off it, on account of the construction of the shell and the solidity of the object which it hits. I would be very doubtful whether the 6 inch guns would smash up the pill-box or not. Anyway, there were a lot of them that were unsmashed, and those that had escaped destruction were on the low points. I saw those men moving forward. They came to about 200 yards from this pill-box; it seemed to me there were over 100 of them; you could see the bullets of the barrage spatter in the mud, and the line melted. I don't think there were more than eight or ten men of that party who went on, and I could see those eight or ten make a rush, one at a time, from one shell hole to another, and gradually creep up until they got beyond the zone of fire from this pill-box; then they crept in behind it, and so far as I could see, everything on our front was quiet; the line of attacking men had melted, there were no reinforcements sent forward to carry on, partly because it was almost impossible to get through the barrage that was put on the low ground by the Hun artillery. While watching this strong point I would occasionally see the light-flares which the Huns sent up to indicate that they were still holding out, so that their artillery would not shoot them up, and occasionally I would see the figure of one of our men move somewhere, though very seldom; where he was would be indicated more often by the splash of bullets in the mud. Of course word was sent through to headquarters that the advance was held up at that time. Apparently it was successful on the left, but on account of the men that were surrounding this strong point, one could not even suggest that artillery fire could be directed there, so we just sat and waited. About noon the stretcher parties came out, and in course of time reached the point where this line of men had been laid low by the machine-gun fire from this strong point, and they set to work to gather up those that had been seriously wounded and fix them up; I think there were in the neighbourhood of eight stretchers. The stretcher-bearers went the same way as the men they were taking; there is no question of where they were when they were deliberately shot down. You may not be fighting the German people, but that day I did not agree with that view at all. I have a very distinct impression of the party of stretcher-bearers that were on the extreme right. They got a wounded man on their shoulders, when the machine-gun that was on the strong point was turned on them, and three went down; the fourth, who was apparently an old man, stood there, and I could see him shaking his fist in the direction of the pill-box, and he crumpled up too. Later on, about three o'clock, the Germans that were in the strong point surrendered to the eight or ten men who survived. The exact number that came out I could not certify to, but I counted over 80 who surrendered to the men that surrounded them. Under ordinary conditions I presume they would have laid the Germans out as they came out of the pill box. They did kill the first two or three, but I imagine that their rifles were clogged with mud and they had not energy to bayonet the rest, which they certainly should have done. Anyway, these prisoners came down the road, and our men made them sit up and carry out the men that were on the stretchers that should have been brought in by the stretcher-bearer parties who were shot down. Those prisoners passed close to me; in fact, the German officer that was in command of them, laid our wounded men down and wanted to go on. However, they took them out on their way out. The German is quite indiscriminate in the way he shoots. There was no question that those prisoners on the way coming down were under observation from Passchendaele itself; it was only a matter of perhaps 1,500 yards. The Germans deliberately turned their artillery on this gang of prisoners to shoot them up, and did kill quite a number on the way, I am glad to say, but the vast majority got through.

The second attack, which took place about the 26th October, was rather a different proposition. The night before the attack the Germans shelled us very heavily with gas shells and high explosives, and the men had a much more uncomfortable night than on the first attack; but they had taken most of the low ground so that the going, on our front particularly, was much easier, and the attack was pulled off in time. Only one point held them up, and they made their objectives fairly close on time, though on this occasion the Huns pulled off quite a stiff counter-attack which seemed to side-slip over to our left, but what went by the machine-guns and artillery never reached our front line; it was taken by the Fourth C.M.R's. The same continuous shelling of rear areas and of the roads beyond took place then, but I did not have a very good view of the attack that day; however the attack on that occasion was successful. After the barrage was finished, we put up a protective barrage to permit the men to dig in in case they had to reconstruct German trenches or build trenches of their own, and in some cases we used smoke shells on the final barrage in order to obscure our men, while working, from the view of the Germans behind this smoke screen.

The third attack, on the 6th November, was the day when the First and Second Divisions took Passchendaele itself. On that occasion I went away over on the right flank to get a view of the forward areas so that if there was a counter-attack I could send back word. There were buried cables up to the forward areas, and I had to limit my advance to where the communication could be kept up, because observations were of no use if they could not be sent back. On this occasion I went over the hillside farm, and the same thing happened; the Germans spent most of the night in heaving shrapnel and high-explosive gas shells into us, and at dawn they dropped one of the heaviest protective barrages for their own men that I have ever seen them start, but they were not quite on to the game our boys had played, because half an hour before, our men, with the companies that were supporting them, crept out into No Man's Land as close up to the German trenches as they could get with any degree of safety, so that when the Germans dropped their barrage on the front line there was nobody there but the wounded. On this occasion the attack went off the most smoothly of any of the three. They had fair ground to go over, and especially those that went into Passchendaele itself had pretty fair going, and the objectives were reached on time. Some officers came out of cellars and surrendered; they had expected Passchendaele to be retaken if it was taken in the first instance, which apparently they did not expect. The shell fire that day on our lines was the worst I have ever seen. From about half past eight in the morning till half past ten, there were certainly not thirty seconds when there was not a shell dropped within 100 yards of the little pill-box where I was standing. On that occasion I saw particularly the character and feeling exhibited by the Germans towards the wounded and the stretcher-bearer parties, and though I don't want to harp on this subject, I can't drive it home too much that there is only one decent Hun, and that is a dead one. Stretcher-bearers that came up to me from the low ground came under machine-gun fire and I saw lots of them go down. Those that passed on the left within about 15 or 20 feet of me had to go over this area of high ground, about 200 yards in extent, and they were under direct observation of the German artillery men, and from the manner in which the fire was directed and the accuracy with which it came down they must have been directing the fire from about 2,000 yards away. Three out of four were shot down. They had not got 50 feet from where I was, before the artillery fire was opened on them; it was not a chance shot, because they were simply plastered with high-explosive shells. That went on all morning as long as any wounded men, either walking or carried by stretcher-bearers attempted to cross that area of ground. They did not keep up shelling that area when nobody was going over it, but let two or three men or a party of stretcher-bearers step out into that area and they were literally blown off.

I might mention, as a demonstration of what our young lads will do, that a shell struck a pill-box in which a young lad was posted, and the left side of his face had ten or fifteen splinters in it; yet he carried on and went over to the objective, and came back and reported to me from Abraham Heights about four o'clock.

The infantry work in weather conditions in France was so disagreeable that in comparison I would prefer to run around Toronto in weather like we have now without an overcoat, but what those men did at Passchendaele was beyond praise. There was no protection in that land. They could not get into the trenches which were full of mud, and you would see two or three of them huddled together during the night, lying on ground that was pure mud, without protection of any kind, and then going forward the next morning and cleaning up their job. While other troops had failed to take that town, our men succeeded, and they certainly have earned anything that can be done to ease their minds, and the great majority of them over there are married. If the people of this city saw what those men have gone through, there would not be any unkind remarks made. The suffering they have endured, particularly in the fall and winter, is something I would not attempt to describe, yet they have gone through it and cleaned up the job, and every time they have met the Hun they have lickel the devil out of him, and they can do it again.

EXPERIENCES OF AN INFANTRYMAN AT THE FRONT

AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR WILFRID MAVOR, M.C.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, January 31, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Speaking is not my profession. When Dr. Abbott asked me to come down to speak to you, the only tip he gave me was not to prepare a speech; so I committed myself to God and came down to lunch. I feel that I should have done more, as both my father and my old schoolmaster are here.

I thought that what you would like to hear best would be what we do in a definite period from one big event to another. I am going to sketch the period in France from the time of Vimy Ridge until the Canadian corps was again allowed to go over the top.

During the offensive at Vimy Ridge, we suffered a great many casualties, and we were pretty well disorganized when we were sent out to train again for the next offensive. The Vimy Ridge operations were twenty-one days, all told. During all that time we were getting reinforcements. What we do with these reinforcements is to attach them temporarily to units until we get out. I am going to describe the time from when we got out, after we have had our 48 hours' rest. We have had our battalion dinner and have drunk the toast to absent friends,

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Major Mavor is a son of Professor James Mavor of the University of Toronto. Since 1914, when he went overseas with the 15th Battalion, Major Mavor has been through St. Julien and Festubert, where he was wounded and won his decoration; the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Hill 70. The Military Cross which he has received and his consistent advance as an officer, both point to the quality of his service.

and turned over a new page of the law with the new men. We line the men up and have a look at them; tell them the Canadian corps is the best corps in France; tell them that they come to the best division in France; that they come to the best brigade, the best battalion, and they are going to be in the best company, and if it is not the best company it is their fault. Then we look them up and down, and tell them that soldiering in France is not the same as soldiering in England. You tell them there is no more barrack-room square—and you laugh up your sleeve because they are going to get it next day. You tell them that if they do anything wrong out here, there is no patting you on the shoulder and saying, "All right, young fellow, don't do it again, you may get shot for it." Then you get hold of your company clerk; you get a table and a box, and get out in the field somewhere so that nobody can disturb you and line up those men and start to take down the particulars for your company books. You get your clerk to do this, and you wander around and talk to those men, find out what they are like, and you order the company clerk to pay special attention to what their trades were before they joined the army, and what they have been doing since. Then you catechise those men under four different headings. Out of some of them you are going to make bombers; out of others, riflemen and bayonet men; out of others, machine gunners; out of others, rifle grenadiers. Thus you work out your company on paper. This will take you about a day. On the next day you order your sergeant-major to have those men put in different platoons, and get four platoons of equal strength. I should say that the Canadian corps is working at present on the French system of organization. We have four companies to the battery, four platoons to each company, and four sections to each platoon. Each platoon is a self-composed unit, comprising a bombing section, a rifle grenade section, a rifle section, and a Lewis gun section, so that any platoon has all the arms of the infantry with it, and can be sent on any detached job.

So we put those men into the branch of the infantry for which we think them most efficient. A baseball player is put in the bombing section; he may be able to throw bombs pretty well. If he has been some sort of a machinist at some time, he is placed in the machine gun or Lewis gun section, as he will be more adept in fixing stoppages and that sort of thing in the Lewis gun. Then you put the husky fellows in the effective fighting section, and fellows that are good shots in the rifle section. You put all the boobs in the rifle grenade section. The reason for that, I think, is that we do not yet know the full value of the rifle grenade; it is the howitzer grenade of your platoon.

After you have all those fellows lined up and decide what you are to do, you begin to train them as specialists, and you go in for what is called individual training. You don't know how long you are going to be out of the line, so you carry on as though you were going to be out indefinitely, and try to teach those men thoroughly their job. After two weeks of that you go in for collective training, and give those fellows little jobs to do. You get your platoon and line them up, giving them a machine gun emplacament to take, and all the rest of the company sit around and watch them. You teach by example like that, one platoon doing it after another, and you get the men interested in it, and they get more keen on their job.

After you have done collective training in that sort of way, you will probably be getting towards the time when you have to do another little job, and you are sent into the line. You are told that some day somebody is going to take the Ridge which you can see across the way there. That is all you are told, and you start scouting around, trying to get as much information as you can, and this is probably narrowed down to the statement that your brigade is going to attack on the frontage which your battalion is at present holding. So the first night you are there you and your orderly go out, and get to know No Man's Land, wander around and find out if there are any old trenches out at the front, and what the wires are like, and you take a couple of officers and go out afterwards. Then they will go out and take somebody else like that out, and after three or four nights all the officers have been out to No Man's Land, and been across, and know pretty well what it is like. That is at night. In the day-time you study the back-country—Hun-land; pick out particular land-marks; try to pick out those that will be there always. Sometimes it is very hard to find such, because the artillery have the capacity for shelling almost any place in the country.

Then you come out of the line, and you begin to get down to brass tacks. You call at Battalion headquarters, and the colonel tells you that your battalion is going to take a certain definite objective, and you are told all about it. The colonel tells you absolutely everything he knows, and you take down notes on the thing, study your map carefully with him, go through the whole thing, go back to your billet, get hold of a barn, get all your men in it, and tell them everything you know—don't care whether there are any German spies or not. Everybody knows there is going to be a push there. You can see by the military and guns and ammunition and everything driving up and down the roads, that there is going to be a "show," so there is no use keeping it dark. You get airplane photographs and tell your men all about it; they are risking their lives as much as you are, and the more you tell them about it the keener they will be to go into it, and the better to co-operate with you.

After you have told them all about it, you will probably be told that in a certain place a little distance from the village in which you are located, there is a map laid out on the ground, with tapes showing the exact German trenches over which you are going to advance, and you go out and walk over those tapes, and wander around. They are set out by the real engineers, and they are all named; and you wander around and find your way in the country that you are going to go over. That is what you do the first day. Your men wander around, and you talk to them, show them on the map where they are on the ground, and then talk the thing over, answer any questions; they will all come up and ask you questions, some of which you cannot answer at all, and you will be greatly surprised how some men that you think have no brains at all, will come up and ask you ticklish questions about what you are going to do. One thing you always tell them—that is exactly how much artillery you have behind, so as to give them a great deal of confidence going over.

Meantime you have prepared exactly what you are going to do. You are allotted a definite company front and a definite job, and you go out into this map of the country and you work out your job. You tell each platoon exactly what they are to do, and where they are to go; then each platoon officer works out his little particular job, and tells each second commander where to go, and the second commander tells each man where he is to go. You work that out two or three times—stay out there all day. The next day you go out, and you will do it as a battalion; the battalion commander will be there. The next day you will do it as a brigade. Then start over and do the thing again, until your time of rest is up, until the artillery is ready for your offensive.

Then they number the days—X. Y. Z.—Z day being the day on which you either get wounded, killed, or come back safe. Suppose on Y day you go into the line, you will be taken over the battle front, you will man your particular company front with one or two, attacking perhaps on a 2x2 front. The rest of your men you will supposedly leave out for rest, leave back in the separate lines, but as a matter of fact they will be working just as hard as your men in the front line. They will be bringing up bombs, rum, ammunition, and everything that is needed for going over the top. You establish a dump of bullets, a dump of small arms and ammunition, and then you distribute your rum amongst the officers, and they look after the extra issue of rum, which is a very essential thing to go over the top.

In the night before you are going over you are not told the exact time; the zero hour is not given out for probably half an hour before you are going to jump off. On the night before you are going to jump off, you get your men thoroughly equipped with bombs, and lead them into their jumping-off trench, which in most cases is in front of your original front line. It may be an old trench that has been unoccupied for some time because it was badly shelled at some period of operations, or it is filled up with wire and used as an obstacle, and you may have to clear it out a little.

In the Somme, Vimy Ridge, and the Hill 70 "show," we had our jumping-off trench in front of our front line, and in each case we fooled the Hun by getting in front of his barrage. He put his barrage down on our front line, and we were away ahead of it, and we did not have so many casualties as if we had to go through his barrage. On the Somme we did not even dig a trench; we simply lay in shell-holes and that sort of thing in front of our original front line, and we jumped off on the 26th September at noon, and nobody saw us. It was more luck than anything else, but we fooled them, anyway.

The jumping-off trench, then, is in front of our original front line, and at night we line up all the men. Every man should know exactly where to go as we planned the thing out, and there should be no noise, no confusion at all; and about half an hour before zero hour every man is in his correct place, and what the infantry call auxiliaries to the back come along, such as artillery observation officers, and people who are going to dig the trench along No Man's Land, the Lewis gun people, the brigade machine gunners, and so on. As a matter of fact they are not accessory after the fact, because you are darned glad of them when you get to your objective.

Then you walk around the line. Your company commanders walk through the line and see that everybody has his extra drink of rum; tell them about the "show," and jolly them all along. Then you get your zero wire; pass the word along that zero hour is at such and such a time. Then zero hour arrives; hell breaks loose, and all the old iron in the world seems to be flying around, and you walk along behind the barrage, and walk in and occupy the trenches which the artillery have shelled. Then you either get killed, wounded, or you come back alive, and turn over the log-book and start in again.

NATIONAL AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION IN BRITAIN

AN ADDRESS BY REV. TREVOR H. DAVIES

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, February 7, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Standing here as a member of the Empire Club I want to say, first, that during the last three years there has been a deepening consciousness of the significance and meaning of Empire. A great Greek Philosopher, Aristotle I think, said that a city ought to be composed of such a number of men as can hear the voice of a single herald. So an Empire can be composed of such a number of people as can feel the thrill of a common emotion. An Empire cannot be created merely by commerce. We need a common history, the memory of great deeds, the common experience of joy and suffering. We all know that the British Empire was created almost in an unconscious manner. We do not think it was by an accident or a series of accidents, but it was a kind of instinct that came upon those men and women and drove them out to the ends of the earth to be the parent of new creations and the architect of unpremeditated institutions. And so, very frequently, the sense of Empire has lingered and tarried after the Empire itself has been created.

Mr. Davies has the reputation of understanding men in a sympathetic way, and consequently of being able to discover the best that is in them. He was invited to Toronto largely on account of his successful work in downtown churches in various parts of Great Britain, notably in Edinburgh. London itself was called upon to give him up to Toronto. In the Metropolitan Church, even in the short time he has been pastor, he has endeared himself to his people through his thoughtful discourses and his delightful personality.

Of course at home we were all proud, as you are proud, to be fellow-members of an Empire which embraces 12,000,000 square miles—one-fifth part, I suppose, of the total land surface of the globe—and has a population of 400,000,000—a fourth part of the total population of the world. But the very vastness of the Empire prevented the consciousness of unity. We were told very frequently at home, before the War—no doubt by men who desired that we should believe it—that if war should break out we should find that these ties of Empire were purely nominal They said, "O yes, you will find that Australia and South Africa will become independent republics; India will be ablaze with rebellion, and Canada will immediately secede to the United States of America." We did not believe it; but before the War, there was lacking the sense of spiritual unity. Then there came the outbreak of hostilities, and we saw the stalwart sons of Canada in our streets and in our camps. We thrilled, with you, to their deeds of heroism—those deeds which will illuminate the history of the British Empire. That is to say, we ceased to think of it as so many millions of square miles of territory; we thought of it then as a great spiritual unity—a unity which would be invincible in this great struggle for freedom and civilization.

I was reading, in that remarkable book by Mr. Harold Begbie on the life of Lord Grey, who was Governor-General of this Dominion, one of Lord Grey's favorite quotations; he used to write it on gift books:—"What is my country? My country is the Empire, England is my home-land." Now, of course a man has special partiality for the home-land, wherever it is. I come from one of the smallest nations of the Empire, and I used to say to my English friends that it was a very great pity that they could not all be born within the borders of the Principality, but that was not their fault, they could not help it, and it was not big enough for everybody to be born there. Even Lloyd George was not born there; he had the misfortune to be born in Manchester, but with that sagacity that is characteristic of him, he had himself transferred when he was twelve months old, and educated within the shadow of our Welsh hills. But the home is Canada, Scotland, England or Australia; the country is the Empire; and the history of three years has made the British people realize that. To me it is going to be a shaping factor in the history of the coming days, for this reason among others. It has been my privilege to have had churches in three great cities in Great Britain—downtown churches, in London, in Edinburgh and in Manchester—and when I recall the problems that confronted us, and baffled us very frequently, in our work there—problems of overcrowding, the horrors of sweated labor and of unemployment—and then turn and contemplate this land in which I have the honor of living to-day, with its undeveloped resources, I am personally grateful for the belief that Great Britain can solve these social problems for her citizens and still allow them to remain beneath the flag of the country. And Canada will be making her contribution, in common with the other countries, to the politics of Great Britain, especially the international politics. It is always very suggestive to me that when a colonial statesman goes home—when General Smuts comes from South Africa, Mr. Hughes from Australia, Sir Edward Kemp from Canada—then you find the British press clamoring that he be allowed to remain in the home-land, that he may occupy a seat in the British cabinet. It may not be possible, but there is a wistful longing in the old land for the closest possible union with these great British self-governing peoples who came to our side in the hour of our great necessity.

And now may I pass on to what I deem to be the most important social question that is facing Britain to-day, that is, the movement for the greater equalizations of status and wealth and opportunity. Everybody at home knows perfectly well not merely that there is need of industrial reconstruction—that would be a mere platitude—but the fact is that at the present moment there is a very dramatic and far-reaching process of industrial reconstruction. It is my belief that never again will wages be determined in Great Britain merely on the basis of competition. You know how things have been nationalized over there. It will be quite impossible for us to go back to the position that existed before the War. The problem which is confronting the great industrial nation is this: How can we develop freedom for the individual, for the social and commercial and industrial unit, without breaking the framework of national unity? In Russia before the War they had unity without freedom. In Russia to-day they have freedom without unity, and that unhappy people is apparently marching to a condition of terrorism through anarchy.

If I were to say that there are no ominous signs in the industrial situation in Britain, I would be a speaker of smooth things. I believe there are some very serious ones. You will find many men who are preaching the dangerous doctrine of syndicalism, of concurrent allegiances, of sabotage. The fact is that with democracy there is a discontent with democratic government. I believe that democratic government has never been tried—certainly not in Great Britain; it has only been partially realized. But if you go to the workingman of Great Britain you will frequently find that he is impatient with the results of what he calls democratic government.

In view of these facts, I want to suggest to you three very hopeful features of the situation—features which make me perfectly confident that Great Britain will be able to solve this most important problem.

The first is this: The leaders of labor in Great Britain are men who can be absolutely trusted. I know very many of them personally. I have known Mr. Arthur Henderson, the most trusted labor leader in Britain today, for fifteen years; I knew him before he entered the House of Commons; I have been in his constituency with him, and spoken upon his platforms; I have met him in conferences and committees; I have very frequently worshipped with him in the House of God. Of course he has made mistakes, as every man must make mistakes who has been called to occupy a prominent position in a world that is in transition. It was a blunder, in my judgment and in the judgment of many of his friends, when he attempted to occupy that dual position as member of the British War Cabinet and Secretary of the Trades Unions of the country. But, gentlemen, may I say to you that he carries the most serious sense of responsibility into his most influential position as labor leader in Great Britain at the present moment—and it would be impossible to overestimate the importance of that position. He has a profound loyalty to the British constitution. He is a man who is absolutely fearless in following his convictions, whether he is dealing with the opponents of the labor party or with the intractable followers in his own camp. I have mentioned Mr. Henderson as an illustration; but there are others of whom I might speak. What I want to say is this, that if labor will follow its leaders, I believe we shall find in Great Britain autonomy and freedom, coupled with a deepening sense of loyalty to the old constitution.

Another hopeful feature is here: During the last three and a quarter years the classes have been brought together as never before. They know each other as they never knew each other. They respect each other as they never did before. Extraordinary circumstances have driven men to occupy unexpected places and form unexpected companionships. Sometimes there has been tactlessness, too; on the whole, it has been in the nature of a revolution. This War has burned some phrases clear out of usage; one is that despicable profanity which we used to hear in the Old Country so continually—"the lower classes." I worked among the lower classes the best part of my life, and thankful I am to have done so. When I heard a man talk about the lower classes before the war, it always seemed to me to be an ill-omened phrase, dark with human pride; but if a man talks about the lower classes to-day, it falls upon my ear like the shiver of doom. The lower classes—where are they? They are in the trenches; side by side with other classes, it is true—"dukes' sons, cooks' sons, sons of a belted earl"; all meet together and get to know each other and to respect each other, not only abroad but at home. They have felt the burden of a common bereavement; they have known the thrill of a common heroism and devotion. Lest I should seem to exaggerate, let me read to you two utterances made in the House of Lords in the last two or three months. The first is from Lord Selborne:—

> "The real solution of the industrial question is to be found in the increase of the strength of the trade union organization, in the recognition and acceptance of their status, and the assumption and acknowledgment by them of their responsibilities."

Why, it is only five years since the directors of railways in Great Britain refused to recognize the existence of trades unions. I know many employers of labor in Lancashire and Yorkshire; I do not know a single employer of labor who is not profoundly grateful to-day to have trade union leaders with whom he could deal. It brings a sense of stability into the relations between Capital and Labor. Or, take this statement by Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords:—

> "The working classes will make many mistakes. Very likely they will be adverse to many of your ambitions. All these things are small matters. I earnestly hope that they will believe in us. I am quite sure that in the long run their good sense will prevail; but whatever happens, we intend to trust them, my Lords, and I believe that they will return the trust."

Now, the third hopeful feature is this: That already there is a revolution taking place; and this revolution is taking place without any breach of the ancient traditions of the country. By the Franchise Bill just put through the House of Commons, 8,000,000 new names have been placed upon the register. The position of women is of course assured now in political life. We are going to have the most comprehensive educational scheme ever conceived by British statesmen. It is going to cost a lot of money, but we know perfectly well we must have it. We must educate those who are going to be the masters of the nation, for the reform of the House of Lords is only a matter of time and method now. I believe that the next House of Commons will have at least 200 labor members.

And so, gentlemen, although I have suggested to you that there is peril in the present situation, and although there may be sharp collision between conflicting interests and classes, yet, judging from fair criteria—from the fact that the people of Britain are still dominated by a simple and serious sense of duty; that they have felt together a great suffering, and have thrown themselves into a great purpose; that they have come to know and respect each other—we may confidently hope that once again the Motherland will stand before the world as an example of how democratic freedom may be realized without any breach of the traditions of the state.

I am very frequently asked this question: "What is the attitude of the British people to-day—the man in the street, who is the only man really that counts, because by him this war is to be won, or lost—towards this war? Well, there never has been a time when there was less pacifism in Great Britain than to-day; and there never has been a time when there was a greater hatred of war than to-day. I get in a third-class railway carriage whenever I can, because I pick up all my social philosophy there; they know a great deal more about it than the members of the House of Commons. I am quite sure of that. If you talk to a compartment full of men in any railway train, some of them, perhaps all, would say to you, "We've got to see this job through once for all." Quoting Lloyd George, they would say, "There's got to be no next time." Or they will say, "This is a war to end war."

The leaders of the trades unions met in Nottingham a few weeks ago, and that important and influential conference, whose importance cannot be overestimated, recorded the most emphatic vote it has ever given in favor of the prosecution of the war. Now, how has this come to pass? It is not because of any outbreak of hatred against Germany. I do not find that. It certainly is not because of any desire to be superior, or to prove ourselves superior to the German army. It is due to the fact that there has been a great apocalypse. The British people have come to see that they are fighting a desperate struggle against something sinister and evil, against something that constitutes not only a national but also a moral menace, against something that makes it impossible for one nation to live side by side amicably with another nation.

I was in my study one morning, a bright, beautiful morning it was, when I heard the pulsation of airplanes in the air overhead, and I went out to the lawn in north London and saw thirty German airplanes sweep down upon the city. It was a wonderful spectacle. They came in perfect formation. It was the last word in scientific discovery and invention. What was the result of that invasion? Well, one result was that in one school in the east end of London forty—think of it—forty little children were blown to pieces so that in many cases their parents could not possibly recognize the poor little mangled corpses. And Germany actually thought that it was going to break the morale of British people by doing deeds like that! Mr. Chairman, I attribute the stiffening of determination in Great Britain to such deeds as this. We have come to see that there is no hope for civilization, there is no possibility of freedom or of a settled social order, unless this miasma of hatred and brutality and greed—which is Prussianism—can be exorcised from civilization.

I had thought of saying something about temperance, but I must leave this for the present, except to say there has been much misunderstanding and a great deal of exaggeration. I only wish to assure you, gentlemen, that Great Britain has made a tremendous advance in temperance reform already. The friends with whom I worked over there for temperance reform, I may say in passing, are at the present moment, the majority of them, feeling their way towards state purchase as a step toward local option, and then, perhaps, national prohibition. But after the war we shall have a new attitude on the whole question of sobriety.

And now I have just another word to say. I ask your sufferance now while I speak of what, to me, is the most important movement in the life of Great Britain. Goethe used to say that you can divide human history into two epochs—the epoch of Faith and the epoch of Unfaith; and he said, "There is no exception, the epoch of Faith is the fruitful epoch; the epoch of Unfaith is the barren epoch." I refer to that here because in Great Britain there is taking place at the present moment a spiritual awakening. I do not know at all how it is going to express itself. It won't be along traditional lines. I believe there is an impatience of many things that have been made synonymous with religion. There certainly is a growing impatience, almost an indignation, at the unhappy differences which have separated church from church. But, believe me, the old materialistic idols are being shattered. You will never hear Britain again talk or toy with the hideous philosophy of the superman. We have seen it, and it is nothing but degraded savagery and barbarism. Now, take as a type—an unexpected type—Mr. Wells, who says—and I believe he is right—"I speak for hundreds of thousands of people who are with me." You know that ever since the war broke out, Mr. Wells has been preaching, with the urgency and the fervency and the passion of a Salvation Army Captain, the great discovery of God that came to him. Yes, that is going to be a tremendous factor in shaping the future.

When I was in Edinburgh there was a tradition that always appealed to me. Those of you who have been to that city know that every evening four buglers blow out "The Last Post" over the darkening city. It is said that one of the buglers long ago was murdered at the post of duty, and the tradition is founded upon that fact. On the 31st day of March every year, the anniversary of the murder, it is said that those who listen intently in the streets after the four buglers have blown "The Last Post" can hear the call of the fifth bugler—the ghost of the bugler. Mr. President, the world to-day is listening to the call of the spiritual bugler. It is ringing through Britain, and there is a response there; and if—as I believe will take place—Britain responds, then she will be led out of these perplexities and days of tumult and confusion into the haven of a material and mental and moral well-being.

WATCHING THE ENEMY

AN ADDRESS BY CAPT. FERNAN BALDENSPERGER

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, February 15, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—We know now what the war is about, and how strong we are; we know about the strength of the enemy, too; we know, also on whose side America is. In comparison with the early days of the war—days of doubt as to Britain's attitude, and the stand to be taken by the United States, the present days must be days of comfort and confidence. At the beginning of our struggle people might say, "What is the use of going against such a strong enemy as Germany?" But now we know what we are about, and we must carry it to the end.

Of course there is always a little handicap in speaking a language which is not one's own, and I can illustrate this fact by a little anecdote told by a writer who lived in one of those French villages that are now occupied by the enemy. His father and the curé of the village always arranged every year for a cask of wine, which was divided between them. One year, when the father asked the curé about the wine, the curé told him it had come, but the cask leaked very mightily and half of the wine was spoiled. The father said that was very sad. The curé replied, "Yes, and it is the sadder that it is your half!" So, in addressing an audience in a language which is not mine, I feel as if my part was leaking, but I know if I were using my own language it might be yours!

Captain Baldensperger was an officer in the French Army and in coming to the Empire Club was most highly recommended by the French National Committee in the United States.

Watching the enemy has been my lot to a certain extent, and not only in this war, for I was born in a French town just about 12 kilometres from the German border, and I remember about the war of 1870; and when we tried to make the promenade to the Vosges mountains, very often we met the German gendarmes, or the German customs officer—who is very much like a gendarme, or a German officer—who is very much like a gendarme, or a German tourist—who is very much like a German gendarme, too. My young brothers and I were in very early days under the impression that something metallic and concentrated was really the only way for Germany to be. To what extent that meant a menace to France was, of course, a matter for the future. I went to Germany as a student to see from a short distance that monstrous unit, and in the south of Germany, in Heidelberg, of course the signs were not so menacing. The peasants were very kind, the bourgeois very indifferent, —people who did not play any part in politics; and when France was mentioned they said, "Well, of course that other war was made by Prussia; we drew no benefit out of it; the taxes are higher than before the war of 1870, and if it were a matter only concerning us we should be delighted to give Alsace-Lorraine back to France—but not the five milliards—and of course everybody would be satisfied and then peace would prevail."

But since 1907 or so we were decidedly under the impression that war was coming, but how near was another question. Our French ambassador in Berlin, who wrote such distinct S.O.S. appeals to his government in 1913 and 1914, told me that he was rather looking forward to war in 1915, and even the German war-tax would be entirely levied on Germany's people because a certain programme of heavy guns would be supplied in 1915. Of course the murder of the Archduke made the German directors see with more eagerness the possibility of making a defensive war, or a war which looked defensive to part of their populations. I have an impression that since 1907 the moral unity was complete in an aggressive sense; that formerly some of the German states might have deferred the offensive policy of the Prussian government, but that since 1907 certainly there would be no opposition—no class opposition and no political opposition.

I remember going to a club in Berlin in 1907 on my way to Russia. They were drinking beer; that is not the only difference from yourselves. They were called a Liberal Club, but there was nothing like Liberal in it. The subject of the conference to which I was listening was Germany in 1812, and a gentleman seated in front of me said, "Oh, Frenchman, while in 1812 France was at the climax in Napoleon's times, now it is Germany." I replied, "Yes, so it is in history; it comes and goes." He said, "Why, now it is over; it is for Germany." I said, "You will not say so. Of course now you have attained a certain degree of efficiency and state power, which is, of course, distinctive power in the world, you have a world-policy, and so on; but this very fact will bring new enemies against you, and your time will pass as Napoleon's time has passed." He said, "No, when a people love God and one another they are sure to fix the destinies, to make the destinies sure for ever." I said, "And you belong to a Liberal Club? What would you say, then, if you belonged to that celebrated Junker party?" And he replied, "I would say the same thing, only in other words."

By-and-bye the signs were more and more distinct. My father-in-law, who is a banker in Paris, happened to know the director of the Deutsche Bank who is supposed to be the personal adviser in financial matters of the Kaiser. This German gentleman happened to be in Paris one Sunday afternoon, and did not know what to do on the following day, so my father-in-law invited him to the family luncheon. My three brothers-in-law were present; one is now a prisoner in Germany, and one has been killed as an aviator. The German banker looled at the three fine boys on one side of the table, and then made a profound sigh and said, "Isn't it sad to think that these three boys will face on the field of battle my son and my nephews?" My father-in-law said, "But what are you saying?" He replied, "Oh, well, it would be better not to say anything, I know." Of course the rest of the luncheon was not very good; and we students were of the impression that those words in 1908 or 1909 escaped from the man who was really the adviser of the Bagdad policy of the Kaiser.

Well, the signs pointing in that direction were as numerous as the stars in the sky; but of course the stars in the sky are very often veiled, and you must be really a good astronomer to recognize them and to know their position. In the same way the symptoms of German preparedness were half veiled from our eyes. One of the most curious prophecies about the coming war was made to me by a very simple man, a courier who was in the habit of bringing all sorts of goods with his four horses from one point in France to another point in Germany, and so on, in places where railways have been left rather scarce for strategic purposes. This man once said to me, "I have been rolling with my car in this part of the country for years, and my father and grandfather did the same, and we go as well at night as in daytime. There are some signs in German territory by which you may know that they are planning something. They are cutting woods in some places because they know that an observatory battery may be planted there in some part of the mountains near to the French territory. They are building huts or they are building roads—work which is done partly at night-time and partly in daytime, and in remote corners that no informer may really get into; and by my very vocation, by my very troubles, I am of the impression that the Germans are planning on a bigger scale what they had planned and done just before 1870." Well, those signs are so numerous that it is not worth while mentioning them.

In 1912, being on a mission to China and Japan, I happened to take the same train on the Transiberian Railway as that on which Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite were going to the funeral of the deceased Mikado. It seems that the court of Prussia had not been willing to have a special train, as the British and

French representatives had, so the Prince and his suite had one car for themselves, and also one-half of the dining car. Through the eight days of our traveling together we found the Prince a gentleman, but his suite were not so. There were the two captains of those cruisers that were sunk in the Falkland Islands, the Schneidhorst and Neisnau, and they and two other gentlemen were all the time studying maps of Siberia and of Russia, and wondering why Russia was there, and not themselves; why Japan had an outlet to the seas; why Germany had not such and such a place—plotting and planning all the time. If I said that Prince Henry seems to be a gentleman, that is because I had rather special and queer opportunity to meet him more closely. We had a railway accident in the middle of Siberia. They took about a day to mend the track The first two who happened to be on the site of the accident were Prince Henry and myself, and nothing brings people together so closely as an accident suffered in common. Of course up to that moment we were ignoring each other, or in the narrow corridors of the cars trying not to touch each other; but when two or three rails had been unscrewed and carried away Prince Henry and I exchanged views about the situation in rather a friendly way. I won't say that he discovered secrets to my littleness, but he was really something like a gentleman—and I suppose that is why he has been so little heard of in this war. He was supposed to be an Admiral of the highest fleet, and the low fleet has superceded him as soon as possible. Those men were really plotting all the time, and thinking of what they were to have that they had not; they were concerned with everything that did not belong to them; they took the most interest in foreign property. Their property interested them to a certain degree; they said that Tsien-Tau was a sort of propaganda colony for China, to bring before the eyes of the Easterners a good sample of German efficiency, but they had really very little concern with their colony there, and they were all the time thinking of the colonies to be, or possibly of the colonies or places where those hateful British were represented, and where they had no right to go.

Well, the signs were nearing more and more, and I must say it was with a sigh of relief that we knew, in the end of July, 1914, that this time at least it was for good, because every year we had another sort of accident—Agadir, or Algeciras, or something in relation to our foreign regions, and we were sure that if Germany were left to choose the hour it might be possible that England and France might have different interests, or Russia and England, and so on. So it was with a sense of relief that at the end of July, 1914, we went to the place assigned us in the mobilization.

I have been in the war since the beginning. After two months of warfare in the open, which of course was more romantic in its way than the trench warfare, our lines were more and more fixed, and I spent eighteen months in the region now held by American troops. Of course I am very much interested in the communique published by Gen. Pershing, because I had to be informed specially of Germany's moves in that region. We had to hold a rather broad line of 16 kilometres with troops which from time to time had to send reinforcements to the north; one of our best units was sent to LaBassée, and so on; so we had to know very distinctly what the Germans were about on the other side. That is why watching the enemy has been quite specially my lot, especially as I was intelligence officer of the staff.

We watch the enemy by patrols, by reconnaissance, by observatories, and by airplanes reconnoitering, and we had even a way of tapping the German telephones, and we had prisoners, deserters, and so on.

My impression—not strategical, but moral and psychological—is that we are entirely wrong when we think of Junkerism and Kaiserism as something distinct from Germanism. It is quite possible that the Kaiser and his surroundings have a more definite view of their possible attainments in the world, but this very aggressive materialism is rooted in the German nation. If the people at large do not oppose it, it is because in each German prisoner you will find, as I found in each of the 1,200 I was quite intimately in connection with, or met after action—the German is impressed with the idea that he belongs to a superior race; that his nation is the nation elect, in the same way as the Hebrews were when they were facing the Amalekites or Philistines.

If railway accidents bring men close together, I must say that the conquest of a trench brings you very close to the psychology of your opponents; sincerity is perhaps the greatest at that very moment; you see a man as if it were through X rays; here you have the real man. Those men are thoroughly convinced that science and history and religion have proved that really the race now dwelling in the Central Empires, but chiefly in Germany, is to lead the world. And this idea, which was already prominent when the war broke out, has been impressed on the German mind more and more since. Of course they took their military victories as another sign of the same truth. Then Germany had agents of propaganda inside as well as outside. Bolos may be shot in France, but they are promoted to highness in Germany; and they have their Bolos in the ranks of the German professors, German priests, German school-teachers, and so on. German people believe more firmly at the present hour than they did four years ago that they are the superior race which is really to lead the world to better destinies. A very amusing example of this trait was given me by a poor peasant German soldier who was in a village before being sent to headquarters. He was in the same place as four Russian prisoners who had escaped from the German lines, and who were of course enjoying a good time before returning to the Russian forces in France. One day this German prisoner complained to me that when he went to wash in the morning the gendarme had his eyes on him, and when he would go along the street for his dinner the gendarme on the horse would go along with him, while the four Russians would go along with the horseman and drink wine. I explained to him that Russia and France were allies, and that when Russians come they are welcomed as comrades in arms. He said, "Yes, but Germany has much more kultur than Russia"—his idea being that in spite of war conditions, alliances, treaties, if one German prisoner is watched by one gendarme, one Russian prisoner should we watched by two hundred gendarmes, because the Russian is an incendiary, a barbarian, etc. The idea was engrafted into the German, that all sorts of vices and crimes were imputable to the Russians, while Germans were a noble and efficient people.

Another psychological feature which is entirely ingrained in the German is, of course, his submission to authority. He always riots where they go and cry for bread, and suddenly we think possibly that means revolution in Germany. But no, it means only a strike, a bread riot, and nothing else. Even Scheideman, the Socialist deputy, was arrested a fortnight ago for half an hour by a policeman. He said, "But I am a deputy." The German policeman said, "Yes, you are a deputy, but it is not as deputy that I arrest you, it is for taking part in a manifestation." Well, those rioters will be crying for bread before the bakeries, and afterwards going to the ballot they will be very submissive Germans and nothing else. We had a very striking example of this in the second winter of the war. A deserter came to our lines at seven in the morning, taking advantage of the mist. He was sent at once to headquarters with the mounted gendarme, who had at the same time to bring to the rear a French peasant who insisted on staying in his house when the military authority required the village to be evacuated. On the street, with free hands, were the German deserter and the French peasant marching along, and behind them the mounted gendarme. Now, you may be a good gendarme but a bad horseman, and that was the case with this one, for his horse turned around, and at that very moment the French peasant, seeing a bush in the neighbourhood, tried to escape and hide himself; and who was it that took him by the fist and maintained him in the road in submission? It was the German prisoner, who a quarter of an hour ago was stealing the German lines, and who was now ready to lend a helping hand to the French police authorities! That is how they feel about authority. They have been born kneeling on their knees, and so they are. A revolution may happen, but after they are defeated, not before. Don't believe that they will assemble and suddenly say, "That drive on the western front is useless; some of our friends will be killed, with no advantage but for the people in office, so let us take reasonable peace." Nothing of that kind at all. Afterwards, possibly, yes; if a good number of them have joined the great majority, yes, but not before. No; in those riots they cry because the mighty stomach makes itself heard; but they have complained very seldom of the lack of co-ordination between those sporadic movements. There is no mental unity between them connecting all those activities.

In the British revolution in the middle of the 17th and in the French revolutions at the end of the 18th century, along with the man-power and energies of the dissatisfied multitudes there was an idea—the religious idea in the British companions of Cromwell, and the legal idea in the minds of the French; Lafayette and Mirabeau had at the same time a mind and a voice. The Germans may have the voice of the empty belly, but not the voice necessary for inaugurating a new state of real political affairs. That is the reason for these distinctions between the German people at large, which may be composed, certainly, of some honest peasants, and more active workmen, and kind housewives, and so on. But really the system is a fanatical system of people wanting the domination of the world; there is not a single doubt about it.

If you took by airplane a man who was in Germany and put him on trial he would certainly answer you, "We are willing and ready, and deserve our victories, and the end is now to come, and certainly it will mean increasing wages for workmen, so I don't see why we should oppose these materialistic tendencies. If we occupy Poland and Courland and Lithuania certainly new bridges will be built by the ironmasters, and that means for workmen greater opportunities," and so on. So they endorse and encourage that unfair policy of might which alone creates right, and so on. That is why I feel that now our aims are more and more well defined between the democratic countries of the west.

Of course when Russia collapsed, there was a good deal of distrust in France, especially among the French middle-class people, who felt so keenly that they had gone into the war out of respect for a pledge. It was the Russian alliance which brought France into the War. When the German amabassador asked our Premier what France was to do he said, "There is no doubt about it, France is bound by her treaties, and the respect of treaties is quite natural." Now, the very cause of France's entry into the war having disappeared, the French middle classes said, "This is really not fair; we have supported the Russian people so frankly, so entirely, not only with strategic and military help, but munition workers and engineers have been sent to Russia, and now suddenly the Russian Bolsheviki say their people disavow all former pledges." But that is not the way we feel as to the life of a nation; we feel that all the members of that community are not to be displaced by the revolution; that the Bolsheviki are Russian as well as the Grand Duke was; nations are not composed of sawdust. We do not feel that way in France; we feel as closely connected with former generations as can be. So the distrust was real last year, but as you know it was balanced intensely by the entry into the War of the United States, and perhaps not so much by the confidence in the military power of the United States, which was not developed, but which is to develop, there is no doubt. We were under the impression that more time was necessary to give the United States the possibility of really creating and making their strength known. But the moral side of it was at once clear to the French mind.

Just after America declared war I went with the American Mission to some places in Brittany to see how some organizations had been made in France, and the Mayor of a little town asked me to translate when, at the reception, he raised his glass and said, "I raise my glass to the United States, to that noble nation who, at last, saw the necessity of taking their side." Of course I omitted two words in that translation. But the ordinary way in which those people took the political news was pathetic, specially in Brittany, where they have suffered such heavy losses along the Yser canal, where the Blue Jackets have done so wonderfully, and where the helpful hand of Canada has been so nicely and so beautifully felt by our men. In Brittany they said, "Oh, America now on our side? That shows how good our cause is; that shows that really there is no doubt about the fairness of our cause." They took it that way. They said the largest of all the republics being on the side of England and France, now there is no doubt. Of course Russia and Japan might have been suspected of different tendencies, but now having England and the United States together, that is evidence; and you know how delighted the Frenchman is when the evidence is before his eyes. Well, I think there is other evidence before mine, and that is your sympathy, and the complete knowledge that now between the three great powers who have red, white and blue in their flags the alliance is for ever, and nothing can divide us, because it is not only a material issue but the very mortal reason of our existence which is now in such a close connection that no division is possible.

Because of this evidence, which has been brought before my eyes many times already since I came to America, and which I see again in this kind reception, I thank you.

VICTORIOUS PEACE

AN ADDRESS BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, February 21, 1918

The President of the United States in his last address to Congress has stated with perfect precision the principles upon which, and upon which only, peace can be made with the Central Powers of Europe. First that each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case. Second, that peoples are not to be bartered from Sovereignty to Sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game. Third, every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interests of the populations concerned, and not as a compromise of claims amongst rival states. Fourth, that all well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction possible without introducing elements of discord likely to break peace hereafter.

These are the principles which he sets forth for the attainment of a just and lasting peace. There is something profoundly impressive in this calm, passionless statement, made at a time when after three years of unprecedented carnage, the world cries aloud for peace, if it be possible of attainment. Whatever be the hidden causes that brought about this stupendous war—whether they be traced to racial instincts or the reversion to an

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Walter George Smith is a distinguished scholar, and an "eminent Jurist of repute." He is President of the American Bar Association, which powerfully influenced the United States to join the Allies in fighting for International Law. The American Bar Association was a potent factor in fighting the German propaganda, the gravest menace to the Allies.

original type of the Germanic peoples brought about by an undeserved prosperity,—we cannot doubt that the verdict of history will say that in its inception it was based on the motive of robbery, and in its conduct has been marked by an atrocious cruelty unprecedented in modern history. As long as the records of mankind are preserved, the events of the last four years will be handed down by history and tradition as marking the culmination of a half century's preparation on the part of the German statesmen to dominate the world by force and fraud. It is futile now to blame the inept statesmanship of the democratic nations of the world for permitting the monster's power to grow. It is for us whose fellow countrymen are bearing the brunt of conflict, to sustain them by every spiritual and material effort. We cannot doubt the final outcome of this war. France, the various nationalities that make up the British Empire, Italy, Belgium, Roumania, and finally the great republic of the United States must eventually prove too strong for the powers of evil, and peace will come. Whether that peace be but a truce, preparatory to a still more horrible and destructive conflict, or whether it be in the real sense of the term a victorious peace, depends upon how close an approximation is made of the principles defined by President Wilson. The signs of the times give promise that it may not be long delayed; but if it be, if there be still weary months of suffering, if the United States be called upon to pour out the blood of its citizens as Canada has poured out hers and as the gallant Australians, New Zealanders and those of the Mother Country have poured out theirs, still I have faith in the end that right must prevail. But shall we gain a victorious peace? If when the Prussian power is curbed, the sullen monster driven back beyond the Rhine and the nations, relieved of terror, seek to bind up their wounds, if they do not take heed of the defects of our existing civilization in the long run, these sacrifices will have been in vain. And another, and if it be possible, a more frightful war must be fought.

For fifteen hundred years the religion of Christ has been the profession of all but one of the great nations of

Europe now engaged in this conflict; and with periods of reaction, little by little Christian principles seem to have modified the savage, selfish instincts of human nature. Though there were but few individuals in any community who approximated to the true Christian ideal, none the less that was the ideal in which we professed to believe, and just in proportion as we approached it, did our civilization advance. It has been said by some philosopher that men never go entirely wrong. It is by an over emphasis on some aspect of truth that their errors come about. It would seem that the defects in our civilization, speaking very broadly and generally, have arisen from our forgetfulness of the spiritualizing power of struggle and sacrifice. We have erected instead of the crucified Son of God whose whole life was a sacrifice and whose death was an atonement, the image of a false humanity which looks upon suffering, physical suffering especially, as a great evil and death the greatest—a religion of humanitarianism. Thus our civilization has presented the curious spectacle on the one side of a vast and rapidly increasing industrialism, receiving constantly accelerating force from the ever widening application of the hidden powers of nature, and on the other a system of corporate charity finding its expression in hospitals, asylums and institutions for the alleviation of the physical ills of humanity of all kinds, and in all places. Obviously, social service, ministering to the sick, all the corporal works of mercy, are among the commands laid upon His followers by the Divine Redeemer, but He never taught that suffering was to be avoided at the expense of principle and never until our day had there come so prevalent a feeling that material well-being should be the end and not the means.

Had there existed a virile Christian faith, the nations of the earth would not have compromised so long as they did with the Prussian evil and would have fought it ere it had gained its enormous strength. A recent writer, criticizing our civilization before 1914, finds in it a negation of all that goes to make high civilization. Comparing it with other periods of the world's history, he sees it without nobility of purpose, without spiritual leadership, following men without vision to a constantly debasing level of sordid equality. He finds in the centuries that produced the cathedrals so wantonly destroyed by the German barbarians, evidence of a democracy more real than our own. He feels that without a complete readjustment, we cannot look for better things. There is force in these criticisms. It is true that great masses of men have lost the virile Christian faith. Such a condition seems to be almost the inevitable concomitant of prosperity, and therefore it is as necessary for modern men as it was for the chosen people of God, that they should be chastized to bring them back to duty. It does seem that only in misfortune do the masses of men look to the aid of the supernatural.

"Men say 'God be merciful' who ne'er said 'God be praised'." Perhaps it may be, though it is not for us to attempt to fathom the mystery, that this awful cataclysm was necessary to make us realize that after all, notwithstanding the marvels of our material civilization, our apparent conquest of the earth, the air and of the sea, we are but men and not gods.

Yet, I do not sympathize with the wholesale criticism of the modern world. If we have laid an over emphasis on humanity, it is something that we have sought to diminish the volume of crime and pauperism by benevolent methods even though we may have carried the principles too far; if all the schemes of reform, all the legislative efforts to bring about a closer approximation to equality in the distribution of the rewards of labor have failed, none the less it redounds to the credit of this generation that the effort is made and it has so far succeeded that it may be safely said that never in the history of the world has so large a number of men lived in comparative comfort and decency as those who have had the good fortune to live on the North American Continent, in the United States and Canada during the past one hundred years. This must be said to the critics, but we cannot deny that danger signals are apparent.

The open attack upon Servia, Belgium, France and

Russia which marked the beginning of the war was the culmination of many years of preparation. Dangerous as it was, and awful as have been its consequences, the price paid and to be paid for the overthrow of German power will not be too heavy if with German power, German philosophy falls also. Even before the leadership among European nations was assured to that empire by her triumph over France in 1871, the influence of her materialistic philosophy was spreading with poisonous effect. The doctrine of state supremacy in all the relations of life, reaching down to the regulation of the daily life of the subject, as a component part of a great machine, was winning admiration and imitation. The value of German efficiency was on every lip. German Kultur has for its central object the maintainance of a paramount military caste, with the other ranks of the people held in strict subordination. The American ideal of a state which interferes as little as possible in the private and domestic affairs of its citizens, is the antithesis of the German. Yet we have seen the gradual acceptance of the German theory obscure the old time individualism which, more than anything save the bounty of nature, gave prosperity to the American people. That this prosperity is largely owing to our vast natural resources notwithstanding our national habit of waste and extravagance is not to be denied.

In a recent address before the Iowa Bar Association, it was said that statistics showed that sixty-six out of every one hundred people who die leave no estate whatever; that out of the remaining thirty-four, only nine leave estates larger than five thousand dollars; that the average for the balance is a little less than thirteen hundred dollars; and that at the age of sixty-seven, ninety-seven out of every one hundred in America are partly or totally dependent upon relatives, friends or the public for their daily bread, for their clothing and the roof under which they sleep. According to government statistics, it is said ninety-eight per cent. of the American people are living from day to day on their wages, which means that a loss of employment would result in pauperism for all but two per cent. The learned writer animadverts upon the legislation which is intended to correct these inequalities, caused in the main by laziness, extravagance and sin, and says with truth that,

"Legislation has never yet assisted the individual one whit in wisely choosing his course in life, in meeting the vicissitudes of life, or in forming habits of work, thrift and self-denial. These essentials of a comfortable, serviceable and successful life are the results of individual effort and sacrifice, rather than legislation which seeks to compel the individual to action and to support him if he loses out in the struggle of life."

He quotes from Herbert Spencer:

"The ultimate result in shielding men from their own folly is to fill the world with a race of incompetents."

(Hon. Burton Hanson. Case & Comment Feb., 1918, P. 707.) Unconsciously perhaps, but none the less really, the German theory has influenced the legislation Mr. Hanson denounces.

I need not give you instances of the various forms of state socialism, part of which is now on the statute books, and part of which is systematically taught to the voters. To denounce it wholesale would be unjust. But the underlying philosophy is false. Every human action is the outcome of some system of philosophic thought. The vague theories of the German metaphysicians have gradually yielded to an all-prevailing materialism. Though their statesmen and soldiers profess faith in the Christian God, it needs but little study of their constant appeals to His name to find He has been made to appear to their distorted minds rather as a pagan divinity, remorselessly aiding the strong, without pity for weakness or compassion for suffering. All that has been gained to the world in the age-long struggle to tame the selfish passions of human nature, and lift it to higher spiritual levels, is but folly in the view of a people saturated by the teaching of Nietzsche, Treischke, Bernhardi and their compeers. The consequences have appeared in the appalling atrocities of which their soldiers have been guilty, too often it appears with the sympathetic approval of the civilian population.

Therefore when peace comes, to be a victorious peace it will not suffice that stricken Belgium be restored as far as may be possible, that Alsace-Lorraine be returned to France, that Italy be given her true borders, the injuries to Servia repaired and the aspirations of all oppressed peoples be recognized and respected; these physical results of victory are essential. But victory in the higher sense cannot be secure or complete until the world is made safe against the state policy, the materialistic philosophy which in the long run is more dangerous than German arms.

If we profess the democratic faith but follow the autocratic practice, what have we gained for the millions of men who have fallen in battle, for the other millions who must lead their lives maimed, and blinded and suffering, for the enormous expenditures of treasure, for the irretrievable loss of art? We can bear all these catastrophes, hoping that the healing hand of time will soothe the present agony if, out of them all, emerges a better world. It will come, if we do but ponder the causes that have brought about these ills and return as far as we may to the ideals of individual responsibility and individual liberty which our fathers followed.

It is a heresy that we owe no reverence to the past, or duty to the future. We are but trustees here for a brief span to hand on to posterity the great heritage of faith, the noble ideals of liberty which are the fruits of what our forebears suffered from "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago."

Those who teach the doctrine that material wealth belongs morally, as well as legally, to him who can get it without incurring the penalties of criminal law, and that it may be used for selfish purposes alone, are not only untrue in the religion they still profess, but they are sowing the seeds of anarchy and revolution. Those who would seek to establish a state instead of an individual conscience, will bring on the very evils they seek to avoid. It is not through any form of state government but through a common sense of justice pervading all the individuals or the vast majority of those who make up the commonwealth, that security for person and property and the administration of the law of justice is secured. These are the ideals of English liberty; they are based upon the teachings of Christianity; they must pervade the lives and the institutions, political and social, of the world, before we can ever have a victorious peace. When such a peace comes, we may have the condition so well described by the English historian, T. H. Green—

"The maximum of power for all members of human society alike to make the best of themselves."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

AN ADDRESS BY PROF. G. M. WRONG

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, February 28, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am very glad that the topic that was to have been discussed by Mr. George T. Keyes, of New York, is before you; and although I do not know as much about it as some others who are sitting about this board, I am very glad to be able to say what little I can upon the subject.

We all know what patronage is, and it is so simple a thing that there is not much to be said about it, except that it ought to be abolished. It is like dishonesty, thievery, and things of that kind. It has had a very deep root in our public life. If you look at the report of the Earl of Durham on the Affairs of British North America, written in 1838-39, you will find he states what is wrong. He gives what is, to me, a beautiful instance of the patronage system. He tells how £10,000 were voted for local improvements by one Legislature—perhaps it was Upper Canada, perhaps Lower Canada—and that it was divided into 830 parts, each of about £12; a commissioner was appointed to expend each of those 830 portions, and he was to get five shillings a day while engaged in the task. One just wonders how much was left for local improvements after the commissioner and expenses incidental to that subdivision had been paid.

Professor George M. Wrong is Professor of History in the University of Toronto. He became interested in the matter of Civil Service Reform and made a very careful study of it.

The Club had arranged with Mr. Keyes, Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League of the United States, to address a luncheon meeting. He, however, fell ill and Professor Wrong kindly consented to address us at a moment's notice.

Patronage means that all the gifts of the government—gifts of offices, and gifts in respect of the letting of public contracts—go to the friends of the government; that in respect of office it is not efficiency that counts so much as it is the capacity to get appointed; it is a different type of efficiency, and may not have a practical bearing upon the discharge of the duties of the office. In regard to contracts it means that the contracts go to the right people—the politician knows who the right people are. Mr. Bryce, as he then was, told me of what came under his own notice in New Zealand, where a public contract was to be given, and a tender came in for an incredibly low amount compared with the others, and the name of the tenderer was McPherson, who was found to be a Chinaman. On enquiring why he had assumed the name of McPherson, the Chinaman replied that he noticed that all the good things went to the "Macs," and he thought he might as well come in under that name. He was illustrating our system, evidently—that the good things go to the right people, in the view of those who have the gifts in their power.

This system has wrought incredible evil, and I believe it is true that in respect of it, Canadian politics have been much more degraded than those of any other English-speaking country. I do not think Australia or New Zealand or South Africa has had anything like the evils from patronage that we have in Canada; and the United States, which our high moralists are very apt to hold up to us as an example of how not to do things in politics, has never had a patronage system that is as bad as the system in Canada, because in the United States the executive power is divorced from the legislative power and can act independently of the members of Congress, and therefore is not subject to their word of command as to persons who shall get contracts and be appointed to office; whereas in Canada, with the executive depending on the legislative power, we have the members of Parliament practically controlling the whole thing.

Perhaps you will tell me that I am kicking something that is dead. A business man said to me the other day, "Why talk about the patronage system? It is all over."

I have always noted how innocent business men are compared with those initiated professors who are so deeply versed in all the wicked affairs of the world; still I could not believe that a business man could have been as innocent as that. Apparently, however, there are people who are on that level of innocence. The evil that patronage does is that it makes inefficiency easy to get and difficult to get rid of. I could tell of a post office—not in Toronto—where a drunken employee who was in a position somewhat responsible was dismissed some three years ago for drunkenness and inefficiency. Owing to the beautiful and intricate workings of the patronage system he was re-appointed after two years, and he is to-day—or was two weeks ago—back again in the office, as inefficient as ever. And yet he defied the official in charge of the office to get rid of him; he was there by political favor, and his superiors had no control over him, and he could go on robbing the country by taking pay for no service rendered, and of course marring the efficiency of public business. It destroys efficiency.

Then it is costly. I doubt whether any of us can make anything approaching an accurate estimate as to what the patronage system has cost this country. We have built more than one useless railway owing to the patronage system. We have built, or tried to build, canals, and I know of one case at least where we tried to build a canal which was found defective as to something that was supposed to be necessary to a canal—water. We have incurred expenditures which I think, speaking quite soberly, can be put in sums of hundreds of millions. One of our great railways, built by government, was estimated the other day by a high railway authority, who supposedly knows what he is talking about, to be likely to cost us, in the long run, $800,000,000, and a considerable portion of that railway was quite unnecessary. I am not saying it was corruptly built when it was undertaken; I am saying it was undertaken—in some of its stretches, at any rate—because of the patronage system; that it ought not to have been built in some parts; and we owe that huge cost to the intricacies of this terrible patronage system.

It is worse than that, though, because the system has penetrated the very souls of men, and that which corrupts the soul is a good deal worse than that which wastes resources, or results in inefficiency in administering affairs; and the patronage system has corrupted the very soul of this country. Many years ago I had an old friend, who is now dead, who told me that he was a member of the National Sanitary Commission of the United States during the Civil War. He had an appointment with Abraham Lincoln on some matter connected with the Commission, and on entering Lincoln's room the first thing he said was, "Mr. Lincoln, I want to say to you at once that there is nothing I want you to do for me in the way of a favor." There was a pad lying on the table, and Lincoln, pushing the pad over to my friend, said. "That is a very unusual thing to happen; would you mind putting it in writing?" Of course Lincoln said that with a twinkle in his eye, no doubt; but, you observe, it corrupts the stateman's estimate of men; he thinks it is hardly possible that he can have disinterested servants, but that they must have some private ends in view. It corrupts members of Parliament and other people; it gives a distorted view of values; it comes somehow to make them think that truth is falsehood, and falsehood is truth. They fix their minds upon something—a big thing in the view of the individual, a small thing from the national point of view, object to it at first, and step by step come to think that thing ought to be done, and other things that are for the national welfare are overlooked and not striven for as that thing is striven for.

At Oxford every year there is a boat-race called the "Eights," where the river is so narrow that the winner has to bump the boat in front of him. New College had been long high up on the river, and it happened one year that they had a coxswain named Peter, and the crew of the boat were very much annoyed at Peter, and the story goes that the following Sunday—I am saying this to illustrate how men will get things distorted—Spooner, the Warden of the New College, was reading the lesson, and came to a famous passage in Scripture, which he read in this way:—"And Peter coxed, and the crew went out and wept bitterly." You observe the effect of pre-occupation on the human mind. And many a good man goes into Parliament with the highest kind of ideals, with no thought that he is ever going to yield to pressure of a personal character, and after the various influences have worked upon him in some subtle way, his own view of things is distorted, and he yields and becomes amenable to selfish influences and interests, instead of standing in Parliament for the national well-being. The free souls of men are distorted by the selfish interests that cling to this patronage system. And so we have to get rid of it, and get rid of it very thoroughly.

I believe the present government is entirely in earnest in desiring to get rid of it. No government could have applied themselves more completely and frankly than this government has applied itself in regard to the patronage system. One of the essential things to keep in mind in regard to its abolition is this—that the member whom we send to Parliament shall have no voice whatever in naming persons to the public service, or in determining the persons who shall receive government favors. Now, we must carry that through very thoroughly. It has been carried through so thoroughly in England that a member of Parliament does not even get the small benefit of the privilege of franking his own letters. The member of Parliament in England gets no power put in his direct control; no doubt he has indirect influence. I am not as innocent as some of you business men are, and I am not quite sure that even with the abolition of the patronage system we are going to be living in an ideal world. Members of Parliament will always have influence, will be able to get things done for their friends; but we must at least go thus far, if we cannot go farther—that we shall not knowingly permit a system to exist that gives a member of Parliament any authority whatever in appointments to the public service, or in determining the people to whom public works shall go. Now, on the face of it that looks a reasonably easy task, but I venture to say that it is not so to-day; it is going to be very difficult. When we have Civil Service Reform we are going to have the public affairs of this country carried on in much the same way that the affairs of a great corporation are carried on. Take the Canadian Pacific Railway; I suspect there is not much patronage in connection with the administration of that railway, and yet their annual turn-over was nearly as big as the turn-over of Canada in our calmer days before the war. The reform of the Civil Service will mean promotions in the public service; but just to see where one difficulty is going to come in with regard to carrying out the reform, I want to give one illustration.

Take the post office, which will be administered under the system of carrying on the enterprise profitably—that is to say, by examinations of the Civil Service Commission we shall see that only fit persons are appointed to public service; and when they are in the service they will be promoted for efficiency, which will be the only consideration. I do not like to hear the sneering and sniffing at examinations as a test for entrance to the public service. I have administered an examination system for thirty-five years and after having had my doubts about the examination system, I say that I think it is, on the whole, about the best test we can give, if you have that supplemented with a further test in an actual trial of efficiency, and the holding back of a man who has not come up to the expectations that his examination might have offered, and the pressing forward of such men as have justified themselves. I believe that on the test of examinations the great majority of men will justify themselves, and prove themsselves fit for the higher walks of the service.

When the reform of the service is thoroughly established what will we have? We will have the postmaster up at Orillia promoted to the postmastership at London, and the postmaster at London promoted to the postmastership at Toronto; and the same thing will happen with the customs office. Now, what is the press of Toronto going to say when the postmaster of London is promoted to the postmastership of Toronto? Is it going to be received by the press generally? Or are you going to have a question raised, with the idea, "This is a pretty good thing, and why should it go to some one outside of Toronto?" That is what happens now; but after our press and our citizens are educated, as I hope they will be, into the real meaning of this phase of the reform in patronage, we shall acquiesce, and other cities and towns will acquiesce, in the idea that the government posts there are not to be the rewards of the people in that locality; that no one there is to expect that because he lives there anything in the way of public appointment is to come to him; we shall acquiesce in the idea that the public service is to be treated as the affairs of a great bank, as the affairs of a great railway corporation, and that from bottom to top men are to be rewarded or held back in proportion to their merits.

I see difficulties there. You will have the old-fashioned type of politician, whom some of you know more about than I do. I wonder if they are all dead now—nicely and snugly and comfortably dead? Because, unless they are, you are going to have the old-type politician raising all kinds of rows, all kinds of local prejudices and appeals—possibly also racial appeals. I wonder how we should stand it if a French-Canadian should happen to be appointed postmaster of Toronto? That might come, under the proper system. I mean, merit is going to tell. Anyway, I look forward to considerable difficulty in getting rid of bad traditions, which have lasted in this country now for three-quarters of a century at any rate, and in having two branches of our public service carried on with the single ideas: efficiency in office, and merit.

As I have said, there is not very much to be said about the patronage system, and I have said all I have to say about it. It is a great deal like Lord Salisbury said about the British Empire—it is a fine thing to work up a peroration on, but after all there is not much to be said about it in detail, because its truths are so obvious. Are we prepared, as a people, to stand up and support, through thick and thin, this great reform? If we are, I see better days for this country. I sat at dinner the other night with a member of the present cabinet, and he said that he believed already some millions had been saved to the country by the abolition of the patronage system. That has been the result in only a few months. Are we prepared to face and down the man who wishes to use politics for his own selfish purposes; to make sacrifices ourselves, it may be, in order that our public service may be purified and our affairs put into the hands of efficient people who will carry them on creditably?

The reform, in the long run, will inevitably redound to the benefit of the poor man, who will get a better chance in various ways. He will get a better chance because the public money is not going to be wasted, and so his taxes will be lighter. He will get a better chance because his own sons and daughters, if they have merit, will have the opportunity of getting into the public service without that pull which is so necessary at present. The system will help the average man. It is a system that is suitable to the genius of a real democracy, and if we can see it through, we are going to have the double benefit of better people administering our affairs, and of economy in our affairs, making the work of those better people more productive, so that their number will be lessened and the national resources will be safeguarded.

We are living in very grave and serious days, and what an Elizabethan writer said is true of these times especially—that the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death. We are confronting deadly realities, and the first thing to do is the duty that lies at our hands; and the duty of putting public service and putting our public life on a higher plane is assuredly one of the most pressing duties of the hour. I think it was Cecil Rhodes who said that the greatest source of happiness to a man was the conscious pursuit of a great purpose. I ask my fellow-Canadians to engage in the conscious pursuit of this great purpose of making Canada a better country to live in by reforming its government and by giving to those in authority the support of our integrity and earnestness; and when we do that I think we will find that even the sacrifices of this war have not been without some great reward to our people.

The gentleman who was to have spoken here to-day was to have mentioned the organization in the United States for watching these questions of Civil Service Reform, and seeing that public pledges were kept, and that the law was not broken. I think that some organization of that kind is necessary, and I hope to see within a very short time some public effort to form an organization that will hold our leaders to their tasks, because they have many things to draw them from their tasks—tasks of high public service that will require the redeeming of their pledges and that will result in the greater happiness of our own people.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN CAMPAIGN TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

AN ADDRESS BY MR. B. H. McCLAIN

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 7, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—If one thing has become more evident than another throughout the war, it is that the different portions of the British Empire must take a larger and deeper interest in the other parts. The great Indian Empire has sent forth hundreds of thousands of troops to fight in France, in Egypt, along the Suez Canal, down to the fever-laden districts of German East African, and up on the desert plains of Mesopotamia; and from henceforth we must take a larger interest in the affairs of the Orient. It seems to me, from my residence out in the East, that as yet we do not quite appreciate the importance of doing this thing, but we are linked up considerably with the East. Those of you who have had the privilege of traveling through Japan, or China, or the Straits Settlements, or Ceylon, or India, realize how education and science, the literature and history of the west, are profoundly moving the East. The

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Mr. McClain was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Calcutta, India, for three years, and in Lucknow for two years. He joined Sir Percy Lake's forces which were sent to relieve General Townshend, and was but a short distance from Kut-et-Amara when the British forces there had to surrender. Mr. McClain went through the terrible hardships with the forces in that extremely difficult land, and after seeing and experiencing the trials, and with full consideration of the losses, he brought the message that the campaign was, and is, well worth while for the Empire and the world.

development of railways, telegraphs and cables, with transportation across the oceans, has linked us up together so that now the commerce and industries of the West are finding a place in the jungles, in the remote mountain districts of the East, and especially out in India.

At the outbreak of the war, India sent forth her troops, and one of those expeditions went out into Persia. In India we looked upon it pretty much as we look upon those troops who are engaged in continuous fighting on the north-west frontiers; we did not realize the significance nor the importance of that campaign. Six weeks after our forces had landed at the mouth of the Tigris River, they had advanced up that river about sixty miles, and after a very severe engagement had compelled the Turks to retire from Boskara, which is destined to become one of the great seaports of the world. I have counted as many as forty great steamers anchored out in that river. To-day it is a city of 60,000 Jews, Arabs, Persians, Turks, Armenians, negroes, and mingled with those are all the races of India who came out there to fight, with Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Americans, Chinese, Canadians, and all the races of the earth mingled in that city to-day. Because of its strategic importance on the Tigris it is destined to become one of the great commercial and railroad cities of the East.

After the capture of Boskara our troops advanced up the Tigris River to Kut-el-Amara, which has been made famous by Gen. Townshend's brave band who held out there so long. Kut was occupied in September, 1915. After a few weeks there the British and Indian armies began one of those spectacular dashes for Bagdad, and the first thing we knew about the entire campaign was when the British Prime Minister made a statement in the House of Commons that our troops were within fifteen miles of Bagdad, and that at any hour we might expect to hear of the fall of that historic city. Then came one of these reverses so common in military history. Unknown to our forces, Turkish reinforcements had been brought up, several divisions, with the result that our small force, which consisted of less than 16,000 fighting men, more than 450 miles from the base at Boskara, had to give battle against a superior number, and after four days' struggle were compelled to retire down the Tigris River. Sir John Nixon was in command of the campaign at that time, and Gen. Townshend was in charge of this small army. River transportation was inadequate, with mud sometimes up to one's knees, and our troops began to retire, on the last day marching twenty-seven miles through the mud. They rested for three days, and were then compelled to march another fifteen miles before reaching Kut, where they were able to dig a few trenches and protect themselves. That engagement was at Ptesophon, and there we had expected to have not more than 500 casualties, but we had actually 4,500. I want to read to you one of the official records:—

> "The local arrangements completely collapsed. The wounded men were brought down the river in horse-boats practically unattended, and a lot of preventible suffering and loss was caused."

Those men had their wounds dressed out there upon the fields of battle; they were carried to the river bank and placed upon those barges, and in some cases it was ten to twelve days before those men had their field dressings removed, lying upon those decks in December weather, cold with wind and rain; of course there was loss of life due to that neglect. That was the early history of that campaign. We are interested in knowing just who was responsible for conditions of that sort. I wish to quote Gen. Townshend, who said:—

> "If it was the desire of government to occupy Bagdad, unless great risk is to be run it is, in my opinion, absolutely necessary that the advancing and cutting of roads be carried out methodically by two divisions or one army corps, or one division followed closely by another division, exclusive of caravans, and nurses necessary, on the Euphrates river."

The actual reinforcements sent to Gen. Townshend were one infantry brigade, two regiments of cavalry, and one horse battery. Gen. Townshend retired. They entrenched themselves in this little mud-walled city of Kut, without any means of getting provisions. The Turks were able to send cavalry across the desert and completely cut off our communications 25 or 30 miles below Kut. The attitude of Government in sanctioning this advance to Bagdad against Gen. Townshend's advice may be summed up in this way—although their motives were uncertain it is most likely that there was a desire on their part to find a counterblast to the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula and the overrunning of Serbia, by the occupation of Bagdad. The results were disastrous. It means a loss of life and suffering that possibly is without parallel in any other theatre of the war.

I went up to the Tigris River with Lieut.-Gen. Sir Percy Lake and his relief force, and the difficulties encountered by those soldiers in breaking through to reach Gen. Townshend were tremendous. There was no transport; I believe we had less than ten river boats to transport many divisions up the river, and in sending those troops up the river bank they had to march through mud, they had to sleep in the mud, and I have seen the whole transport column and the horses floundering belly-deep in the mud, and the wagons up to their hubs, with the troops in front sadly in need of supplies, ammunition and provisions. Then the climatic conditions were against our getting through. Rains at that season made it impossible to move more than eight or ten miles a day, and sometimes men would throw themselves down at the end of the march in utter exhaustion, too tired even to eat what little food they had. In the early days of the campaign those troops had bully-beef and hard-tack, and I have seen those men take out a tin of bully-beef, hold it in their hands and look at it, and finally there would come such a look of disgust over their faces that they would hurl it out in the river and wish it God-speed. But the time came when those men were placed on half rations of bully-beef, and then on quarter rations, and I have known Scotch regiments to be out in the trenches all day without a bite of food to eat. Those men did not grumble or "grouse," as Tommy says. They were willing to undergo any sacrifice, to lay down their lives, if they could relieve Gen. Townshend and his forces inside of Kut. The March and winter floods intervened, and finally, when the transport was supplied, it became impossible for us to get up the troops. There were floods as far as one could see through powerful binoculars, and marshes on either side of the river bay, which meant that we had to fight our way on either side of the river, and the Turks were very strongly entrenched. In passing I might say that although the Turk has done horrible things to the Armenians, yet as a fighting man we found him a worthy opponent. He was a first-class soldier, and when we went into Turkish trenches it meant that we had to clear them at the point of the bayonet.

The troops that were sent out to relieve Gen. Townshend were gathered hastily from England and France and the Suez; and this is one of the official records:

> "The attacks were delivered before the medical arrangements were organized. The new divisions were thrown into the fight before their field ambulances and field hospitals had arrived. As their casualties were heavy their sufferings were deplorable."

I have gone into the river hospitals and seen hundreds of those brave men lying there in the mud, sometimes in water with only a blanket beneath them. I have seen men, as they were carried in at night, placed eight or ten in a small tent, and actually we did not have sufficient surgeons to care for their wounds. One hospital was characteristic of all, and I remember going into a field ambulance where there were two surgeons, who were supposed to care for a hundred men, but instead of that they had three hundred—and there were ten field ambulances like that in that particular spot. Those surgeons were working from early daybreak until eleven o'clock at night. I have seen the doctors walk back and forth and clasp their hands and say, "My God, my God, my God!" because there were so many men to be cared for; and I have seen those same men look down on several hundred wounded men, and generally there was not a single cry or murmur or whimper on the part of those wounded soldiers. Those medical men would control their feelings and just get back and do what they could for as many men as they could reach.

Finally it became apparent to us that it was utterly impossible to drag through and relieve Gen. Townshend; and after a resistance of some 143 days, when literally compelled by the exhaustion of his food supplies to surrender, he laid down his arms, and we exchanged 1,000 Turkish prisoners for 1,000 British and Indian prisoners; and when those men were assisted across the gang-planks, I recall that the skin was drawn tight around their hands and tight across their faces; they had almost starved themselves to death. Old campaigners who had gone through that Gallipoli struggle, when they saw what these men had endured, would turn their backs and walk away, and in other cases one could see the tears trickling down their faces. They could face any enemy, but they could not endure the sight of heroism like that.

After the fall of Kut it was one continual struggle to maintain the army against disease and heat. We had heatstroke and sunstroke; we had cholera and dysentery and typhoid and diarrhoea-typhoid, and we had hundreds of cases of scurvy because we could not get fresh meats or vegetables for the men. I have gone out upon the desert where the dust was six inches deep and at every step that a man would take a cloud would rise and envelop him; and I have seen those British and Indian soldiers lying in that dust day after day, with a temperature above 120 degrees. Those are the conditions under which those British forces up there lived and fought. Humanly speaking it was absolutely impossible to break through and relieve Gen. Townshend, with the forces, equipment, supplies and transport at the disposal of Sir Percy Lake, who deserves great credit for his work of organizing this force. He secured the river transports; he constructed railroads from Boskara right up to the front lines; he established hospitals; we had nurses and doctors and operating equipment; he established depots with food and supplies—all those things so necessary—so that later on, when the time was ripe, the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir

Stanley Maude was able, with that force at his back, to make the drive through, re-capture Kut-el-Amara from the Turks, occupy Bagdad, and press on to the west and north. That was the work of Sir Percy Lake.

The record of that campaign, except for that last brilliant advance, was one of defeat and loss—a record of suffering resulting in surrender. I well recall watching those men as they marched from the hospitals, emaciated, sometimes wounded, and I asked myself, "Is this campaign worth while? Is it worth while for those men to suffer as they have?" Then I began to look into the question, and I want to tell you a few reasons why that campaign *is* worth while from the viewpoint of the British Empire. When we were within sight of Bagdad, Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons gave, as one reason, that the campaign was to secure the neutrality of the Arabs. That is almost negligible in importance. His second reason was, to safeguard British interests; his third, to protect the oil-fields. By the way, there are extensive oil-fields in lower Persia, and the British Admiralty have had a contract and have been supplying oil since 1909. That is really important. His fourth reason was, to maintain the authority of the flag in the East. All of those things might have been attained by just one division of troops; in fact they were attained when we occupied Boskara and Kut-el-Amara.

But there are other and more important underlying reasons which Mr. Asquith did not state. First, there is the strategic importance of Mesopotamia and the Tigris River valley as the land route from the Orient to the west. For many centuries we have overlooked the importance of that route, but in the old days all the commerce and traffic from India and China passed by caravans across Persia and Mesopotamia to Europe. Then there came the opening of the Suez Canal, the great development of ocean transportation, and for decades this particular land route was not considered. Then we discovered that while we had been negligent, the Germans had not. They had recognized that this was the key to the eastern situation. The result was that the

Kaiser and his advisers set out to get control of those regions, and there began the development of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway, with great political significance. Originally it was a thoroughly commercial undertaking, but it was not long before the military party and the Kaiser recognized the strategic importance of that railroad from a military point of view—from the viewpoint of the extension of German power; and it changed into a thoroughly political movement. Prof. Jastrow, the distinguished Orientalist, makes this remark:—"Bagdad really was the most important single factor contributing to the outbreak of the long-foreseen War of 1914." Further, "No step ever taken by any European power anywhere has caused so much trouble, given rise to so many complications, and has been such a menace to the peace of the world."

Years before that, we find Dr. Springer, who is a very distinguished German scholar, making this remark "Asia Minor is the only territory of the world which has not been monopolized by a great power, and yet it is the finest field for colonization. If Germany does not miss the opportunity of seizing it before the Cossacks grab it, she will have secured the best part in the division of the world." We did not see that, but the Kaiser and his advisers recognized that to be true, and they set out to achieve it.

I want to give you, very briefly, the history of that Bagdad railway, because it is important and interesting. Up to 1880 British influence was supreme at Constantinople. Then you will recall there were those horrible Armenian massacres, and Mr. Gladstone was unflinching in his denunciation of Abdul Hamid, stigmatizing him as "the unspeakable Turk." This displeased the Sultan of Turkey, and British prestige began to wane. The Germans recognized their opportunity by clever manœuvering to come in and take Britain's place, which had become vacant, and they did so. In 1888 the then young Emperor of Germany made a visit to Constantinople as the guest and friend of the Turk, Abdul Hamid, with the result that within a couple of years, a German syndicate secured a concession to build a railroad from Constantinople to Bangkok, south of the Black Sea, in 1893 that was extended 280 miles south towards the Mediterranean Sea. Then we find the Kaiser again visiting Constantinople in 1898, and in Damascus he proclaimed himself to be the friend and the protector of the 300,000,000 Mahommedans. Statements like that have great weight with the Oriental. He was linking himself up there with the Turk. In 1903 a definite concession was granted to a Berlin syndicate to construct a railroad down through the southern part of Mesopotamia which would link up Berlin, Constantinople, Bagdad, and extend to the Persian Gulf at Boskara. Originally that scheme was to go north, and the Russians said they could not have that because it would menace Russian influences around the Black Sea basin.

In 1914 that road was actually completed within 265 miles of Bagdad, and since the war it was completed to Bagdad. Part of the line was destroyed as the Turks retired from Bagdad, but they had been able to send down their supplies and equipment to Bagdad over his railroad. British financiers had, in the middle of the last century, planned a railroad system from Alexandria to Boskara or Bagdad, and then the Suez and the interests there had caused them to drop that in the interests of the ocean traffic. What they dropped, the Kaiser picked up.

Now, after all, what is the importance of that region? Admiral Mahon, who is recognized as a statesman of international authority, said that concessions in the Persian Gulf, whether by local arrangement or by neglect of the local commercial interests which now underlie political and moral control, will imperil Great Britain's naval situation in the farther East, her commercial interests in both, and the imperial tie between herself and Australia. Then Mr. Howe, in his book, "Why the War?" goes on to say, "Germany had dreams of a greater empire, an empire comparable to that of Great Britain, an empire that would ultimately extend from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. . . . For twenty years the

Bagdad railway has been the most splendid of all dreams of the German financiers and the German traders, and of the German militarists. Here were harbors and seaports, railroad and bank concessions and mineral resources, all relatively easy of defence; but far and away the most important of all, here was the wedge that would split the British Empire asunder, would permanently end England's control of Oriental trade, and afford quick and controlling access to India, Australia, the east coast of Africa, Hong Kong, and the richest of British colonial possessions."

We had not seen that, but others had recognized it and were striving for it. Then Ellis Barker, in the Nineteenth Century says, "That fearful Asiatic Turkey had obviously dominated not only the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles but the Suez Canal and Arabia and the Persian Gulf as well." Again, "It is clear that Asiatic Turkey, lying in the centre of the old world, is at the same time the factor of the greatest defensive strength, and the ideal base for a surprise attack upon Southern Russia, Constantinople, the Aegeian Islands, Greece, the Suez Canal, Egypt, Persia, Afghanistan and India."

Then, most significant of all, I wish to give you the statement of President Wilson with reference to the trategic importance of this railroad, when he addressed the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo. He said that the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway was constructed in order to run the thread of force down the spine of industrial England and half a dozen other countries so that when German competition came in, it would not be resisted too far, because there was always a possibility of getting German armies into the heart of that country more quickly than any other armies could be got there.

Take a map and look at it. Germany has absolute control, of Austria-Hungary; practical control of the Balkan States; control of Turkey; control of Asia Minor. I saw a map the other day in which the whole thing was printed in appropriate black, stretching all the way from Hamburg to Bagdad. And these are the significant words:— "The spike of German power inserted into the heart of the world. If she can keep that, she has kept all that her dreams contemplated when the war began. If she can keep that, her power can disturb the world so long as she keeps it."

Gentlemen, that expedition up on the Persian Gulf has been worth while, with all its loss, with all its suffering. All that magnificent heroism has been worth while because it has placed in British hands and under British control this region, which is the key to the British Empire in the east. So that those men who suffered, and whose bones are lying out there bleaching upon the desert or under the date palm, have not died in vain, but springing up there a new country will arise. It is already being transformed into a wealthy country where righteousness and justice are going to reign, and it is going to make its contribution towards future peace and the future welfare of India and the Orient, as well as to maintain the integrity of the British Empire.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK AND A PARALLEL

AN ADDRESS BY COL. G. T. DENISON

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 14, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I think this is no time for pessimism. I heard a good story the other day, of a soldier who had been telling how he and a number of his comrades were in rather an exposed place in the trenches, when a sergeant-major came up and said to them, "What are you doing here? This is a very dangerous place. Get to cover, or a shell will be coming any minute that will blow you all to pieces!"—and a shell came in a minute and blew him all to pieces—the bloody pessimist!

Well, I am not a pessimist. I am not going to say I am beaten until I am. There is no doubt that at this moment the outlook has become more serious than at any time since the battle of the Marne. When you come to think of it, the Germans, by intrigue and treachery, dishonesty of all sorts, and treason in their enemies' councils, have succeeded in getting control of almost the whole of the eastern part of Europe. We have only recently learned the secret of the intrigues that led to the breaking down of Rumania and Russia. The Rumanian business was awful in its treachery and rascality. Emis-

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The Russian collapse and the Italian Retreat, with the accumulating evidence of Germany's preparations for the 1918 offensive on the Western Front created one of the most unique situations in History. It required the keen insight of the student of history as well as the sound judgment of the man of military experience to give the events of these months their true perspective. No man in Canada was better fitted than Colonel Denison to present the situation in all its possibilities and to give the events of those few weeks their proper significance.

saries of the German Government, of whom Prime Minister Sturmer of Russia was one, induced the Rumanians to go into the War. Germany wanted Rumania to break into war. They had it all planned ahead; they wanted to get the oil wells of Rumania, and their large stores of grain and provisions, and they got Sturmer from St. Petersburg, apparently as a friend of Rumania, to urge them to go into the War, telling them, "If you ever want to do it now is your time, and we will help you." They led them into this War, but they did not help them, and now we know, though I could not understand at the time the War broke out, why the Rumanian troops struck across into Transylvania and made an attack there. Mackensen came immediately after with a large army of Germans, came around the flank of the army that had practically got into his rear, and burst into Bucharest, took possession of the centre of Rumania, and compelled the retreat of their army from Transylvania, captured a good many of them, and drove the Rumanians up to Jassy, and they had to change their seat of government; and only recently they have been obliged to give up the only little piece of country that they held. A more awful and deliberate piece of treachery you can hardly find in history.

In Russia it has been very much the same thing. German emissaries have played the game right in among the leaders of Russia. They have betrayed them. They succeeded in getting the Emperor driven out and obliged to abdicate, and now what is the result? The Bolsheviki have got control, and Russia for the time being is out of the War. It will be that way for some months.

To-day Germany has the most of Belgium; she has a good piece of France; a little of Italy—got by the same kind of treachery and intrigue as I have been speaking of, not by fair fighting, but by officers and men in the Italian army betraying their trust. That has been checked now, as British and French troops have gone into Italy and have headed off that treachery—I hope for good.

We have been rather unfortunate in other things. We had a wretched mess made of the movement of our sailors at Antwerp at the beginning of the War, thanks to that fussy politician, Winston Churchill; and, thanks to his influence, to a great extent, we got into that terrible campaign at Gallipoli which went so seriously against us. I think that was one of the most complete defeats we have had; I think it is on a par with that of the Walcheren Expedition in 1809. That Gallipoli business is a matter that would probably throw doubt and hesitation among our own people. We lost a great deal in that; we lost a great deal in the Mesopotamian business when our first army was taken; and some 6,000 or 7,000 of our finest sailors were thrown away in the stupid move into Antwerp, and the stupidity with which they failed to get out of it.

Now, all this makes you think that the Germans have been more successful than they should have been, and it makes some people feel anxious as to the future. But, admitting that, let us consider and take a parallel with the days of Napoleon, and you will find that there is a great deal to give us courage and confidence in the comparison. The war against Napoleon lasted for about eleven years, though it had really been going on for ten years before. Napoleon was a man who, like the Kaiser Wilhelm, had made up his mind he was going to have world-power; that is what he planned for, and that is what he was determined to get, and by all kinds of trickery and intrigue and bribery and treachery and tyranny he succeeded in getting control over most of the countries of Europe. The time when things looked probably the worst was in 1811 or 1812; and when you think and compare our condition then with our condition now you will see we have an immense deal to give us courage and confidence. In 1811, speaking generally—for these events did not occur simultaneously—Napoleon had practically the control of Europe. His orders carried from the North Cape on the top of Norway clear down through to Gibraltar, and from France clear away to Turkey. The whole of the country, in a sense, obeyed his orders, because after the battle of Eylav in 1807—which was almost a drawn battle but still served his purpose—he had the Emperor of Russia driven to the borders of his Empire and there he had met him and made peace with him. He was very cunning about trying to make peace when it suited his purpose. This Wilhelm, this Kaiser, is just as dangerous a man from the same point of view; he will make peace at any time if he can get it. That peace which Napoleon made with Russia put the whole of that country also under his control to such an extent that from 1807 till 1812 British goods were not allowed into Russia under orders from the Emperor of France.

What a power that man Napoleon had then, when you think of it! By treachery, by tyranny and oppression of the worst kind, he forced the abdication of Charles the Fourth of Spain, and shortly after he appointed his brother Joseph as the King of that country, Portugal was also practically taken into his hands. His brother-in-law, Murat, about that time was King of Naples. His stepson, Prince Eugene Beauharnois, was Viceroy of Italy under his orders. A brother was King of Westphalia. Another brother was King of Holland, and the Federation of the Rhine was a creature of his influence and under his orders. Denmark was also under his control, and was fighting against Great Britain at that time. Austria and Prussia shortly afterwards were conquered and were obliged to put themselves under his control. So that Napoleon had practically every country from the Atlantic clear away to Turkey, with all those great nations, under his command. That was pretty nearly world-power.

Napoleon quarrelled with Russia, and when he went to attack that country in 1812, he had succeeded in securing the assistance of our neighbours to the south, and the United States government entered the War on Napoleon's side—I cannot say on behalf of freedom, but they did it on behalf of something, I suppose—and we had to fight them for three long years on this frontier, with the assistance of the few British troops that England could send to us, and they made no less than thirteen distinct invasions of our country, and at the end of the War they did not hold an inch of British territory.

Now, just think of the position that England was in then, with every nation in Europe against her; with the greatest soldier and general this world has ever seen, in command to handle the troops; and in addition to that he had all the money and contributions that he forced out of all those nations to carry on his government. What was the state of affairs in England at that time? She looked across the ocean and found one-half of this continent arrayed in hostility against her. The United States then had 8,000,000 people, to our 700,000 or 800,000 in all Canada. England sat on the other side of the English Channel, and looking over the continent of Europe she found Holland against her, Belgium against her, and every other country against her. I want to ask you if Napoleon was not in an infinitely more dangerous and threatening position than the Kaiser is, or I hope ever will be? In 1811 and 1812 England was in terrible straits for want of food and a great many other things. A great many of their people were not satisfied, and wanted to make peace; that was the greatest danger England had. Grenville, Ponsonby and Whitbread were the leaders of the Opposition in Parliament, who lost no chance to attack Lord Wellington, to find fault with him—because we must remember that the Peninsular war threw great losses on the British army; that in 1809 Sir John Moore was driven to Corunna, and had to get away on the ships to save his skin, and that Wellington had to fall back to the line of Torres Vedras, and was held along that little line from Lisbon, and then he had to fall back to the retreat of Busaco, and another time to the frontier of Portugal, and all that time he was trying to fight against Napoleon's hordes with the assistance of Spanish guerillas and a pretty poor Spanish army.

What did those politicians do then in England—Grenville and Ponsonby and Whitbread? In debates in the House they found the greatest fault with Lord Wellington, took every chance to do so, and spread doubt and hesitation among the people. The poorer classes of the people were in great straits, and that developed into riots and outrages all over the country, serious risings of the poorer people, risings in the night, destroying and stealing property, and all that kind of thing. This became so serious that the House of Commons appointed a secret committee to enquire into it all, and a very severe and drastic law was passed dealing with those things, the law to expire in 1814. The government then set to work to try to punish those people who were making this trouble in England, and to put things to rights, and it strikes me they must have done this with pretty strong measures; they did not beat around the bush and treat them gently, but they just stopped it. In one day they hanged seventeen of those rioters in the castle at York. We do not think of that now-a-days; people do not bring it up; people do not think of the retreats of our army in Spain, and the ill-feeling that was occasioned in England on account of it, but it was there.

But what did the English do? They kept right on. They fought right well. The very fact that they took such drastic steps to pass such a tremendously drastic law was proof that they grasped the seriousness of the situation and that they were determined to put themselves under the heel of no tyrant power.

Now I want to impress upon you the comparison between these two wars—the tremendous difference in the difficulties and in the odds that were against the Mother country at that time; and I want to draw your attention to the pluck and energy with which they stood up against the difficulties, with which they took every necessary step to try to win the war before they gave up. A lot of men in the House of Commons were getting up every now and then to advocate terms of peace. Nothing could have been more foolish than that; but in the long run Britain succeeded.

Now, I think, in the face of that parallel, that experience, and that example that was set to us by our forefathers, we ought to set our teeth and face any odds there may be against us, any difficulties there may be, and make up our minds unanimously to take any steps that may be necessary to put us through.

The people of the United States, at the time of their

Civil War, saw that it was necessary to fight it out to the end, no matter what the treason was in the northern states—and at the time of McLellan's election in 1864 those disloyal elements were very numerous, very powerful, very well organized. In a book of reminiscences sent me by a friend in the South who knew about these things, I learned that Clement Vallandingham, a very prominent politician who was banished from their country, was the head of a great organization formed for the purpose of forcing peace upon the northern government. The writer of that book says there were 175,000 enrolled members in that organization, to make trouble for Abraham Lincoln. This shows that all men and all nations that have ever come through great trials, have always had things to annoy and bother them, and make their work much more difficult. Vallandingham was driven away; a great many of his followers were put in prison; Fort Lafayette, Fort Henry, the Fortress Monroe and other fortresses were filled with political prisoners, and Lincoln went right on until he won the war. Now, that is an example that we ought to remember; it has teachings for us that we ought to remember.

Now the question comes to us, what ought we to do? I have been more pleased than enough at the result of the late election—not politically, because I do not belong to either political party; I have always been a "Canada First" man, and at last, after fifty years, I have seen my party get into power; don't let us forget that we have a government now composed of the best men of both parties, all the loyal ones—the disloyal men that have hung around the skirts of the Opposition ought not to be counted. But we have a government now backed by the Canadian people. No government in Canada ever had such a tremendous majority, such a united party, such united strength to do the will of the Canadian people. They can do it without any hesitation; they need not be afraid of trouble; they have five years before there will have to be another election, and I hope they will play their cards so well that by that time everybody will be on the side of the Canada First Government. We have given this government power to do almost anything that they like that is fair and honest and in the interests of Canada; they can pass legislation of any degree of severity, if necessary in the interests of this country. Now, what I say is that those men owe it as a duty to all those who voted for them, not to be weak and wobbly while there is a war on. We can win a great war only by strong and determined measures; by not being afraid of results, and by doing what is the right thing, drastically and seriously and sternly, to carry the War to a successful issue. I think if we do that, if our government do that, there is every opportunity now in the next couple of years to be able to overturn the power of this monster that is riding roughshod over all Europe.

I do not believe that the Canadian people yet properly and thoroughly appreciate the serious character of this War. You are not thinking that the time might come when, if we are not careful, if we do not do everything possible, we might be defeated; but such a thing might happen if we have not brains enough to take advantage of our efforts and resources and of everything that is in our favour to try to win this War. That ought to be the supreme object of the Canadian people as well as the people in Great Britain.

I regret very much to have seen from my older friend, Lord Lansdowne, a couple of letters talking in favor of peace. A man who talks in favor of peace now is not loyal; he is not true to the Empire; he is a danger and a menace to the Empire. There is no use beating about the bush, we have got to decide that we won't talk to those Germans, that we won't sit down to a table to discuss, terms, that we will go on until they are thrashed, and then tell them what our terms are. If we do that we will come out all right. If we wobble about and make terms, and have discussions, and have propositions, and exchange them, and all that sort of thing, of course the Germans will get the advantage of us. Why? Because we would be bound to carry out any arrangement whatever that we make with them, while they would be as free as air. Don't shut your eyes to that fact. You are dealing with men who would bind you, but who would be free themselves. Now that is no position for us to be in. We have to thrash them, to drive them out of France, and out of Belgium, and across the Rhine, and as far as Berlin —and if we get them once on the run, we shall never stop till we get to Berlin, and I think that can be done. I have been watching very closely the stories of the fighting that has been going on, and I find that we have been more than a match for them ever since the battle of the Marne. The French have thrashed them at Verdun, in spite of all the efforts they made; we have beaten them in difficult places. They have never yet been able to put any of our Allied troops into a condition of panic, or anything of that kind. The only place where anything like that happened was in Italy, and that was done by intrigue and treachery, and by traitors in the troops of Italy at that point; but in the rest they have not been able to do it, and my belief is that the Canadians and French and Belgians and the British have all got what you might call "the bulge" over those Germans. We have got the morale, the esprit de corps, the confidence, the spirit that carries men through great wars; and while we have that, they can never thrash us; it is impossible. Therefore I say there is no reason why we should talk terms, or ask for terms of peace or bother our heads about what they would offer us, because no matter what they would offer, they could not be trusted to hold to their offer.

We should go on, and on, and fight until we thrash them—thrash them so thoroughly, that traditions would go down from generation to generation of their people, so that never again would they attempt to get control of the world.

Our present government have a great responsibility cast on them, but they have the people and the parliament at their back in any steps they may take. I do not care what steps they take if they are only strong enough, if they only show enough courage and vigour and determination. The more they show of that, the more will the people of Canada stand by them.

As for England, I hope that she will fight on as she has done in the past. I hope that those men who are time and again talking there, discussing peace and one thing or another, will quietly be put aside. I hope all England will show the spirit that she has shown in the past. We all remember the words Shakespeare puts in the mouth of one of the characters in King John:—

> "This England never did (nor never shall)
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true."

DENMARK AND THE WAR

AN ADDRESS BY GEORGE BECH

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 21, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Let me say first that I, as a Dane, am very thankful that your Club takes such an interest in our little country and its position; that right in the middle of your own much deeper trouble, you desire to be kept informed more fully than through the press reports about what we are doing, and have been doing, during these years of the World War. It is a proof of your sense of justice and of your appreciation of our nation. I believe that I have the right to ascribe part of this interest to those of my countrymen who have come to Canada and have aided you in building up this country and have contributed to the feeling of mutual understanding and sympathy which already bound our two nations together in Europe, and it is a great honor to me personally that you have asked me to appear before you here to-day, to explain some of the facts in regard to Denmark and some of the many difficulties through which she has passed in these years. I appreciate highly this opportunity of speaking on this subject, although I wish I could speak with more personal knowledge. I have been here during all the War, except for a short

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Mr. Bech is a member of a very old and prominent Danish family and upon his graduation from Copenhagen, he entered the Consular service of his country which he has served with distinction throughout the world. For four years as Consul General at New York, he has been closely associated with the commercial and political interests of his native land. At present he enjoys the distinction of partnership in the largest Danish export firm in the world.

visit to Denmark, but I can say that we wish so to conduct the destinies of our country during these hard and terrible times that our children can say: "Our fathers brought Denmark through the big crisis safely and with honor."

In approaching the subject of Denmark's present economic and political status, it is quite important to consider the period that has passed since the early sixties, when those two States against which the allied nations now defend themselves took away from Denmark one-fifth of its area, ruthlessly severing nationalities, and although promising that the northern part of Schleswig should be returned to Denmark on a popular vote, later revoking this promise. The Schleswig-Holstein question is still an integral part of Danish history, and while no good can be accomplished at this moment by ripping open old wounds, I can assure all who dwell on this side of the broad Atlantic, that our nation follows from day to day with the greatest sympathy and heartburning the fate of the Danish people in Northern Schleswig. Mr. Erich Erichsen, a Danish author, has written an excellent book —"The Silent Dane"—about those who have gone to the War. I can recommend it to anybody who wants to know what it means to fight and to offer one's life for duty, not love.

Of course, the question uppermost in the minds of those viewing European events in their bearing on Denmark, and I may say, on the whole of Scandinavia, is this: With the American embargo in effect, and the Northern neutrals almost wholly shut off from commercial intercourse with the Allies and the United States, what effect will this have on Scandinavian affairs? Dealing specifically with Denmark, to the best of my knowledge, Danish neutrality will be maintained to the end, while, in spite of many inconveniences, and in some instances downright sufferings, resulting from the scarcity of food stuffs, Denmark will always look upon the British speaking people as friends and kindred.

In order to explain the situation clearly, I wish first to say a few words about conditions in Denmark before the war. Our people are principally agriculturists, although a steady movement took place from the country to the cities, whose population in 1911 was about two-fifths of the total population of Denmark, about three million people.

After the above-mentioned war with Prussia and Austria, our slogan was: "What we lost to the enemy we will regain in our own country," and the wonderful work of the Danish Heath-Society was begun, and many individuals followed its example.

More than one-sixth of Denmark was barren and covered with heather with underlying hard pan, but by hard work trees were planted on large parts of the heath, thereby giving shelter from the west wind to parts where the soil was better so that grain and grass could be grown, and by this time the largest part of this almost desert land is covered with woods and fields. When I think of my old home, which is located on the border line of the heath, it is most surprising to see the development which has taken place. From a hill in the fields, I formerly saw only a very few small and poor houses and miserable fields, while now all the countryside is spotted with well-built, prosperous-looking farm-houses. Yes, the situation is now such that in order to preserve some trace of the old, typical, very melancholic heath landscape,—which has been praised by several of our best authors and poets,—a number of our emigrated Danes, now citizens of the United States, bought, in 1912, a considerable tract of characteristic and beautiful heath, and presented it as a Danish National Park to the old country, with the restriction that the area must be left to its own natural development and that the "Stars and Stripes" must be permitted to wave there on the 4th of July of each year.

At the time of the War of 1864 and after, the Danish farmers grew as much grain as possible, but very soon the competition from the United States, Canada and Australia made it impossible to produce the grain sufficiently cheaply in Denmark, and the farming industry was really in very bad straits. With conspicuous ability, the Danish farmers changed their system, in a few years, from grain farming to intensive dairy farming, and the wonderful well known dairy production of Denmark has developed steadily from year to year so that in 1913 the exportation of products of the Danish farming amounted to the following items:

Cattle about	$18,000,000
Eggs about	9,000,000
Bacon about	48,000,000
Butter about	56,000,000

Of course you will understand that the large bacon export is closely connected with our dairy industry, as the skimmed milk is brought back from the dairies and fed to the hogs.

The exportation before the War was divided as follows:—Germany took all our live cattle, and bacon and lard for about six million dollars, and butter and milk for about seven million dollars, while England took bacon for forty-two million dollars, butter for forty-six million dollars, and eggs for eight million dollars.

It was, however, quite impossible for our country to keep the greater number of animals necessary to produce this big quantity of butter and other products in fact it was our principle that as long as we had sufficient filling fodder, such as straw and beets, it would pay to import all the more nourishing fodder, and the importation of cattle fodder the same year amounted to:

Corn	400,000 tons
Cotton Oil cakes	230,000 tons
Sunflower cakes	190,000 tons
Linseed cakes	66,000 tons
Other Fodders	175,000 tons

In addition, we imported wheat and wheat flour, nearly 200,000 tons, and rye and rye-flour about 270,000 tons. The climate of the country is rather difficult for the production of grain, and most of our rye which is the principal bread stuff of the country, is fed to the farm animals, for it is not fit for human consumption and only some parts of the country are suitable for wheat.

This importation of cereals was valued at $53,000,000, of which $21,000,000 worth came from Germany—(exactly half of the imported bread stuff, $15,000,000 worth, came from Germany)—from Russia we imported $10,000,000 worth and from other parts of Europe $4,000,000 worth, so that only the balance, $18,000,000 worth came from overseas countries.

When the war started, of course all importation of cereals from the European countries stopped immediately, and we had to get all our food stuffs from the overseas countries, which explains the enormous increase in the importation from the United States during the first years of the war. Still the total imports of fodder stuffs were only about 800,000 tons in 1914 compared with 1,060,000 in 1913.

One of the reasons that the Danish farmers are so successful is the development of business on the co-operative basis. For many years the dairies, the slaughter-houses and even the egg industry have been run on a co-operative basis. The farmers of a certain district have united in building and operating a dairy or a slaughter house, and the central exchange in Copenhagen has decided for great numbers,—if not for all of these dairies and slaughter houses—the price at which the goods are to be sold after having classified them so that absolute uniformity was obtained. It was very fortunate for Denmark that we, through this co-operative system, had a very good control of all our export business, because it was possible to make arrangements with these associations so that we could continue to distribute in the same proportion as before, to the different warring countries when the war broke out, and as long as the United States was not in the war, Great Britain saw its advantage in making such arrangements with the Danish farmers that in compensation for permitting great quantities of fodder stuff to go through, Great Britain obtained her regular amount of butter and bacon. The importation was controlled through the so-called Merchant Guild certificates, the English Government entered into agreement with the Merchant Guild of Copenhagen, which had its members issue certain guarantees when they imported goods, that these were to be consumed in Denmark.

One of the arguments advanced by Danish economists, to offset attempts to interfere with imports of cattle fodder into Denmark, was that it might mean ruination of the dairy industry, and that in such an event, England would deprive herself of that of which she would be in dire need in the future. In other words if Denmark were to continue as a source of food supply for England, any policy that deprived the Danish farmers of materials for their cattle would act as a boomerang. Not only did England see its advantage from a commercial standpoint in following this policy, but also on other grounds it followed the policy of interfering as little as possible with Denmark's trade. Perhaps many of you will recall the fact that last fall Sir Robert Cecil openly stated that Great Britain was doing all in her power to inconvenience the northern neutrals as little as possible through the blockade, and the British Government was more than anxious to maintain a policy of the greatest possible friendliness.

"Let me add," Lord Robert continued, "that our action in this matter is *not* dictated by any desire to injure Denmark. You referred to certain attacks on the Danes in one or two English papers. I regret these attacks. There has always been a traditional friendship between England and Denmark, and it may be that if we had stood by Denmark in 1863-1864 we should not now be faced with this devasting war, originated by German militarism. In my judgment, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case, the geographical position of Denmark, and its military strength, the fact that Denmark, unlike some other neutrals, always maintained a considerable export of foodstuffs to this country, and the fact that as far as I know the assurances given the British Government by Danish authorities have been substantially carried out, Great Britain has no ground for changing its traditional policy with regard to Denmark. That policy I most earnestly desire to maintain and I confidently hope that the Danish Government will second our endeavor."

To you men of Canada, sentiments like those just expressed by one of the most eminent among British officials, should be of peculiar value for the purpose of arriving at some independent estimate of what this World War means to a small country like Denmark. At this distance, perhaps, the right and wrong perspectives are likely to run counter. It is not always the easiest thing to disarm unthinking critics. But I feel that the all-pervading Anglo-Saxon spirit, will refuse to countenance any deliberate attempt to make Denmark out as lacking in common sense or duty.

In discussing Danish exports to England, as well as to Germany, the embargo provisions against importations of fodder naturally cut down the figures to a minimum when compared with the first and second years of the war. But we must not overlook the fact that in dealing with the export and import question, in relation to Danish integrity, it has been Denmark's desire to supply either belligerent group with the kind of products she used to send them before the war. I am now speaking of the time when America was still among the neutrals. Since then, of course, conditions have changed materially. If you will permit me, I shall quote from another authority, this time Mr. J. E. Boggild, the commercial adviser of the Danish Legation at Washington. Mr. Boggild, in the *New York Times* of July 12th, last year, answered criticism of Denmark's attitude by saying: "Danish farmers have voluntarily and most faithfully, continued to supply England with butter, bacon and eggs. It has won the admiration of British statesmen that Danish farmers, although immense profits were to be made by shipping food stuffs to Germany, have continued to supply, at prices even far below cost, the foodstuffs which England desired."

Mr. Boggild further stated that he deemed it unnecessary to contradict in detail, figures that had no true relation to the fact, but that it is unquestionably true that, since the agreement of November, 1915, between the British Government on the one side, and the Merchants' Guild of Copenhagen, representing the Danish Merchants, and the Chamber of Manufacturers on the other side, practically speaking not an ounce of goods which have been imported to Denmark covered by guarantees by the said organizations has been exported to the Central Powers. Nobody expected that attempts at circumventing the guarantees would not be made, and such attempts have in fact been made, but, due to the vigilance of the Danish police and customs authorities, the attempts have been stopped before the goods were exported.

"I may mention," said Mr. Boggild, "that by a cereal law Denmark has made the breach, or attempt at breach of trade guarantees a criminal offense, punishable by imprisonment, as well as by fines."

I trust I am not tiring you with a recital of these facts, but we can never arrive at a true estimate of Danish rectitude or Danish obligations, as related to the war and the belligerents, without touching upon what in many respects is a disagreeable subject, considering that it has now and again aroused feelings of doubt which bear heavily on Danish sensibility. For Denmark wants to live at peace with all the world. And her statesmen are bending every effort toward doing justly all around, without doing injury to the national dignity. I am proud to say that while a country of no more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, Denmark has not been a laggard in regard to political, industrial and social progress.

When the war was only a few days old, the Danish Government issued its first list of goods which could not be exported, and this list, which has been followed by many, contained among many other things all cereals, fodder, a great number of chemicals, and ammunition, but we could not of course prohibit the export of the finished products of our main industry, farming, as it was quite impossible for us to consume our immense supplies in this line, and as we, on the other hand, must have raw products such as foodstuffs, as formerly mentioned, and coal, and must use our export articles to barter with. The price of our export articles rose steadily, and the value of our shipping increased enormously so that during the first years of the war our gold supply rose to a very great extent, but it must be borne in mind that as the gold deposits increased and the rate of exchange rose, so the stocks of merchandise on hand decreased, and the living expenses went up. It was therefore very soon necessary to fix maximum prices on all the important articles, and we have come to a rationing system of flour, sugar, butter,—think of Denmark having to issue butter cards,—which is a great inconvenience and in many cases a real hardship. As an example of how much prices have increased, I can mention that the price of Rye bread was in 1913, 16c per 8 lbs., and in 1917, 28c; Wheat bread was in 1913, 10c per 2 lbs., and in 1917, 18c. Oats doubled in price; Potato flour quadrupled; Potatoes more than doubled in value, and coal and other fuel were five to six times the pre-war price.

It has consequently been necessary to increase the wages of the laborers and the salaries of all officials in private and government employ, and much higher taxes have therefore been imposed. The material suffering is great and steadily increasing. Last winter it was very hard to get coal and, for instance, in Copenhagen you could have cooking gas only two hours twice a day, you were allowed only one electric light in each room, you had to be very careful in your use of water, or your meter was shut off, there was hardly a taxicab and very few horse cabs, as we had very little gasoline or fodder. The streets were almost totally dark, and a large number of people, who never asked for charity before, were forced upon the State for their sustenance. But beside this material suffering, there is a mental suffering that is worse, but perhaps is difficult to explain to people who do not live in such proximity to the actual battlefield as do the Danes,—but I shall try. Since the war started we have had a large part of our regular army mobilized and these soldiers have now been under arms off and on for more than three years with nothing to do but to wait and wait, knowing that if any of the warring parties attack them, they will come in such overwhelming numbers that all our men can do is to fall with honor to themselves and the old flag. And the civilian population!

We cannot in Denmark have a free press, as was possible in the United States till the States entered the war. We cannot discuss freely, we cannot express our sympathy,—we are too close, and each offensive remark is too dangerous not only to the individual but to the whole people. And, gentlemen, do not for a moment believe that our people are more money-seeking, callous and indifferent than before; we are just as open in our sympathies, just as kind of heart, just as loyal to justice and right as before, but circumstances force us to keep our lips sealed, not on account of cowardice or over-prudence, but simply because we must, if we do not wish to see our country, our homes, our people utterly ruined without the least benefit to anybody, and we therefore have to limit ourselves to such assistance as can be given on humanitarian grounds, for instance, Red Cross work,—supporting of crippled prisoners from both camps—and the really enormous work that has been done in tracing of prisoners of war and transmission of letters to them.

And all the while there is present the dread that some untoward move from without may upset every present calculation regarding the inviolability of Danish soil. It is no pleasant picture I am here drawing of little Denmark, but why hide the truth when so much that is not true is fed to the public? Much better to look the facts squarely in the face and make ready for eventualities.

To those who, from whatever motive, demand that Denmark should place herself openly at the side of the Allies and the United States in their fight for democracy, the answer must be now, as it has been since the beginning of the war, that anyone making such demands must have lost acquaintance with his geography. If you will glance at the map, you will notice the close proximity of Denmark to Germany and the quite long distances which separate Denmark from the Allies. You surely realize that so small a country which offers no natural obstacles to an enemy could be over-run by a couple of army corps from Germany in a few days; in fact there is an anecdote to the effect that the German Emperor, when the war broke out, asked his Generals—whether they could conquer Denmark in three days, and they answered, "No, Your Majesty, it will take five days," and that then the Emperor said, "So! Let us take Belgium." This, of course, is only an anecdote, still if Germany would have done so, I believe it could have been fact, and the main reason that we have been kept out of the war is, I consider, the Kiel Canal, built primarily for military purposes, but curiously enough one of the factors that, to my mind, have made for the maintenance of Denmark's status as a free and independent nation during the war. The German military and naval commands have utilized the Kiel Canal in order to get quickly from the Baltic into the North Sea, or vice versa. Had this waterway not existed, the entire naval program of the Central Powers might have been different, and it is not a far guess as to what the exposed position of Denmark would have meant to that small country. You will notice from the map that in case the Kiel Canal had not existed, it would have been necessary for Germany in order to get any breathing space, so to speak, to occupy the Danish waters which were mined by the Danes right at the start of the war, except for the one open road that we by international agreement must keep, and which goes through the Sound.

And now that we speak about the geographical contour of Denmark, let me warn you that the Baltic is likely to play a most conspicuous part in the world trade of the future and that Denmark expects to take a prominent role. With all the shortcomings of the present, the need of foodstuffs and raw products for manufacturing purposes, the Danish captains of industry can help save civilization after the war ends. The Baltic, as the map will tell you, is virtually an inland sea, the main entrances and exits being furnished by the Sound, the Great and Little Belts. The Baltic, then, is to be one of the great rival fields for that big trade which will follow the present devastation. Bounded by Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia and Germany, the Baltic in many respects is the entrance gate to Continental Europe. Copenhagen with its wonderful free port facilities is making great preparations to lead in supplying manufactured articles to the surrounding peoples. It is because of its splendid location that the Danish capital occupies so conspicuous a position as a trade centre, and being a free port it offers special facilities for trans-shipments of goods without the payment of customs duties. The free port was built to guard Danish trade from Hamburg, which, through the building of the Kiel Canal, became still more dangerous for Copenhagen's trade.

Denmark will weather the present storm, if national determination and a high sense of justice count for anything. The future none can foretell. But Danish initiative has before this accomplished the almost impossible. It is our present guide to what lies before us.

Under these circumstances the only possible policy for a country as small as ours has been to keep neutral. The Danish people have suffered great injury through the ruthless submarine warfare, which has resulted in the killing of their brave seamen and the loss of numerous ships, and the indignation has been great, but Denmark has been able to escape direct contact with the war-fury, while virtually suffering the identical injuries of the home populations of the countries of the Allies outside the theatre of war. The embargo which America has found it necessary to put into effect, for a considerable time has made it impossible for Denmark to obtain food stuffs and other raw products essential to keeping her industrial machinery going.

The gravity of the present situation no one will deny. And this makes it the more needful that Denmark stand revealed in the clear light of facts. The little country which faces the North Sea and the Baltic has no apology to offer for what has been its policy since that fateful August, 1914. Succeeding events have but justified Denmark in her course. Standing like a buffer state between the main belligerents, it would have been miraculous had no differences of opinion arisen in the opposing camps as to what the Danes owed to the respective nations at war.

Denmark is fully conscious as to the meaning of

America's present policy, and the Danish public realizes that it is created by necessity, and that the feelings of Americans are no less friendly now than in days past. Am I not right in believing that Canada fosters the same friendly feeling toward Denmark?

In this connection I may be allowed to say a few words about the Danish ministry, which has led Denmark during these years. This ministry represents a very small minority of the Danish people; it is a middle party, balancing between the Conservatives and the Socialists. Shortly before the war broke out, a revision of our Constitution took place. All parties agreed at last in the committees, and only the final formal ratification by our Rigsdag was required to have the law pass to His Majesty's signature. In order to make it pass more easily through the debate in the Rigsdag, this ministry was placed in charge, and it was in charge when the war broke out. It was decided by all parties to keep them in, and they have been supported with the most unswerving loyalty by all sides during all these years. This Ministry has, on the other hand, been wise enough to attach to itself the patriotic far-seeing men who lead the world enterprises of Denmark and therefore have extended experience.

There is still a question of international character that I wish to touch upon. We find that the war has led to a closer relationship between Denmark and her neighbours in Scandinavia, Sweden and Norway. The Russian revolution, even with the subsequent elimination of Russia as a threatening neighbour of Sweden, has not been the cause of this more intimate relationship with Norway and Denmark. For almost at the very start of the war, the meeting between the three rulers of the Scandinavian countries at Malm laid the foundation for that co-operation which may mean the salvation of the northern nations. Subsequent gatherings at Copenhagen and Christiania have only strengthened ties that are of the greatest significance, in view of the fact that together the three countries constitute a unit of importance, while singlehanded their political influence on world-affairs would naturally be almost negligible.

There is to-day in effect a Scandinavian revival which bears strong relation to events of half a century and more ago. And even while desiring to discuss Denmark by herself, one finds it somewhat difficult to treat of Danish foreign affairs, for instance, without considering likewise Norway and Sweden. This is by reason of the fact that the peoples of the Scandinavian countries themselves realize that circumstances have once more forced them to join hands and that the one saving clause remaining is for them to act jointly on these great issues that concern neutrality and self-government.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the American Minister to Denmark, at the present time in the United States on home leave, is of the opinion that a Scandinavian union of some kind is more than probable. In a recent address Mr. Egan spoke of the situation in Denmark and he gave a vivid description of Danish life. Dealing with the political conditions before and after the war broke out, the American Minister showed that while early in the war, opinion in the Scandinavian countries was divided as to the merits of the respective belligerents, the ruthless conduct of Germany on land and water gradually turned the doubters toward the Entente.

The present amiable relations between Norway and Sweden cannot fail to be of decided advantage to Denmark also. When Norway broke away from Sweden, the resentment of the Swedes was exceedingly strong. But the reception accorded King Gustaf on his recent visit to Christiania was the best possible evidence that just as Sweden is more than willing to let bygones be bygones, so the Norwegians are only too happy to take by the hand once more the brother people of the Scandinavian Peninsula. All this Denmark looks upon as making for political solidarity, internationally considered. As for internal affairs, it stands to reason that all three Scandinavian countries must attend to their own business, keenly appreciative of what they feel to be their liberal policies and progressive ideas in government.

As you may notice, in trying to talk about Denmark I find myself often reverting to Scandinavia as a whole.

This would not have been the case to such an extent had I been asked to discuss Danish affairs before the world war. But then again, I doubt whether little Denmark would then have claimed your attention as she evidently does to-day. It is the tragic situation in Europe, with those few northern neutrals standing by themselves, in virtual isolation, which must have made you believe it worth while to hear what has taken place in that little country, which King Edward knew so well, and which, with its Fredensborg, Castle of Peace, for many years proved the one spot where European royalty would meet and feel that there indeed lived a happy people, untouched by the events that led to the world-catastrophe.

Again I wish to thank you for desiring to hear something about the little country which I have had the pleasure of representing for so many years; and I wish to assure you that all its civilization, all its best efforts, will always be given for the betterment of mankind. We pray that the time may come when that peaceful land may be the safeguard of good civilization, the place where we may preserve the good old traditions. The old world does not exist any more; a new world is growing up around us, but do not let us forget the traditions we brought with us from the Old Country; let them go over into our new life here.

If Denmark can be untouched by the war, in spite of all trouble and all losses, there will be one people who can carry the traditions forward. I thank you.

THE BRITISH FRONT IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

AN ADDRESS BY LIEUT.-COL. W. G. MACKENDRICK, D.S.O.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 27, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—This is worse than dodging bombs, for one has a chance to get away from the bombs, but I can't see any chance of getting away from this.

The different men who have gone to the front see the front from entirely different standpoints. Major Massie told you about the gunner end of it, of which I saw very little, and then I got away as quickly as I could, for it is not a healthy spot where those gunners of ours were. My job is supposed to be a very "cushy" job, hence these Salvation Army tabs that they gave me; the blue tab is for what they call the "directorate" who are now handling much of the work of the various armies; the red tab is for the personal army staff, and the "blue tabs" are not allowed to associate too closely with the "red tabs."

When I left here in October, 1914, to see if I could not be of some service over there, I had a persistent feeling, in my boots and elsewhere, that I was needed across the water; and when I got there I saw that I *was* needed. I looked at things from an entirely different standpoint from anyone whom I had run across. The regular soldier has been taught to do the fighting and the other in-

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Colonel MacKendrick is well known in Toronto. His services were accepted by the War Office in 1915, and through his skill in road building in France, he has brought great honor to Canada. For his courageous work under fire, the King bestowed upon him the Distinguished Service Order.

numerable things that have to be done in the army, but has never been taught anything about roads; consequently he did not know anything about them. He did not think in road values, and when he got over there he was so busy with what he had to do that he could not see the very evident things that were necessary on roads. I can best illustrate that by giving you my experience in Flanders. For a few days I was up near the salient, and running around in the car, I saw that the only means of communication we had from our rear to Ypres was on the Ypres-Peronne road, and all that the Bosche had to do to put us out of business, that is, break our front by means of our back, was to put a short barrage on that road and he would have us stalled, as we could not get up supplies or anything. I thought this was a bad situation to be in, and turning the matter over in my mind, I remembered the old plank roads we had built through many of our swamps in Ontario, out in British Columbia and different places, and I thought that would be a good idea to suggest. I went to the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps and said, "Now, it is none of my business, but I can see where this corps is going to get into a peck of trouble if you don't get planks,"—and I expatiated on the advantages of planks, which would cost only about half as much as an ordinary road, and you could lay a quarter of a mile of them in a day, whereas to construct an ordinary road would take ten days, and I said that if the Bosche put up a barrage we could run around it and still beat him to it, and get up to our front lines in spite of him. The Engineer listened to me with a smile playing on his face, and said, "That is all right; I suggested that to them three months ago, but they can't see it." There the matter rested; I went on building the kind of roads the army did want and could give us. Things went along until the Canadian Corps were down on the Somme, when I was asked to build a road from the Village of Eillers up past Mouche Farm, up to a cross-road on the line from Poisiers to Thiepval. That was a very unhealthy spot. The newspapers had stated twice that we had taken Mouche Farm, but the Bosche was still there, and I think we took it three times afterwards. I with two younger officers who had been up there before, was sent up this road to reconnoitre it and make up an estimate of time, labor and material to put it through in two weeks. That night, in writing to my wife, I told her that at least three sides of my heart, I was afraid, were swelling as it came up in my throat quite often, and I had to push it down again, though they said that it was a very quiet morning for the shelling. It was the first time I had been up that far to the front, and I assure you it did not listen a bit quiet to me; I thought it was a pretty fair bombardment. Being inexperienced in that direction, I did whatever the two younger officers in front of me did; when a shell went off and I saw them dive for the ground, they did not beat old Willie to it a bit; the little I had learned in my younger days of diving for bases stood me in good stead, and I got down as quickly as the quickest of them. When we got about half way up this road, I saw that the beginning and the rest of it were just the same, and they said they knew it was, so I said, "What the Hell is the good of going up there? This doesn't look a bit healthy to me. I have a wife and family back home that need me fairly badly, and I don't propose to go up there just to be able to say that I had been up the whole length of it." They said they rather thought the Chief Engineer expected us to go over it, but I said, "Let us take for granted that the rest is just as bad as this, and make up our estimate on that basis"—which they finally decided to do. I may say that a big Krupp coming about fifty yards ahead right plump in the centre of the road helped us to a decision.

On the way back one of the young officers wanted to stop and get some souvenirs from dead Bosches over on the right about as far as the length of this room, and while I didn't care about sticking around that particular spot I thought a souvenir or two might be all right, so we walked over, and I took a look at the first dead Bosche near me, but I didn't want any souvenir off him, and I have never wanted one since, and have never gone looking for one.

We got back to the quarters of our own machine gunners, just north of Albert, for breakfast, and just in the midst of breakfast they were bombarded and we had to beat it with what we could take in our hands. At Headquarters I reported that we would require 2,000 men to do this job in two weeks if it was dry; if it was wet, God only knew what it would take, because this was a mud track that had been laid on a farm road, and the thing was absolutely torn to pieces and was just one series of shell holes after another, some of them twelve and fifteen feet deep.

We started on the road in two days with 1,000 men working eight hour shifts, and we got about a quarter of a mile of it done in dry weather. Then it commenced to rain, and we knocked to pieces the bit of road we had built in drawing up stone to put in the holes forward, and in two days that whole section of road was absolutely useless; you could not get on it with a lorry. This was in September, 1916, and the army was then expecting to fight right through the winter. I realized that they could not possibly fight because they could not get up their supplies and other necessary stuff. I wrote the Chief Engineer pointing out the advantage of planks. At that time they were sending to the army huge pit-props that we could not handle because they were so large, and I suggested that if we could saw them into three inch planks we would have enough to build the road so that the army would be able to go ahead. The Chief Engineer approved of the suggestion, and it went right to G. H. Q. and it was returned with a minute written on it, "It is regretted that planks are not available."

Just about that time my eldest boy was killed up in front of Creselles, and I was given ten days' leave to go to England—I had not seen my family for some eight months—and while in England I tried to get letters of introduction to Lloyd George, as I believed he was the man who could get planks, which it seemed impossible to get through any other channel. In London I met my friend J. W. Flavelle—I may say he is still my friend in spite of his 4% profits—and when he asked me how I was getting along I said I was doing fairly well but that the British Armies were stuck because they did not realize that they must have planks if they wished to go ahead, and there was no one in authority that knew that or they would have secured them, because they were available. He introduced me to Hon. R. H. Brand, of the Imperial Munition Board, and I told him the story, and he said the man I should see was Sir Eric Geddes who had just that day been made Director-General of Transport and good roads, light railways and other railways. The men higher up realized that the roads were getting impassable and that their railways were not doing what was needed, and that their light railways were hopeless as compared with some of the others. The French and Germans had both gone in largely for light railways from the beginning of the war and had been able to transport their units in that way. Hon. Mr. Brand found that Sir Eric was in France, so he made an appointment for me to meet Sir Guy Grant, the second in command, and the next morning Mr. Flavelle and I met him, gave him the story, and he turned me down to a Brigadier-General, and we got him enthusiastic about it, and I left. When I returned to the Canadian Corps, with which I was working, I got word to come down to G. H. Q. and take on these roads in the Fifth Army which at that time was on the Somme. The roads they were using were about 250 miles in extent, and they were hopelessly broken down.

The sub-foundation of all those roads is chalk, and wherever a lorry went along you would see the chalk spew up right between the stones, and the stones were going down. The centre of the road was curved down, holding all the water, and the roads were really in very bad shape, so that after going around them for three days in the car I thought the job looked hopeless. I was asked to go to the G. H. Q. for a conference the next day, and there I met Sir Eric Geddes and the Director of Roads. I asked that I should be sent up to the Ypres salient where I had been working for nine months and where I knew the roads and knew what was to be done. As a matter of fact, I had cold feet on this Somme road proposition. It looked so hopeless that I didn't think any man alive could put the roads into shape in time for the spring campaign. I also found that the army were not very well pleased that the Transportation Department had been taken out of their hands. That was very natural; I presume if I had been a regular soldier and the biggest part of my job had been taken away, I would have felt a little bit sore, too, but I suggested that what they wanted down there was a diplomat, and as I had never qualified as a diplomat I didn't think I was fit for the job. However, I was told that really I was picked because that was such a hopeless job and they didn't know anyone else they could load it on with any prospect of getting it done. That being the case, I said I would simply do the best I could with it. At that time there were 12,000 men working on roads in the Fifth Army area, and I found they were working in about five hundred different ways; each officer commanding a small unit worked on his piece of road in what he considered was the best way, and as there had been probably forty or fifty different bosses in two years, there were a good many different methods of road construction, some good, some bad.

My first proceeding was to go to the Roads Officers in one Corps—the Army is made up of Corps, the Corps of Divisions, the Divisions of Brigades. An Army may have one Corps—it may have five—sometimes there have been as many as seven there. I took the Corps as a unit. I met the Officers who were handling the men in the Corps area, and explained to them what I wanted done—and there were very few things I wanted done—and I said, "Now, to make a success of it we must all get working on the one string; you may not agree with my ideas of road building and how I want it done, but I want you to work according to my plan until I change. I will be very glad to hear at any time any views you have as to improvement, but meantime I want you to work all along the same line. Further, I don't want you to get peeved when I go out on your work and direct your workmen how to do things, because I realize that the army system will never get us anywhere on road building." (The method of the army is that if I found any man in any unit not doing what I thought right, I would report his name and his unit to the Colonel of the unit; he in turn would pass it to the Major; the Major would pass it to the Captain of the company; the Captain would pass it to the Lieutenant; the Lieutenant to the Sergeant; the Sergeant to the Color-Sergeant; the Color-Sergeant to the man's Corporal; and finally it would get down to the man who had done the thing wrong—by which time he would likely be on another job, and you would get nowhere.) I said, "Now, I am going to get right out on the work, and if you are there I will speak to you; if not, I will speak to the man who is doing the thing wrong, because we must get these roads in shape, and the only way to do it is to get right at it." So I got right at it. I used to get up at seven o'clock in the morning, breakfast at eight, leave my office about 8.30, take two bully-beef sandwiches with me in the car, and I kept going until tea time, about five, sometimes very much later. In the evening we did all our office work, and kept going till eleven or twelve at night. We did that, I regret to say, seven days a week, month after month, year after year. That is a mistake, I think; I felt so right along, but I could not get them to change it. I am quite certain that if we had done as the French did—worked six days a week and given up all work on Sunday except what was absolutely necessary—our men would have been in better shape. The men had their day of rest; we did it this way —15% of the men were off each day. That does not give you what a Sunday off gives you, because those men did not know when they were going to be off, and they could not go to visit their mates, because they did not know the time and their mates would probably be working. This year I endeavored to get the thing changed, and I think by this time it will be changed so that everyone knocks off on Sunday.

We had a lot of men on the Albert-Baupaume road, and I regret to see that our friends the Bosches are now using what we built, and I regret that it is such a good road; I wish it were not so good.

When I saw a man not doing the right thing, I would hop out of the car and take his pick and shovel and show him what to do, and take the time to explain to him what to do. I found the men very human, and very like other men; if told in a quiet voice how to do a thing, and the reason why,—very often they would get it. Some of them did not; they would be a little bit stupid, and occasionally I used to say, "Damn it, man, can't you see this?"—to men who had been doing it day after day; and that is how I acquired the name. I got that from the night labor battalion we had in the Ypres salient when I first went there. They were a hopeless unit, reminding me of a big bunch of plumbers who will bring a whole kit of tools to mend a tap, but forget to bring any washers for the tap, and have to go back and make a day's job of it. That had been the training of those men; they had been regulars, and they fiddled around just to mark time. When those men came down on the Somme I gave them a little close attention, and they turned out one of the best units that I have ever seen; they could do any kind of work. It was simply a matter of education.

Right forward of Baupaume, on the road from Baupaume to Arvilliers, where the Bosche has now broken through, we had an ammunition siding along the most of the road, and we wanted to build a plank road ten feet wide along the side. I sent word to have this road started, and at the end of two days went up and found they had twenty-five yards of road done. They were busy adzing the edges of the plank so that they fitted nicely together, and they were sawing off both ends and making a very nice job. I went at them and asked them what the hell they thought they were doing there? Had anyone asked them to build a dancing platform, or what was their idea? I said, "Now, I want you to realize that there is a war on, and that we want to use this road in three days. Now, forget all these frills and furbelows and get the road done so that our lorries can get on it." Then I told the O. C., "I want you to put three separate gangs on this work, one on each end, and one in the middle and give them all the lumber they can use, give them the same number of men, and wire me every night the number of yards each unit has done." In three days the whole of the road was finished. The first day after that, I went up and spoke to the very unit who had been building the dancing floor, and as soon as I got there I could see a good big stretch so I said, "That is what I call doing work; you fellows are doing your bit when you work like that," and they were all very well pleased. Those men became one of the best units I ever had. Being old R.E's they knew how to do anything, and as soon as they got rid of their fiddling around and realized that there was a job for them to do, they did it. This unit went up to the salient about two weeks ahead of me, and I was beating it along the railway track with my junior carrying a big parcel when he said, "I notice that they have a new name for you; I noticed that one of the men turned to the other and said, "I say, 'arry, 'ere's old Damn-it back again." I suppose I had probably earned that name, anyway, it stuck for the rest of the time, both there and when we went down below.

Well, with those 12,000 men all working with one idea, we eventually got the roads in apple-pie order, and the Commander-in-Chief was good enough to tell the Director-of-Roads, that he was very much pleased with what we had accomplished, and the Army Commander did the same thing.

I think the nicest piece of road building that we did was from a little village called Avilon, which was the railhead behind the Ancre valley. It ran up past Hamel, Beaucours, Mourmont, through Ashlante and Ash-le-Grand. It is practically on the line where the Bosches are to-day. That was the most terrific prospect for building a road that I ever saw; it was absolutely hopeless; if we ever got a road through there we could do anything. At that time we were fighting a little forward of Thiepval, up a Grandecourt, and the army wanted a road both on that side of the Ancre and on the other, and we went at it. I said it would take four months to get a road through so that we could run lorries, but we had it done in two and a half months. When the weather is wet there, everything looks hopeless, but it dries out quickly on account of the chalk, and when it is dry the work can be done very quickly. The Army Commander congratulated us on the way we put that road through. He said he came down at forty miles an hour. I hope they will be able to push the Bosches back off that road.

The roads in the Ypres salient forward of Ypres were the next thing we tackled. That was another area that was absolutely torn to pieces, and it was a real job to get anything done, but we managed to get it and keep it going. The traffic on some of those concentrations is almost beyond belief. At one time the army there consisted of 754,000 rations—that is, men—and 129,000 horses. When you consider what it is necessary to move to carry them along and feed them, you can realize what traffic there is on those main roads, which were never built to stand that kind of traffic, except the paved roads which many Belgian cities have. They were built to keep everything going through.

I have a feeling that this war will be won this Spring. Now, I may say that that is not the feeling of the military men who know; but I am not a military man, only an ordinary road builder who has acquired a few ideas that may be absolutely wrong. This looks to me like the last throw of the Bosche; that inside of a month or six weeks we should have him. According to the papers our reserves have not yet been touched, so they are intact,—while the Bosche has run many of his Divisions through the mill; and when once a Division has been used it takes time to get those men back into fighting shape again, for after you have lost from 25 to 60% of your men, the morale of that corps is not good, and nerves of the men are more or less shattered. The one thing that has always been a source of endless wonder to me is, how our men "stick it." You see them going up, especially on a wet day, carrying their packs and all their belongings on their backs, swaying like Turks, dazed, dirty, grimy. When the order is given to halt, those men lie right down on the road. In dry weather you will see the cars come along, and the dust and horse-manure go all over them; they haven't got enough in them to get out of the way; they just lie there in mud and dust and grime. On a wet day they go slosh-sloshing through this mud for hours at a time; everything is wet; their trenches are wet; they are in there for three or four or five days and never have a dry stitch on them all the time they are there. Yet they "stick it," and they fight, and it is a source of unending wonder to me how they do it.

When the Transportation Department got going, there was no trouble in getting planks and railway sleepers. Our first consignment was half a million of sleepers. They were to be had because the men who were handling that Department knew what was wanted, and knew it was just as important as gun powder and they knew also where to get it and how to get it across. In that way we got everything we needed. The Director of Roads was the ablest road man in Britain,—the Secretary of their National Road Board—and he knew where to get everything. He has quadrupled the output of stone, has opened up gravel pits, and is doing his job in a proper, technical way. We had about 300 motor lorries, about 300 general service wagons, 56 steam rollers, and other things in proportion. The roads of the armies will never be allowed to break down again. It is no wonder they broke down before, because the regular soldier is not trained in road-building and does not know how to handle problems that come up.

Before sitting down I would like to say that the Canadian Corps is the finest fighting unit in the whole world to-day, because they work together. In this respect they have the advantage over any other Corps in the British Army except the officers of the Engineering Corps. The Canadian Corps fight with their own four Canadian Units. To-day the Corps commander is one of the ablest Generals on the British front. The Artillery Chief Brigadier, General Morrison, with whom I had the pleasure of going to school and fighting about forty years ago, is one of the ablest gunners in the whole British Army. He was congratulated by Sir Douglas Haig on the Vimy Ridge show, as having put on the best Artillery show that he had ever seen. The different officers commanding the four Canadian Divisions all know one another, they are accustomed to team play, and know the value of co-operation. I think I am not going beyond the bounds of truth when I say that no other Corps could have taken Passchendaele. A good many other Corps tried it, and we should all be proud of our men for the most excellent work they have done.

The papers to-day report that yesterday the Bosche was shelling hospitals by long range guns. This is absolutely wilful work, done of intention, and is just one more evidence added to the thousands that they have already given us of how impossible it is to do anything with a people like that until they are absolutely smashed militarily. The swine! Deliberately to shoot up hospitals where the wounded are being attended, where it can be of no military value to him!—And he has done it right along, for example, on the Ypres-Peronne road last year that was absolutely and directly shot up where the Australians were! To-day's despatch is another piece of evidence added to the thousands we already have showing how unfitted the Hun is to dominate the world, and how we must keep on until he is absolutely smashed.

THE CANADIAN ARMY AS I SAW IT

AN ADDRESS BY REV. DR. JOHN NEIL

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, April 8, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Last September I was asked by the Military Service Board of the Presbyterian Church to go overseas, to convey greetings to the chaplains and the men. Almost the first person I met on the boat was Bishop Richardson, who was on the same mission on behalf of the Anglican Church. We went together from Liverpool to London; we stayed at the same hotel for a day or two; and we were to have gone to Scotland together, but I had an attack of bronchitis and so that poor man had to go alone into the northern country where there are so many Presbyterians. We went to France together, and I think, to my benefit, we formed a friendship which I hope will be lifelong. He knows he received a little Presbyterianism from me, and I am not sure that I have got rid of the little Anglicanism he gave me.

At the chaplains' headquarters we met Colonel (formerly Canon) Almond of Montreal and Col. Beatty, who was a Presbyterian minister at Cobourg. We placed ourselves under their orders, and we were to visit certain camps in England until December 15th, then we were to go to Scotland, and then over to France for nine days.

I had the pleasure of visiting hospitals at Stepford, Witley, Bramshott, and a number of others, and of speak-

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At the time of this address the Rev. Dr. Neil, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, had just returned from an extended visit to Great Britain and France, where he saw the Canadian forces in training and at the Front.

ing to a great many men. I do not attach as much importance to the parade service as some do, because the men are compelled to attend, and it is not altogether a compliment to the preacher. What I did appreciate were the services in the Y.M.C.A. huts; I had four or five of them in Witley.

You go into a hall holding 400 or 500 people. You find all smoking—every blessed one of them—and then a number playing cards or other games. As soon as the service begins, they drop the cards and gather around, and I cannot remember more than one or two leaving the room, in any service I held, before or while I spoke; and I never in my life addressed any number of men anywhere who were more enthusiastic, sympathetic, or ready to receive the message I had to give them. My main message was this: a greeting from the home—and Oh, how they loved to hear from the home. Having traveled in Canada, east and west, about 11,000 miles since last June I was able to tell them something about the towns from which they had come, and they were eager to hear everything of that kind. Then I greeted them from the church—the Bishop and myself did not represent either Anglican or Presbyterian, but our greetings were from every branch of the church. Then we gave a greeting from the country; and after the election I was able to speak with a great deal more confidence than I did before. I found that ninety per cent. of them were exceedingly anxious, and if the the result had been different, they would have interpreted, whether justly or not, that the country was not standing behind them.

On the second of February we went over to France. It is not an easy thing getting into France; I wish the Germans had as much difficulty as I had. A friend of mine on the boat said that if he had his way I would never get there, because I would catch pneumonia and come back dead; but when I returned he admitted that I looked better than before I started. If we had not been representing the whole church we could not have gone to France, as they are getting stricter constantly on that point. The Bishop remarked that he thought half of the thirty millions of people in England had put their stamp on his passport; and the same number put it on mine. It is a curiosity which I will keep all my life. The boat on which we sailed across the Channel was filled with soldiers. We wore life-belts, and as mine had been worn by several hundreds of people before, I felt that I was in more danger from germs than even from German submarines. We had airplanes over us, destroyers on either side of us, and in about two hours we reached Boulogne. We were met by a number of friends—Major Beatty, Bishop DePencier and Major Sheppard of Montreal. We had supper. I had supposed the water there would be so bad that it would be as much as one's life was worth to drink it, so that there would be some excuse for drinking something else; but I found that they treated it as they do in Toronto, so that it was just the same as Toronto water.

We drove 75 miles to the Canadian Corps Headquarters. I had been told that I must buy a trench coat, and rubber boots that would hold three pairs of socks; but the weather was delightful, such as we have here in early September, with only a little rain, so my trench coat was a white elephant. Two huts had been built for officers, one for the dining and smoking room and the other where we slept, and I had very comfortable quarters all the time we were there, with comfortable beds, and I never slept better in my life.

On Sunday we both addressed meetings in the morning, afternoon and evening, and afterwards had dinner with Sir Arthur Currie, General of the Canadian Corps. On my left hand sat a very delightful looking gentleman, dressed as an officer, his age being about 35, and when I asked him, "Are you a Canadian?" he replied, "No, I was born in England." Then Col. Greer, Senior Chaplain of the Corps Headquarters, leaned over to me and said, "This is Prince Arthur of Connaught." He said his sister had been five years in Canada, and had a good many Canadian expressions. I remarked that if she had all the Canadian slang she would have a large vocabulary. I found that the Prince was one of the most popular men in the whole British army; he is one of those simple, direct men you like to meet.

On Monday we had a meeting with all the chaplains, both Protestant and Catholic, and then we started to view the battlefields. Sir Arthur Currie told us that he was anxious for us to see everything that could be seen, and he placed a motor-car at our disposal. Major Kilpatrick, son of the Knox College professor, was my companion. He took me to Vimy Ridge, where there is not a square yard of earth that has not been churned up with shells. He showed me a German dug-out, with concrete steps; there were no Germans in it—at least not living ones. Further on we found a number of our men who were on guard in one of their dug-outs; their quarters were not very comfortable, but much more so than when the weather was raining and disagreeable. Then we went on to the very edge of Vimy Ridge, and we went into an observation point where men were viewing the other side through long-range glasses. The Ridge itself has quite a descent into the valley, which is, perhaps, three miles wide. They pointed out Merincourt; just before us was the village of Vimy, and Little Vimy near it. Away to the left was the town of Lens, the most of which was in possession of the Germans. Away at the other side there was a gradual slope, and they pointed out the first and second line trenches of our own men, and then away beyond that we saw where the German trenches were. It was very interesting to me to stand there where our men had done such magnificent work and gained such a victory.

The next day we visited the dressing station, where the wounded are taken after a battle. We started for the foremost dressing station, but were misdirected, and got within 1,100 yards of Lens, which we could see away at a distance. It was a dangerous place, as I saw shells bursting within 200 yards, and I thought there was danger, but I was not going to let an Anglican Bishop know that a Presbyterian was afraid, so I did not say anything, nor did he. At Souchez Valley there were men working, and they were shelled by the Germans. I would not say how near we were to those shells; we determined we would not say until Dr. Chown, the Superintendent of the Methodist Church, would say how near he was, and then we would get ours a little nearer!

Next day we went over the Somme battlefield. The magnificent Cathedral was in ruins, only broken pillars and parts of the wall standing; the railway station not far away was also in ruins. All over that region we found the towns in ruins, the only intimation that there had been towns there being the notices posted up giving their names. At Baupaume we went into a cemetery originally belonging to the French, where a magnificent monument had been erected to the memory of the men who had fallen in the war of 1870, and about twenty feet from it there was a German monument to the memory of their men. We were shown some empty graves, and were assured that the Germans had opened the coffins and removed the lead from them.

We passed through Peronne, where the Germans had put up a notice, "Don't weep, but laugh." Then we went on to what is called the "great crater." It was found by the Australians, who blew up the Germans in that place. It is about 160 feet in diameter and 50 feet deep. The Germans had been encamped there, and the Australians were away on the height beyond, and had dug a channel underneath in which they had put powerful explosives and blown up the place. It must have been a great surprise to the Germans; a friend of mine said they were all "up in the air" about it.

At Albert we saw the great tower and the "leaning Virgin"—an image some 12 feet high, which is leaning over horizontally on the injured tower, which is still standing. There is a legend that when that image falls the war will cease; and it was said that two women who had been making a good deal of money out of the war were seen one morning strengthening the supports of the image—they did not want it to fall just yet.

Although the ground was torn up, the roads were splendid, thanks to the great work of our fellow-citizen, Col. Mackendrick, who has already addressed you.

The next day we went into Belgium, and stood upon the ruins of the Cathedral at Ypres, the most impressive ruin that I saw. The magnificent Cloth Hall, on the opposite side of the street, was also in ruins. Across the valley we could see, in the dim distance, Passchendaele, where the greatest and most terrible fight up to this last offensive, took place.

We had luncheon at the hospital on our return. I went into the cemetery there, and the first grave I saw there was that of Gen. Mercer, one of the bravest, truest, noblest and most Christian men that has ever gone from Canada. I think you will all agree with that. They told me story after story of the magnificent conduct of that good man, and of his influence over his soldiers and his courage on the field of battle. When we returned we visited Sir Arthur Currie, and had tea with Gen. Horn, a Scotchman from Caithness, to whom of course my heart warmed. We met there the General of the Anglican British chaplains, Bishop Gwynne, and also Gen. Symes, who is chaplain of the non-Anglicans, and we had an opportunity of meeting a great many of those men. We spent Sunday in addressing various meetings.

On Saturday night we went to the theatre. The play was conducted entirely by men, but I did not know that until I was told, because there were a number dressed as young ladies, and I never saw more handsome young ladies than these men made! They were splendid actors, too, and it was a very delightful and wholesome evening we spent.

After visiting a number of the hospitals we came back to England.

The authorities gave us every opportunity to come in contact with the men who have immortalized themselves and Canada by their courage, determination, marvelous endurance and wonderful initiative. That was the statement made by those who have come in contact with them. I never met more optimistic men than they are; in France I did not hear a pessimistic word. I met men going into the line and others coming out of the line; they were all anxious for the time when the war will cease and they will come home again, but not one of them had a pessimistic word. Another thing about the men is their brotherliness. Oh, those men love one another. I heard many stories of their sacrifices for each other. A colonel told me he went into the trenches and found a young man who had been on guard till he was chilled to the bone, and he was shivering, his teeth chattering; another man, who had been sent to relieve him, was using awful language—which the colonel heard while out of sight of the men—but the man took off his own trench coat, wrapped it around the young man, and said, "Lie down there and stop your shivering and chattering"—and he himself went forward and spent his time on guard without this trench coat. Time and again men have gone over the parapet into No Man's Land to bring back a companion. Thus they have shown that they are willing to sacrifice their lives, not only in the cause of righteousness and truth, but for each other as well.

Another thing—those men don't like to be pitied. I went into a hospital car at Winnipeg before going overseas and there were soldiers coming down to Toronto to get artificial arms and limbs, and I told them of a young fellow who had returned to Saskatchewan blind, and while I was there he was married to the most popular young lady in that Province, and I said, "She is more popular now than she was before." A man who had lost a foot said, "I'd rather be dead than blind, he will have to be led around all his life." I said, "He will, but he has some one to lead him around." He said, "They usually do that, anyhow." Another young fellow told of a man who had come back with both legs gone, and a woman came up to him and said, "Poor fellow, I am so sorry for you, are you married?" He replied, "No, Ma'am, this is the worst that has happened to me yet." I told that story in a number of hospitals.

You may ask, what about the vices to which the men are subjected? Well, unfortunately there is a good deal of profanity amongst them, and I think there is a good deal of gambling, too. You can understand that, and it is unfortunate. One officer was specially addicted to gambling, and his O.C. told him he should stop it. He said, "Now you are going to that other battalion, and you should be careful. I don't mean that you should never gamble and take bets, but don't make a practice of it." He replied, "Well, I'll take a bet with you before I leave." (You will find out later what it was.) He went to the other battalion, the O.C. of which knew his reputation, and he said, "I hope you will not do much gambling here." He made the same remark as to the other O.C. but added, "I'd like to have a bet with you before I stop." "What is it?" "Well, I'll bet $50 that you have two red spots on your back." The O.C. took the bet, bared himself, and there were no spots. So the man said, "I was mistaken, here's the $50." The O.C. sent word to the O.C. of the other battalion, "I cured him, I took $50 from him." To which the first O.C. replied, "That's all right for you, but the bet he made with me was that he would have the shirt off your back before he was there an hour; and that bet was for $100."

It would be wrong and foolish to minimize the great temptations to which those men are subjected, and if the British government could do anything to lessen or remove these, we Canadians will gratefully appreciate what they do; but we must remember that there never was a government in any age of the world that had heavier burdens than the British government has to-day, and we should be patient with them and try to understand their difficulties. Now, drunkenness is not the great vice, as far as I can learn. I know that people say, "You preachers don't know what you are talking about; you don't see the worst." Well, I went every place where I could possibly find out about Canadians. I went into a certain hotel in London where Col. Almond said I would meet more Canadians than anywhere else, and I did meet hundreds of them. I would go to a group of them and get in touch with them. All the time I was in England and France I did not see more than a dozen drunk Canadians. I am not saying they were not there; no doubt there were many more, but I did not see them; and it was at Piccadilly Circus that I was—just the place where one would be likely to see them. I am a prohibitionist, and would like to see every drop of liquor swept away, but I want to say there has been a marvelous improvement in Britain. I said to a policeman in London, "You have a hard time, and a great deal to do here," and he said, "Not so much as I had once, my work is chiefly with drunken men, but things were very much worse fifteen years ago. I have seen children going into saloons after school, to take their mothers out who were in there." The hours for sale of drink have been shortened. I understand treating is forbidden now, though I do not know how the law is enforced in regard to that. Other things have been improved as to conditions as far as drink is concerned. I would like to see prohibition in England and Scotland, but there are difficulties in the way, and while temperance people are doing everything in their power, we must be patient.

I have official reports in regard to venereal diseases that are remarkably good, but you cannot always judge by official reports. You must remember that there are a good many who do not come in contact with the doctors. Official reports give only two, four, six per cent. of our men affected, and that is remarkably good. In London certain evils are great, and when our men go on leave there as strangers, without homes as the English have—though the people are doing a great deal in that respect—our boys who are brought in contact with those who are evil are no doubt in many cases led astray. But when I came in contact with our men and looked into their faces—men whom I knew, and some I did not, I could not and do not believe that the majority of those men who had been in the trenches one or two years and yet were so strong, had been led astray. Whilst everything should be done to remove that evil, it seems to me that the first thing that you and I are to do is to see that our own country, Canada, is free from these vices. London has nearly as many inhabitants as we have in Canada; yet if we examined all our people, foreigners and others, I wonder if the conditions would be what we would desire? While we are to ask the British Government to do what they can, yet we are to remember the difficulties they have, and our chief duty is to see that our own country is kept clear and pure.

Many influences are brought to bear on the men to help them. The Y.M.C.A. are doing a splendid work; in their huts the men can play games, smoke, hear music, and get the things they need, and the Y.M.C.A. is surrounding them with good, spiritual atmosphere. Then I cannot speak too strongly of the work of the chaplains, many of whom have gone with the men right into the battlefield, and have carried the wounded back, have held dying lads in their arms, and buried many of those who have been slain. Some of the finest men I ever knew are connected with the chaplain service. I attended a conference in France of both Protestant and Catholic chaplains. I may tell you a story in connection with that. I went into a shoe-shine parlor in Toronto just before going overseas. There a returned soldier gave me his place, as I was hurried. He told me he had been in the war 18 months, and was badly wounded, and when I told him what I was going overseas for, he said it was a chaplain, Captain Madden, who carried him out when he was wounded, but as he was blinded at the time, he would not know the chaplain if he saw him, though he would recognize his voice anywhere. I took this young fellow's name and address, and in France I told that story. When I mentioned the name of Capt. Madden, who is a Catholic, there was general applause. After the meeting a man came up to me and said, "I did not hear the address, but I am Captain Madden, and I want to thank you for the story you told." It was a wonderful thing, 4,000 miles away, to have that testimony as to the work of the chaplains.

The spirit of brotherhood among the chaplains is simply wonderful. I could not tell there who was Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian or Methodist, they all seemed to be so much alike. Father Workman, a Catholic, accompanied us over to France, I said, "Don't you feel a little strange, taking an Anglican Bishop and a Presbyterian over to France?" He replied, "Oh, if I had my way I'd take you farther, I'd take you to Rome!" Let us and the churches stand behind the chaplains, and make them feel that we are interested in them, and that we appreciate their splendid work.

But after all, the greatest influence that has been brought on the men is the home; though I could speak of the splendid work of the nurses and doctors if time allowed. Thank God for the nurses and the work they are doing. When the men get to hospital it means a great deal to them to have those pure, true young women, skilled and sympathetic, ministering to them. Nothing will enable them to realize true womanhood more than that. But how interested the men were when I would speak of the home! I was told that one day a man fished out of his pocket a Montreal street-car ticket, and it was passed around and eagerly scanned; the very fact that it reminded them of Montreal meant a great deal to them. Col. Almond said that one day he was up near one of the big guns that had not a speck of dust on it, and the places that could be made bright were shining. He complimented the man in charge of the gun, and the man said—mark this—"The kitchen range at home is always bright, and I want this gun to be as bright as the kitchen range." I told the boys I hoped they would remember what they had received in the home, and come back unchanged to the homes where loved ones were praying for them.

Let us keep in closest touch with those men; make them realize that we have not forgotten them; that both in the church and the home we are thinking of them and praying for them, and doing everything in our power so that they may receive the right kind of welcome on their return. I do wish that on the boats coming back the men could be treated with all possible courtesy. Col. Hanson, the O.C. in charge of the returning men, addressed them on leaving—an address highly moral in its character and Christian in tone, and he said, "You have done splendid work over here, and we want you to go to Canada in such a way that you will not lose the magnificent reputation you have gained for your splendid work in France." I do think it would be a good thing if no liquor were sold on the boats, especially when they are in the danger zone. It is of vital importance that all the men should have clear intellects, that they should be alert, and be at their best when there is danger of their being torpedoed.

THE FOOD SITUATION OVERSEAS

AN ADDRESS BY HON. EVERETT COLBY

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, April 10, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN AND NEIGHBORS,—It was but a very few weeks ago that I stood on the battlefield of Vimy Ridge, a soil hallowed and made sacred to every lover of justice by Canadians, your countrymen, whose courage has made their names immortal. I stood on that battlefield by that cross with the thousands of Canadian names engraved on it, and I thought of the sacrifices those men had made.

I stopped in the Cathedral on my way to this luncheon and I heard a very wonderful and beautiful prayer, which said that we were fighting for the precious blood that was shed on Calvary. As I heard those words I saw the picture of that cross in my mind by which I stood at Vimy, and I thought of the Calvary of your men; and then I came home and I found many of my own countrymen forgetful, thoughtless—so thoughtless that they were eating just exactly as they pleased, and doing exactly as they pleased.

Now, as I speak on the food situation, I would like to have you shoot your minds across the sea to that battlefield and think of what your men have done for you and for us. Across the border in our country we shall not

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Mr. Colby is a prominent lawyer in New Jersey. He has been in public life for over fifteen years as a member of the State Board of Education, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. He was chosen by the United States Food Administration as a member of a Commission to proceed overseas and study the food situation at first hand, with the purpose of undertaking active propaganda work throughout the United States.

forget it; they have not only been defenders of their race, but they have kept the Hun from their neighbors' gate. We know that, and we shall never forget it. When I came home from the front I could not believe that people, especially the people of my own country, could be passing through this great period in the world's history and be blind to the issue; and yet I have no doubt you have some people in Canada who are still asleep. You have not as many as we have. No, I have not come up here to make excuses for my country. I have not come up, on the other hand, to apologize. You know the situation just as well as I do. You know that 25% of our people have come into our country during the last twenty years. You know what that means; you know how difficult it is to form public opinion rightly when that is the case. I do not offer that as an excuse;—there was no excuse, and people of our country do not attempt to make one now. We are late; we have been slow; we have been heavy; we have been selfish; we have been fat; we have been slothful; and now that the die is cast, every live drop of blood, every stick of timber, is pledged eternally to the winning of this war.

I wish I could take you all back to the battlefield of Vimy Ridge—the most wonderful day I think I ever experienced. It was the first time we had ever seen any action; it was the second day after we had got to France. We were first taken up to General Haig's headquarters and the following morning, to Vimy. The artillery was in very lively action, and as I was walking across that field I felt a cringing under my left foot and on looking down I found a poor fellow who had died on that field. They showed me that great crater. Just think; your men had worked for nine months drilling and tunnelling under your own trenches and the German trenches, and they got within 50 feet of the point where they wanted to place the mine, and they discovered that they had run into a German trench in which they had buried their dead three, four and five months before. Your engineers had to put on their gas masks and build their tunnel through 50 feet of solid putrefaction. They did it, and then they blew up the mine. I could hardly believe that I was actually standing there—at the very heart of the greatest conflict the world has ever seen. I thought I must be at some show. I saw the artillery fire, and I sat on the edge of a dug-out, and all of a sudden—Whirr! I looked, and right over my head there was a young fellow of 18, heading straight for the German lines. I asked, "Where is that boy going?" The reply was, "Oh, he is going over to take a photograph of the German trenches." Well, I suppose that is an old story to you, but it was a very new story to me to see it. I thought, is it possible that pretty soon I will see that beautiful bird just fold its wings and come crashing down to earth? I was petrified. In just a few seconds there came six shots from the Germans; and there was that boy right in the centre. He dropped the nose of his plane, dropped down 300 or 400 feet, and came back. I said "He has had enough; he is coming home." But not a bit of it; he turned right around and went over the same spot, and I counted twenty-one shells right around him. I thought that was one of the most magnificent pieces of work I ever saw in my life; I had never seen such pluck. There were some British officers present, and I said "Isn't it wonderful?" What do you think their reply was?—"Oh, I say, a jolly piece of work!" That was the only response. Of course, they see it so much; they are all doing it; they are doing it every day, every hour, and it meant nothing to them but a "jolly piece of work." Now, we Americans have a great fashion of making the Englishman talk; I enjoy it so much that I get them to talk. We had an air raid the first evening in London, and as we were guests of the British Government, of course members of the Foreign Office called immediately to see if anything had happened to us. I said "No, the only thing is that we have lost our wash"—the bomb had come right at the roof and hurt that; and the English officer said "Oh, I say, extraordinary casualty! Extraordinary!" They killed 28 people that night in London. We went off to see what damage was done and behind one tenement house, the home of poor people, a bomb had taken a great tree right out by the roots, shot it right up into the air, and the branches had caught on the fire escape at the second story of that tenement house, and there they were swinging the next morning. Out in the street was a little boy of six with his head all bandaged up and the blood streaming down his face. I tell you, my friends, if I had got my fingers on a German that morning he would not have had the ghost of a show. That was the first time we had that terrible war feeling that comes over you when you see the methods of the Bosche.

When we went over to General Haig's headquarters, we had a rather interesting time with one Canadian battery of eight Howitzers. I had never seen any of the big guns at work, and I wanted to see them, and they said I might go out because it was slightly foggy—the road is entirely under the muzzles of the German guns on a clear day. We got out of 40 feet under the ground in the dug-out of the Canadian commander of this battery, and he remarked that it was too bad it was so quiet that day. We were sitting around talking and smoking in his comfortable quarters, where he had two or three rocking chairs, his books and a comfortable bed, when all of a sudden the telephone rang, and you should have seen that fellow's face change. There was a command to open fire, 15 rounds at will, with each gun, at the German battery that had just been marked. I knew nothing about this artillery business at all, and I was perfectly amazed. The officer took me over to a map which was divided into thousands of little squares, and he held a lot of numbers in his left hand; that was the location on the map. He finally put a pin in the middle of the little square, and he said, "Mr. Colby, there is the battery we are after." Then he called for the atmospheric pressure gauge, and he got it, and he got the wind gauge—and he even found out how rapidly the wind was blowing, and then—bless my soul,—he found out how rapidly the earth was revolving; and when he had this all figured out, he called upon his other guns and gave the command and location. Then he said, "We will go out and see them work." I climbed out of the dug-out, but could not see anything but trenches. We walked about 300 yards and came to a lot of green boughs on the ground; that was camouflage; underneath the boughs was a whale of a gun, the biggest thing you ever saw in your life—as big as a house. We got down there, and as they started to load, a shall as big as any one of you men was brought, and the Colonel asked me if I did not want to fire it. There was only one thing I could say, and that was that I did not want to do anything else but fire that gun. It is a funny thing, the foolish thoughts that will run through a man's head when he is about to do something to which he is not accustomed; but at that moment I had just one fear in my mind, and that was that I would wink! I didn't want those Canadian officers to see me make a face, so I offered up a little prayer, "I don't want to wink, I don't want to wink," and I took hold of that string, and maybe I didn't give it a yank. Well, I made the most awful face you ever saw; I couldn't hear anything for two hours; I nearly lost my teeth; everything shook. I believe the Germans have some sort of instrument to detect the location of a battery, so they hurried us into motors as fast as they could and got us back to headquarters, so I never found out whether my shell hit or not.

But this is not getting down to the food business. I wonder if you appreciate how very serious it is over there? I wonder if you will be shocked to hear me say that if the United States conducted themselves as they were conducting themselves three weeks ago we would lose the war? Now, I don't bring you these messages on my own authority; I bring them to you from Lord Rhonda, from the French Food Controller, from the Premier of France. They cannot win without food, and they have not got it. I do not know what you know about the situation up here, but in the United States they do not understand; they think that the slogan, "Food will win the War," was simply got up as a slogan to attract attention, and that it does not mean anything. Do you know, that it is an actual statement of fact that if we keep on being 48,000,000 of bushels behind our pledge, as we were three weeks ago, they are going to have famine in Europe?

I was in France in January. Some departments had no white bread at all. Every butcher shop in London on the Sunday I was there was closed up—no meat. In Paris they were driving all their cattle to market, and in the Food Bureau they told me that if they did not get grain and meal in three months they were going to have a meat famine.

Do you know what a famine is? You are so prosperous at home here,—you up here and we in the States; I suppose, not a man in this room has ever heard a starving child cry. But I have: I was in India at the time of the famine; I have looked into the eyes of starving children, dying just for the want of a little corn. Their skin was drawn over their ribs as tight as the top of a drum. They proved to me with a pencil and paper in France that if we do not save food over here we are going to hear that cry of starving children in a mighty few months. Think what that is going to mean. It is true. I am not here to make any excuses, but I never felt so humiliated with my own country as when I was there; so much so that I did not know what to do. I am no Victor Hugo, but a man over there said to me, "Mr. Colby, when the men of my regiment heard what you were doing in the United States, they actually mutinied; they said, "We will die in the trenches with the Sammies; we will go down in the ships with the Sammies, but, by God, we won't starve when they have the food that could save us!" Think of how I felt when I got a telegram from Mr. Hoover saying we had sent every bushel of surplus wheat we had in the country! I am telling you these things, my friends, because you are not doing any better in the food line than we are, not a bit.

Now, I am not here to criticize, but we are here to help each other. We are slackers in the food line, which is our job. They won't let me fight or you fight, but the one job we have is to save food.

I tell you frankly, I can't see a man eat a piece of white bread. I simply leave the table, because, after seeing the things I have seen, I can't keep my mouth shut. All I would have to do is to take you over into your hospitals and let you see your own men; see a boy carried around in a sack because he has no arms and no legs; and then you come back and find somebody eating white bread! Every time you touch one speck of white bread you are stretching your ugly fingers across the sea and taking it from the plate of your own men or from the lips of the starving Belgian children; that is what you are doing—just by so much indirection, because there is just so much wheat in the world, and they won't get it if you eat it. You ought not to touch one piece of white bread until this war is over.

So many people ask me, "Well, what can I do? I want to work; I didn't know how serious this war situation was; I know that we undertook to send 6,000,000 barrels of flour overseas every month for six months, to win this war." They say, "I read the Canadian literature and Mr. Hoover's literature, and it all gets into the waste basket because it comes in chunks; but what can I do?" This is what you can do:—don't let any one in your household have more than a pound and a half of wheat flour in a week; two and a half pounds of meat; seven ounces of butter; seven ounces of flour for cooking purposes; seven ounces of fat per person per week; twelve ounces of sugar. You live up to that ration and you are playing the game; you are doing your share to win this war.

I tell you, the situation over there is critical. After having seen your men right in the trenches, on the battle line, and around with the French at the front, I don't believe for one minute that the Germans are ever going to break that line; they will never do it, never in this world. I shall never forget the last visit we paid to Mr. Clemenceau. He was very tired. I wonder how many of you have ever seen him—his wonderful head, wonderful black eyes, very small hands, and very small feet? He was sitting at his desk and I said, "Mr. Clemenceau, have you no message for my people?" At first I could hardly hear him; his head was bowed over his hands; then he said, "Yes, tell them that we will wait for them; tell them that we have confidence in them, because we have seen their men; while we are waiting, though, they will never know what France is suffering before they come; we will fight one more battle, possibly two, but we will hold the line! France has made the supreme sacrifice. On August 1st, 1914, she had 6,000,000 men. Now, 1,300,000 of those men lie dead. 1,700,000 of those men are disabled for life, but we still have 3,000,000 men that will hold that line until the end."

During the last two months I have been through the states of Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. In every meeting we have held, the people have been kind enough to stand up and pledge themselves to observe strictly, and to the end of the war, the rules of the United States Food Administration. I wonder if we cannot to-day unite our efforts, and I wonder if you would not be willing, before you leave this room, to stand up and pledge yourselves to abide by the rules of your Canadian Food Commission until the end of the war?

[The entire audience rose and responded to the pledge, and remained standing while they drank to the toast of the President of the United States, and sang, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."]

RED CROSS WORK OVERSEAS

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
April 17, 1918

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am sorry to be a little late. I feel a little bit like the American army to-day, a little late, rather hurried, and a slight feeling of unpreparedness. But I am here and, I hope, in time. (Loud applause.)

I have had the most wonderful and interesting five months in Europe, and during the time I was over there I cannot tell you how many were the occasions on which I heard the praises of Canada's sons, and sung in so many ways that it seemed to me as if it were part of my own country,—as if it really mattered tremendously to me what was happening to the Canadians. I had such a sense of real pride in your achievements that I am glad to be here to-day to tell you what, perhaps, you cannot say yourselves,—how perfectly splendid you have been, —and to voice that very deep respect I have for you.

I had the pleasure of meeting a relative of Sir Julien Byng, and we talked confidentially about the Canadians. This relative had heard him say the Canadians had one fault, a very real fault which he was afraid it would be impossible for them to overcome, and that was that they did not know fear. I thought it was a very nice compli-

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Mrs. Belmont had, at the time of this address, just returned from France, having been commissioned by the American Red Cross Society to investigate the needs and advise methods for Red Cross activities planned by the United States.

Mrs. Belmont's charming personality and stage presence will be recalled by all who remember the delightful way in which, as Eleanor Robson, she endeared herself to the public of America.

ment from one who must know so very much about the Canadians, and know them in action.

I had been working for three and a half years in war work, but devoting my attention absolutely to the French and Belgians, and when I went over to Europe in September, I decided to go to England and find out what was being done there. I had heard little things but nothing that in any way prepared me for what I was to find when I landed in Great Britain. I cannot adequately describe the atmosphere that greeted me. In the first place, the trip over was the greatest surprise I have ever experienced; the wonderful calmness with which everyone behaved was amazing. The ship had been attacked and had been in dry dock for four months with a hole in her side large enough for two tram cars to go through, so the steward told me. When we left New York I was utterly astonished at the camouflage over the ship itself. It was painted in squares of green, pink, yellow and blue, and seemed to me to be most horribly conspicuous. We tried not to talk of these things but hopelessly failed, and they were the principal subject of discussion at every meal. The old ways seemed to be forgotten and when we sighted a ship on the horizon, instead of the usual feeling of gladness at the sight of a passing ship and the customary whistling and waving, we all hoped and prayed it would not see us, and we would have a few nerve-racking moments when a "tramp" ship that we saw would develop greater speed than we could and cross our bows and then drop down alongside. But we arrived very quietly without mishap at our destination, and the atmosphere into which we then entered made me think that I was "Alice" and that this was the new "Wonderland."

I was totally unprepared for London. Of course, you all know about the raids and what it has done to the sentiment of the people, but London at night is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable and reminds you of a dimly lighted cathedral, while the searchlights playing all over give you the impression of beautiful fountains as they bathe the city with their brilliance.

When I asked about the effect of the raids on the lives of the people over there, the only comment I received was that they felt very tired. "We work very hard all day and if we have to get up in the night and go down into a cellar we feel very, very tired"; they were tired but not terrified. I found that wonderful sense of calm everywhere I went, and there was almost a religious earnestness in the manner in which they performed the work that is being done.

When I came away I tried to sum up for myself what I had seen in the five months and I was especially impressed by three facts that stood out more prominently than the rest. One was the spirit of the French soldier for which it is impossible not to have the deepest admiration. (Applause.) A second was the work of the American Red Cross. They seem to have performed wonders. And thirdly, the women of England and what they are doing. I asked a surgeon over there what he thought was the most splendid thing in connection with the war as he had seen it. I expected him to tell me something about a battle he had witnessed or something of that kind, or the heroism or valor of some individual, but instead of that he said he thought the glory of the war had been the English women. (Applause.) I had not seen very much of the work in England at that time and I was rather amazed, but, at the same time I thought it was a very nice compliment indeed and that English women would like to hear it although, of course, no matter what the men may say they think is the glory of the war, we know it is the men themselves.

My tour kept me in a state of constant amazement and I finally felt I had employed all the exclamation points at my command, and whenever I would say "How perfectly magnificent your organizations are" or "What wonderful things you are doing!" I was always greeted with the same modest answer "We have had three years to do it in," and I always had the feeling that we were going to benefit by their mistakes.

I went into the canteens and the hospitals for the blind and the mutilated, and all that I could possibly see in three weeks in London commencing at nine in the morning and going around until twelve midnight, and my admiration knew no bounds. In the canteens I found the kind of work the women are doing was in many instances absolutely unemotional, absolutely "common garden" things that are vitally necessary but totally uninteresting to do, and I would ask "How long have you been washing dishes in this canteen?" and they would say "two years" or "two and a half years," "three years," "ever since it started," or whatever time they had spent therein, and I would say "Are you not tired?" and they would answer "Oh, yes," and I would say "Are you looking for something new to do?" and they would reply "Oh, no; we are useful here and so we are just going right on." What wonderful fortitude and self-sacrifice! That is what I found everywhere I went. When I returned home I went to see a play and a little sentence I caught made me think of the spirit with which the women of England are doing those kinds of jobs: A British nobleman who was over-age when the call came, enlisted as an ordinary Tommy and in due time came home on leave, and when his relatives saw him, they exclaimed, "What have you been doing all this time?" and he replied "Lately I have been a mess sergeant." "What is that?" asked his friends and when they were informed that he had been superintending the washing of the dishes they exclaimed, "Good gracious, how did you come to be doing that?" and he said, "Oh, I don't know; influence, I suppose." (Laughter.) That was the way they treated my admiration for the unemotional tasks they are doing, and when I hear women over here saying how tired they are of making surgical dressings, I just wish I could transport them to England and show them the meaning of real self-sacrifice.

In addition, I found so many women in England wearing uniforms, partly because it is economical and also because it is a badge of service, and they are very, very proud of that badge.

I think your V.A.D. excites the greatest amount of admiration (hear, hear) because those volunteers have gone to their work with the usual magnificnt spirit and it did not matter what they did or where they were put, they were there to be useful. That was the spirit I found all through the British zone when I got there.

Then the little "Waacs",—the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps—which, in the war zone are usually running around in twos and threes looking rather frightened until they have been nicknamed the "Women's arm in arm corps," cannot fail to excite the very highest admiration when you see them "doing their bit," which, let me assure you, is a very big "bit" indeed.

Another significant incident is worthy of mention. I went to the Ritz Hotel to take some American officers to tea, and I thought I would just give them as good a treat as I could before they crossed to France and so I ordered everything I could think of and the waiter looked rather amazed and finally said, "What do you want?" and when I suggested two kinds of things he said, "Which will you have? You cannot have both." I found as I went into various places the lack of tea and jam and bacon and meat. I found black bread everywhere. But when I got over to the British war zone I found all the things I have mentioned in enormous quantities and I realized they were doing without the things at home in order that the boys in the trenches might have them.

Prior to entering the British war zone I had spent some time in the French war zone and the American war zone, going into the various types of work the American Red Cross is doing over there, and I had seen so much suffering that I was beginning to feel a little bit crushed, but the five days I spent with the British swept it all away and renewed my hope and faith and spirits.

I find we have been talking about the length of the line over here, but not of the depth of the line. The length of the line can only be valuable in proportion to its depth. They asked me what I thought of the British war zone and I said that only one word could describe it, solidity. And so in these days when our hearts are torn with the news in the papers I think of the days when I had the privilege of going over that very territory on which they are now fighting, and the anxiety and uncertainty of it all becomes exhausting. Still, deep down in my heart I know that anxiety is only on account of the desperate fighting I know they are going through in holding that line. I have the greatest confidence in our Allies and I wish to impart this feeling to you, too, although I feel sure you have enough of your own. I know they are suffering horribly over there just now, and they may be forced to retreat a little bit more and yet a little bit more, but I feel with all my heart and soul that the Germans will never break through. (Loud applause.) I don't say that because I want you to live in a fool's paradise, because I think real courage compels us to look the worst in the face, and we should face the worst and then go forward. (Loud applause.)

I visited five of the Base towns in order to see the operations therein and I was totally unprepared for what I saw. In one base, there were 42,000 beds and what they were doing to economize in every possible way was a revelation to me and the last word in efficiency. For instance, in the early days bandages that had been used for the dressing of bad wounds were always burnt, but now they are sterilizing that horrible stuff and when it comes out it is used for gun cotton, and millions of pounds of cotton will probably be saved in that way. The disposal of waste products too, was wonderful. These waste products are put into an incinerator which burns day and night and through which water pipes run which are connected with baths and thus hot water baths are provided for the men by the consumption of the waste. In the quartermaster's department everything is being done to economize material. Old uniforms are being renewed and old shoe nails are being made new again,—everything from an old shoe nail to a Howitzer gun is carefully restored. And then the wonderful optimism of the soldiers themselves! I arrived in a certain town at sunset just as the British and French soldiers were departing for Italy, and I felt very unhappy because I thought they would be rather sorrowful about going to Italy but there was no evidence of any such feeling on their part. I arrived in this little town where I don't suppose more than three houses were left standing and, as I say, I was amazed at the cheerfulness the soldiers displayed and at the way in which they tried to make themselves comfortable by putting pieces of corrugated tin across the top of what is left of the walls and making dugouts in the cellars, and if you offered them cigarettes, they always received them with a sort of shyness, with an air of "Don't deprive yourself" sort of thing. The canteen there had holes in the side of it from a recent bombardment and somewhere in the interior was a little Victor talking machine grinding out, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," and when I went in and looked at the horn of the machine, I saw a hole in it which had been made by a piece of flying shell, and the hole was covered with a piece of red white and blue ribbons as a decoration. I thought that at the front there might be some vindictive feeling among the men against the enemy but when I asked them what they thought of the Germans, the Tommies just said, "Oh, Fritzie is a naughty boy."

One of the things that England will be proud of when this war is over is the manner in which England has fought the war. In England I found that the German prisoners had cheese while the English people had none, and the German officer prisoners had just as comfortable huts as your own soldiers. One thing I would say, too, and that is that there should be no side issues in this war. The one and only thing to do now is to win the war. If any people say they cannot fight under the British flag let them go and fight under the flag of some other ally. We, in the United States, tried to be neutral —we did our best to steer a middle course—but it was impossible. We could not be neutral. We are our brothers' keepers. If we are saving a little or doing a little work and we say we are doing all we can, we are making a great mistake. We lack a sense of time, and it is essential that we should get into the procession right now, and do all we can. I used to think we had outgrown the age of chivalry, that chivalry belonged to the middle ages and that romance was gone out of the world, but I have discovered that all we read, imagined or dreamed cannot come up to the splendid valor and chivalry of the modern soldier. I can recall only one case of a soldier breaking down. I found a little nurse crying and asked her what was the matter and she said, "Oh, I just cannot help it. My heart has been touched so a moment ago by the sight of a dear boy only 20 years old, who has been a year and a half in the service, and who has suffered terribly. We have tried to save his leg but it had to be amputated and I found him crying a little while ago and when I scolded him he said, 'Oh, it is not the pain, but I cannot go back now to my old regiment'." (Applause.) Don't you feel there is not anything in the world you would not go through to help such men?

When I returned to America I was asked: "Are you going around to ask for money to help the war along?" and I said "No, I am just going to ask the workers to give more, to add to their numbers, and if when they asked anyone to do something they were told it would be done next week or next month or later on, to take them by the coat collar and make them do it right now. (Applause.)

In conclusion let me again congratulate you on the wonderful work you have done over there, and to say how happy I am to have had the privilege of addressing you. (Loud and continued applause.)

THE FINANCE OF THE WAR

AN ADDRESS BY SIR EDMUND WALKER

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, April 25, 1918

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—We are at the gravest moment in the history of civilization. That is a statement which, unfortunately, needs no further explanation. We are all aware that it is the gravest moment not only in our history but in the history of the world. We are a little like a man trying to cross an unsafe bridge who, if he takes his eyes off the bridge for a moment, may be lost. And yet, as he crosses he will, from time to time, glance at the farther end and endeavor to anticipate what he will find on his arrival there.

There are in Canada and elsewhere a great many people who comfort themselves with the idea that Right always wins in the long run, but I am afraid history does not justify that kind of optimism, if by "the long run" we mean time measured merely by centuries. A Christian Emperor of Rome was successful over a pagan Emperor and a great step in the right direction was gained; but we know that Rome, later on, was visited by the Goths, and that other Huns with another Attila over them swept across Europe. We know, too, that the Asiatic Tartar drove himself between the European Slavs and is still there in Hungary and we have not yet got

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Sir Edmund Walker is well known as a leader in Canadian Banking and Financial circles generally. Moreover, Sir Edmund has been equally prominent in Patriotic and Educational work, so that with a thorough knowledge of finance, he combines that broad outlook for the present and future citizenship of Canada which led him to discuss his subject from a human as well as economic point of view.

the unspeakable Turk out of Europe. It is therefore evident that we have no reason for comforting ourselves with the idea that we shall win this war simply because we are right.

There is, however, one great difference between the allies in this war and those who happened to be right but who were defeated in these earlier wars. We are fighting now for the kind of individual liberty that began with the Anglo Saxon in King Alfred's time, and for the right of small nations to develop without menace from the large. We are not fighting to save dynasties or emperors or kings,—and we are going to win this war because the Tommies in the trenches (in spite of all the fun that Bairnsfather can make out of them) know why they are fighting, know that it is for the liberty of the world, without which life is not worth living. As has often been said, if we lose it will not be due to those who are fighting our battles in the trenches, in the air or on the sea, but to the people at home having lost their nerve, having become war-weary and failing to back up the men who are fighting for them at the front. Yesterday I saw a message which a gentleman had received telling of the wonderful optimism of the troops during the critical period of the last few weeks, and it indicated that cheerful optimism is greatest at the front, and diminishes in proportion as one goes back therefrom.

In 1913 when our fiscal year ended, on the 31st of March, we were in the extraordinary position of a country with what we then thought an enormous foreign trade amounting to $1,063,000,000, but with a balance against us of $310,000,000 and with interest upon our foreign indebtedness amounting to $125,000,000 or $150,000,000, and we looked to England to purchase enough securities from us to square that account, as she had done for several years before, and she did so.

Last year our foreign trade had grown to $2,043,000,000, and we had so completely turned the balance that our exports were $315,000,000 more than our imports, and it is clear that if those exports had been to customers who could pay as ordinary merchants do, our finances would have been very easy and we should have paid our interest on our foreign debts without difficulty.

But I would like to draw your attention to the fact that in that year we bought from the outside world $865,000,000 worth of goods of which $678,000,000 worth came from the United States, and that figure represents approximately $400,000,000 more than the value of the merchandise which the United States bought from us. I ask you to carry that figure in your mind because it is tremendously important.

For the fiscal year ending 31st March, 1918, our foreign trade was $2,564,000,000. That is to say, our foreign trade in 1918 was two and a half times as great as it was in 1914 when the War broke out.

Our immediate problem is to manufacture and produce every kind of article needed by Great Britain and our Allies from wheat, to aeroplane engines, indeed, everything from the simplest article of food to the most complicated kind of manufactures. In the early part of the war we did not dream that we could pay the cost of our share in it, and we asked England to help us at the rate of so much per month, an arrangement which lasted for four or five months when it was realized that we had to help ourselves. Then we realized that it was Canada who should extend credit to Great Britain, at least for a part of the munitions produced by us, and later, when England had poured into the United States through the Canadian mint over $1,000,000,000 of gold sent here from her overseas Dominions, we all realized that the time had come when she must have credit for a period longer than the war for everything she bought.

Canada, however, could not possibly give long credit for everything she made for Great Britain unless she were a self-contained country, and unless the interest on her foreign indebtedness were met in some other way than payment in international money. If we could feed and clothe ourselves and provide the necessary houses and shops and factories in which to work, and if we possessed all the raw materials necessary, then we could give Great Britain long credit for practically everything.

It is evident, however, that if we had to buy from the United States $400,000,000 worth of merchandise more than we sold her, we could not do so. That was the problem we had to face last year and in a still larger degree, it is the problem this year. When the argument was used that we were buying these materials from the United States mainly in order to produce munitions, the natural trading instinct of the American prompted him to ask: "Why don't we make the munitions?" and it was the business of the British representatives in Washington to induce the American mind to appreciate certain fundamental facts in connection with the war, one being that every farm and every workshop in all North America, except Mexico, is necessary for the support of our armies.

Let me for a moment explain to you how we settled our account when we had securities to sell last year. I said at the outset that before the war we always settled by selling securities in Great Britain or to European countries who followed the lead of Great Britain. One of the biggest problems we had to face when war broke out was whether the United States would take the place of Great Britain and buy our securities. They did so in an admirable spirit. Presently it was discovered that we were manufacturing on an enormous scale for Great Britain and we realized that we had the power to absorb large masses of securities ourselves whether for our own share in the war or for that of Great Britain. In 1917 Great Britain took $5,000,000, (a renewal) the United States $187,000,000 and Canada $580,000,000 out of the total of $772,000,000 of Canadian issues offered for sale, and in addition, the banks lent a very large sum on Treasury obligations of the British Government and of Canada.

But when we come to the present year, the United States has closed the market to the world for securities, and Canada is left in the position of absorbing herself, any securities which the Finance Minister may permit to be issued, whether public or private. We shall therefore have to estimate without the $187,000,000 which the United States provided in the previous year by buying our securities. I hope that these figures are enough to indicate what a banker means when he says that everything should be done to prevent the bringing into this country of unnecessary goods and also to prevent within this country unnecessary expenditures, even if the goods are made here, for with every dollar diverted from its present use, a dollar's worth of war supplies can be made which without that dollar will never be made, and every dollar expended on something unnecessary to carry on the war is a dollar's worth of power lost to our cause. That is a precise and accurate statement from which it is impossible for anyone to escape who understands financial problems. We bankers, too, have from the commencement of the war, constantly urged the necessity for thrift, partly, of course, for the sake of the saver, but infinitely more for the sake of the country. I suppose some people thought we were anxious to secure deposits, while others thought we were speaking of thrift in the abstract because thrift is good for the individual. But it became quite apparent quite early in the war that it was necessary to practise thrift because the individual might very well spend money that should be used in the buying of securities to help win the war, and therefore thrift for the country as a whole is the vital thing. The men and women working in the munition shops receive at the end of the week certain pieces of paper called bank notes which they regard as money and which has the purchasing power of money. That money is created really in consequence of the munitions being made. It is the making of the munitions that creates that money or that instrument of credit, and it is not helpful if the person getting that money as the price for making the munitions shall buy with it more than the reasonable necessaries of life. We have no right at such a time as the present to spend our earnings as we please. After keeping ourselves in food and clothes and shelter as economically as possible, it is our duty to hand the remainder over for War Bonds. From the first I have advocated that we should issue securities so small that on pay day every working man or woman would have the opportunity of purchasing a bond, at least as low as ten dollars. We should, however, at the present time issue a Thrift stamp and a War Savings stamp, and it should be made possible for everybody to invest as little as twenty-five cents, or even five cents, in the furtherance of our fight for democracy. It should be impressed upon the minds of the whole people that whatever they receive over and above what will provide for their necessaries and keep them decently, does not belong to them as absolutely as in peace times but should be turned back immediately into War Loan Securities.

In England it was a long time before they could make the public understand the purpose and value of the War Certificate, and in spite of much advertizing they were not quite as successful as some people thought they should have been. To-day, however, they are selling weekly to the working men and women of England an average of £2,000,000, Sterling of these apparently trifling War Certificates, while as yet in Canada nothing of that kind has been done; the smaller sums have so far been ignored.

We in Canada are far less observant of the conditions with respect to the war than are the peoples of the United States. I have not seen a piece of white bread in the United States for months. In Canada one does not see the signs of the war that are to be seen already in the United States. This is partly due to the fact that the heads of the house are afraid of the other end of the house. The most dangerous part of the house is the kitchen, and people in the kitchen are apt to think that economy is another name for stinginess. We all know, that the Canadian farmer who is as close as can be if you are trying to sell him a cow, will, if you are his guest, load his table to profusion. Now, if there is one thing more clear than another it is the fact that economy is what marks the difference between an educated man and a savage. Economy indeed is a sort of fine art. The most marked characteristic of a savage is wastefulness and we should be ashamed of ourselves if we take no pleasure in economy for its own sake. The other day my attention was drawn to a very clever thing in one of Chesterton's books which I jotted down. He says "If a man could undertake to make use of all the things in his dustbin he would be a broader genius than Shakespeare."

After the war is over we shall have an accumulation of capital such as the world has never known before. We shall have courage in the owners of manufacturing establishments unknown before, and we shall have in the entrepreneur an experience, skill and scientific ability unknown before, and we shall be called on to face the competition of the other nations who will be in the same condition. When we think about Germany and her cleverness in the past and of her renewed energies after the war, there may be some comfort in considering what advantages Canada and the Empire have. If we are going to have a peace so established that it will be a guarantee for the future, well and good, but we know perfectly well that we may not secure that kind of peace. We may have a kind of peace that will cause the English-speaking peoples throughout the world to lock themselves together along with the French and certain other nations for mutual protection and development, and these nations may have to enforce justice and peace both for themselves and the rest of the world.

One of the first things to be done after the war, will be the rebuilding of railroads all over the world and particularly in North America, because it has been impossible with the freight rates of recent years followed by war conditions to keep the railroad beds and rolling stock in proper condition. Then there will be the carrying on of all the building that has remained undone during the war and the opening up of all sorts of new enterprises and of virgin resources. We shall see renewed activity in every direction which will probably be accompanied by a long period of high prices—I am not talking about the period of reconstruction—I will not try to guess how long that will take or what it will involve. We shall have the greatest water power of any country in the world and when our resources in this respect are fully developed around the Great Lakes and elsewhere and always leaving out of account that vast and little developed Siberia, which would be a formidable competitor of ours were it under a progressive democracy.

We have in Canada almost as much coal as there is in the United States.

England controls at least 60% of all the gold in the world.

If we are faithful to our duty in replanting, we shall still remain one of the great timber and pulpwood countries of the world.

With regard to steel and copper, England and Canada are better off than Germany, and with the United States linked up with us no combination in the world could be as strong.

Canada possesses 85% of the world's nickel, and what France does not control of the other 15% in New Caledonia, Great Britain owns in Norway.

The major part of the zinc concentrates necessary for the making of spelter is mined in Australia, and these mines, before the war, were owned by a wonderful combination of German metal companies through direct ownership or under long contracts, and 80% of all the zinc concentrates went directly to Germany while Britain got 3%. Before the war Germany produced 280,000 tons of spelter, Belgium under German control 200,000 tons, the United States 300,000 tons and Great Britain 60,000 tons. Great Britain used 200,000 tons, of which she got two-thirds from Germany who had manufactured it out of the zinc concentrates she got from Australia. The war ended these contracts and it is unlikely that they will ever be renewed.

Half of the world's tin supply is in Cornwall and the Malay States, and Great Britain controls that and practically the main part of Bolivia's output.

The United States and Canada make now more than half the aluminium of the world, and Germany will not be able to manufacture it because she has not the necessary bauxite clay. Germany was the largest customer of the French supply which constituted about a quarter of the world's total supply.

Before the war the manufacturer of this country consisted largely of articles such as agricultural and other implements and certain textiles needed in the country, electrical machinery, and several classes of articles, depending on basic products such as lumber and steel; we could not be said to be a highly developed manufacturing country. But while the war has been going on, natural developments have been going on, too, and there has been built up at Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Canada, the greatest centre of chemical manufacturing in the world. Also there is being built, on the Detroit River, at Amherstburg, where the exact kind of limestone and salt required is to be found, immense works for the manufacture of Caustic Soda and Soda Ash. When you bear in mind the area of Canada you cannot but feel that almost everything for the use of industrial chemistry exists here, and if our transportation and population and our advancement in science and manufacturing are assured we have the necessary foundation for prosperity. And back of all that, we have something incomparably greater in the largest unplowed area of land in the world where democracy rules, and where there is a decent climate and a decent people.

After the war we shall have a reputation, so far as our people are concerned, second to none in the world, either at the present time or in the past history of the world. English people used to say that Canadians were half Americans, and the Americans would say that we were half English. They did not even recognize the physical type; they know that quite well now. (Applause.)

I have often said that when the war is over and we face the enormous debt, which debt after all mainly represents the savings of the people in making munitions during this war, the war will be paid for—the main question will be the settlement of the respective accounts. No country was ever ruined that owned its own bonds, and we can pay whatever debts we have incurred to ourselves. We shall have seven million or eight million people in this vast country with all its wonderful and still undeveloped resources, and when the war is over we shall have the benefit of the energy and moral courage which has been shown and proved in this war—I am not ashamed to say that I was not at all sure that the Canadians would distinguish themselves as they have; I had no confidence of that kind. I thought of course that they would give a good account of themselves, but I did not feel sure that they would prove, as they have, that they were as good as the best soldiers in the world. All the energy which from 1865 to 1890 in the United States built the railways and filled the shops and the pulpits and every other field of activity, will be duplicated here, but we must not forget that the United States created an army of tramps out of the same war, and also created the Grand Army of the Republic, a very dangerous political institution, and we have to look out that we do not create either of these here. (Hear, hear.) Most of our men will come back with a vision of hope and courage, and a resourcefulness and leadership such as Canada has never known before. (Applause.)

CHINA—ITS PEOPLE AND THEIR LIFE

AN ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR ALFRED JOHNS, B.A., M.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, May 2, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE CLUB,—I feel very highly honored in being asked to address you to-day. In my humble judgment we who are located in that far-away-corner of the world, Western China, have had some small share in the doings of our Empire, especially during the last four years. When the war broke out, China was decidedly pro-German and many pro-German papers and pamphlets were scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Chengtu City there is an arsenal equipped with German machinery and formerly manned by Germans. The Chinese army was trained by Germans, and we can see the goose step practised right in the city of Chengtu. However, as you know, after two and a half years of war, China has thrown in her lot with the Allies, and this fact is largely attributable to the untiring zeal of the various consuls and missionaries in their effort to educate public opinion, and also to the results of the propaganda spread throughout the length and breadth of the land by means of a

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Professor Johns graduated from the University of Toronto, with the Gold Medal in Mathematics, in 1908, and almost at once went to West China, where he became Professor of Mathematics in the West China Union College at Chengtu in the Province of Szechwan. He has held this position for the past seven years. He has been a keen observer and close student of Chinese affairs, so that he has a very complete knowledge of developments in China.

paper called "The Truth," which was edited and printed in Shanghai. In Chengtu, too, we have a Patriotic League of Britains, and various activities have been carried on for the purpose of helping the Empire as much as we can. A year ago last January, for instance, we held a Red Cross concert and raised $500, and we also obtained subscriptions towards the building of aeroplanes and a battle cruiser for the British Empire. English is taught in the University of Chengtu and is the most popular subject on the curriculum. Lastly I might mention that one-tenth of our missionary force is already in France in charge of the Chinese coolies who have gone over there to relieve the Frenchmen in order that they may go into the firing line; the missionaries act as officers and interpreters to the coolies.

It is difficult for one to select from seven years' experience in China what one should say on an occasion like this, because, as you know, there have been stirring times in China in the period stated. Eight years ago this fall we proceeded on one of the Canadian Pacific Railway vessels to Shanghai. We then transferred to another vessel which took us to Hankow where we changed boats again and proceeded to I'chang. Then we were compelled to take a Chinese houseboat on which we lived for ten weeks during the trip from I'change to Kiating, where we disembarked and proceeded on our four days journey overland to the capital city of Chentgu.

We had been in Chengtu only a few months when the Revolution broke out in 1911, and after a preliminary besiegement in the hospital there for three months, we made our way to Shanghai. Later on a serious famine broke out near the coast in Nganhwai and Kiangsu, and we were called upon to help distribute grain to the famine-stricken people in those districts. Although I had been in China but one year I was asked to take charge of one of those food stations where we were able to feed about 25,000 people, and we afforded employment to upwards of 4,000 men. The money for that grain was provided by the good people of Canada and the United States and other parts of the world, and it was our duty to see that it got to the people for whom it was intended. During this famine we built a dyke two miles long, forty-five feet wide at the bottom, fifteen feet wide at the top and nine feet high, and the laborers were paid in grain. We believe we did something for the Chinese at that time.

Then we returned to Chengtu. The Revolution, as you are aware, was successful and the Manchus were thrust from the throne of China, the old badge of servility, the queue, was removed from the heads of the Chinese people, and the Chinese Republic was established. The Chinese, have, perhaps, the most beautiful equivalent for "Republic" to be found anywhere: "the people's country."

Then came a counter revolution which failed, and Yuan Shi-kai was firmly established as president of the republic of China. After a time, however, Yuan Shi-kai's mind was filled with ambition and he conceived the idea of creating himself Emperor of China, and proclaimed himself Emperor a little over two years ago. You know the result, of course. Very soon he realized he had made a mistake and tried to retract and said, "No, I will cancel the monarchy"; but the people would have none of him after that and, fortunately—he died, and that relieved the situation.

While we were in Japan last spring on our way home, another attempt was made to restore the Manchu monarchy but that, too, failed; so the Chinese seem destined to live for the future in "A people's country."

Perhaps it may interest you to hear something about the Chinese language, and I would like to give you a picture of the circumstances under which I received my first lesson in Chinese. Mrs. Johns and I were, as I have said, on a Chinese houseboat for ten weeks. We ate there and slept there, and were pulled up the river at the rate of about 25 miles per day. At that time we were supplied with a Chinese teacher. You would naturally conclude that such a gentleman would be capable of speaking the English language as well as his own, but this "teacher" did not know a word of English, and we, of course, did not know a word of Chinese. Anyway, we made a table and a couple of chairs out of some wooden boxes and I sat down on one side of the table and my teacher on the other side facing me, and between us I placed our Chinese grammar, on one side of the pages of which were lists of Chinese characters, and their corresponding English equivalents appeared on the other side. Well, I simply pointed to the first character and he had brains enough to tell me how to pronounce it. He said "maw" and I said "maw" which in Chinese, means "horse." Then he said "new" and I said "new," which means "cow"; and then he said "nzo" and I tried to say it but it did not come out right, and after trying again I had to give that word up for that day. On the following and subsequent days the same programme was carried out, and while it was very discouraging at first, the idea gradually took shape in my mind and I learned a few useful sentences such as "Is there any news to-day?" or "What is the meaning of this character?"

There are some things which strike you as being very easy in the Chinese language. In the first place, it is monosyllabic and there are no long words in it. Secondly there is no inflection, no changes in the word for moods, tenses, singulars, plurals and genders, and the omission of these features simplifies the language. Also it is very condensed: "The man is good" in Chinese would simply be "man good," etc. But the language has its difficult points, too. There is the literary language, which is very highly condensed and very hard to read and very, very hard to write. Then there is the official language, the language of the mandarin, in which the proclamations are issued and in which most of the newspapers in China to-day convey their news. Finally there are the ordinary dialects for the people, words for which there are no characters in books; they are just localisms, sounds without any character to represent them.

Another difficult feature of the Chinese language is the intonation of words, and it is very important indeed to produce these tones correctly. One of our missionaries told a story of how a riot was nearly caused on account of the improper intonation of the word for Lord. The word for Lord is "choo" and the word for pig is "choo-oo," and the Chinese missionary made a mistake in intonation with the result that a cartoon appeared showing a man bowing down before a pig which had been nailed upon a cross.

With regard to writing, there is no alphabet as we know it, but there are 214 radicals in the Chinese language and they are put together in different ways to make different words. Each character is made up of two parts, the radical and the phonetic. The first part gives the key to the meaning of that word and the second part gives the key to the sound of the word.

[The speaker spent a most interesting ten minutes at this point, in giving illustrations of Chinese characters, and showing how a very simple additional mark will change entirely the meaning of the original character. It is to be regretted that we cannot reproduce here this part of his address.]

I would like to tell you something about our West China Educational Union. In 1905 the Chinese Imperial Government did away with the old system of examination, and decided to have a University in every Province, High School in every county, and a higher Primary School in every township and a lower Primary School in every village. But, unfortunately, they lacked two things, teachers and funds, and so our West China Union University was left without a rival. Up to the year 1905 all the Protestant Missions in West China had been working separately, but they saw that the Chinese were desirous of securing a western education, and realized that unless they united, the work could not be done as it should be done. So in 1906, they formed in West China what is called "The West China Christian Educational Union," the result of which is that any Protestant Mission in West China can register its schools, and the text books and examinations are uniform. They had no text books on hygiene and geography in those days, and I can assure you that their compilation presented no easy task to the missionaries who undertook the work.

The Province of Szechwan, in which the City of

Chengtu is located, is almost as large as the Province of Ontario and larger than France, so that you can form some idea of what room we have for expansion out there. At the present time in China, probably only one woman in one thousand can read and write, and about two per cent. of the population altogether can read. Think of it! Two per cent.! And only about one per cent. of the population go to school, whereas in Canada and the United States, and other parts of the world, fifteen per cent. of the population are in school all the time. Let me give you an example of the kind of teachers they have in China. I had charge of five primary schools for which teachers had to be secured, and as there is no system of certification or anything of that kind in China, one is compelled to take somebody's word for the teacher's general fitness, etc., and on that recommendation they are accepted. I remember one man coming to me and I said "Well, I will have to give you a little examination," and so I picked up a Chinese book and asked him to read certain chapters—of course, I had read them over myself beforehand—(laughter) and I would decide, if he made mistakes, that he was not a very good Chinese scholar. Then I would write out a little sum in simple addition and subtraction and he would do it but would fail to do simple problems in multiplication and long division. In the geography test I asked him:—

"Q. How many continents are there in the world? A. Five.

Q. Name them? A. I have forgotten.

Q. How many provinces are there in China? A. Eighteen.

Q. Name them? A. I have forgotten.

Q. Can you tell me in what direction "Pekin" lies from Chengtu? A. North.

Q. Why do you say that? A. Because "Pekin" means "northern capital." (As a matter of fact, it was mostly east from where we were.)

Q. Where is Kiating? (which is a station just one hundred miles south of Chengtu). A. East.

Q. Why do you say it is east? A. Because we have to go out of the east gate of Chengtu City to get there."

That is the kind of men we had to work with when we started. We had a scheme of schools in this Educational Union,—Primary Schools for children from six to nine years of age, and then higher grade schools for the children from ten to twelve years of age, and then a Middle School something like our High Schools and Collegiates and finally the University, and I am glad to be able to report that in ten years we have made some progress. We have about 250 Primary and Middle Schools altogether, and about 10,000 pupils attending those schools, but when you consider that there are eighty million people in the three provinces of Szechwan, Yunnan and Kweichow, of which eighty million at least ten million should be going to school, you can see that ten thousand is a very small number and that we are still touching only the fringe of things.

But we are growing. The Rev. E. W. Wallace, M.A., B.D., who is a son of Dr. Wallace of Victoria College, and who is the heart and soul of that Educational Union, is the General Secretary, and he has built it up so splendidly that people in other parts of China, having seen what is being done there, have taken over as a whole, our courses of study and our methods, and we feel rather proud of it. The University is the crown of the whole educational scheme. It is situated in the City of Chengtu which is surrounded by a wall twelve miles long, thirty feet high and about forty feet wide, and is in the centre of one of the most fertile plains in the whole world. It has been estimated that the population averages 1,700 people to the square mile. Outside this city to the south is the University property consisting of 100 acres. In the University are four missionary organizations united together, and it may be interesting for you to know how we can unite out there in China. We have in the University Quakers from England, hard-shell Baptists from the United States, Methodist, Episcopalians also from the United States, and our own Canadian Methodists, and we are all working together. (Applause.)

The aim of the University is to turn out educated preachers, teachers and doctors. We have a course of study extending over a period of six years, three years of which is taken up with the general course, and the balance in the special course, and we have four departments: Religion—just think that we can actually in a University like that teach religion in union—medicine, arts and science. In arts and science such subjects as English, History, Education, Philosophy, Botany, Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics are taught. I am the whole staff in Mathematics. (Laughter.)

I would just like you to see two or three pictures of Chinese life. First of all, I would like to show you a Chinese dairy. Prior to the advent of the missionaries in China, the Chinese people did not use milk. They did not like it and could not afford it, probably, because it takes more land to feed a cow and there is more profit in rice. In the Chinese dairy in Chengtu there is a man and a cow and a calf. When you want milk you take your cup and go down to the gate and stop the procession as it comes along and the man fills the cup and you get your milk, and pay your money, and the procession goes on again.

There are no railroads in West China and there are no roads on which you could run a Ford car; you would have to have a mono-rail car, the roads are so narrow.

The country is rich in minerals up there and you can see veins of coal projecting out of the sides of the hill. The Chinese dig in on the level, and put the coal on a little sled which they push in front of them and subsequently load its contents, amounting to 200 pounds or 300 pounds, on a man's back. He steps away, and when he gets to the bottom of the hill, it is put on a wheelbarrow and pushed, day after day, through mud which has been there in the same condition for hundreds of years. The transportation charges are very heavy on coal, and the ordinary people cannot afford it.

They did not know anything about hygiene, either public or private, before the missionaries went in, and if a man is afflicted with diphtheria it makes no difference; he goes about just the same. Dr. Service was playing the organ in church on one occasion when he saw a man come in who was suffering from smallpox. He conducted the man out again!

They have no sewerage system; everything is very primitive in that regard.

They have no Sunday out there worth mentioning. The students observe Sunday, but the ordinary man works 365 days minus about three holidays in the year, and so they get pretty slow.

When we left Chengtu on furlough to come to Canada, there was a civil war on between the provinces of Szechwan and Yunnan. They were fighting right in the city of Chengtu and five bullets penetrated our own house. Our boat sailed from Shanghai on the 26th May, consequently we were anxious to get away, and requested the consul to furnish us with an escort. He was unable to do so—he said he didn't know which side was going to win. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Johns, myself, our two boys and another missionary, started out on a house boat down a very narrow little river towards Shanghai. The first day was beautiful, and, as is the custom, we anchored near a little village at night. The next morning the men started to row down the river and when we had proceeded about two miles, we in the cabin heard some shouting and heard our captain yell out that there were foreigners on board. But he was commanded to beach the boat and when he did so, eleven armed robbers jumped on board. I told them Mrs. Johns was not dressed yet; but they insisted on searching the vessel, ostensibly to see if there were any rifles on board. When they were admitted they certainly rifled our belongings thoroughly, and appropriated our gold watches, money and other articles while Mrs. Johns dressed the children. That is the kind of thing that sometimes happens out there in China.

Let me again express my pleasure at being able to have this little talk with you. (Loud applause.)

EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT

AN ADDRESS BY PRIVATE PEAT

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
May 7, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE EMPIRE CLUB,—I cannot tell you how deeply privileged I feel in being permitted to address you to-day. It is good, too, to see so many white heads amongst you—we know where the others are. We know, too, that you would not be here if you could go "over there." Now, gentlemen, I have not come here to-day to make a speech, nor could I make one if I would, but I just want to say one or two words about our boys,—*your* boys—who are and who have been fighting for liberty, for freedom and for democracy. I have no doubt that the majority of those I see before me here have, or have had, sons or relatives over there, and it is natural to presume that much anxiety and concern is felt with regard to the life they are leading. Only the other day I listened with mingled feelings to the utterances of a man who had been in "The Battle of London," (laughter) and when I heard him exclaim that war had a demoralizing effect upon the participants therein, I knew that that man had never lived

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One of the striking figures brought to light by the war is Private Peat, of the first Canadian Contingent. Wounded—one arm almost useless and one lung affected—Peat returned to Canada, finished as far as fighting went. Almost his first move was to send for the girl he had met and fallen in love with while in the hospital in England. Early in the fall of 1917, Mr. and Mrs. Peat left Edmonton with a total joint capital of $15.00. Up to the time of this address, Peat had spoken to almost a million people, and published a book—"Private Peat," of which 200,000 copies have been sold. He has been a popular lecturer on the war in the United States.

and moved and had his being with the soldiers at the front. And I want to assure you, you fathers and brothers and cousins of those who are right now demonstrating the fact that chivalry and honor and nobility of character are in no sense dead, that no man can pass through such experiences without benefit to his soul qualities. Your sons may have gone through the University of Toronto or Harvard or Yale or Wisconsin or Oxford, but how infinitely more superior is the education in regard to the true meaning of life which one receives in the University of War, wherein a man learns, amidst hardship and danger, to treat his fellow-men as they should be treated. (Applause.) I say it is impossible for any man to take a six weeks' or six months course over there and not benefit therefrom. Of course, we all know that you can go anywhere and make a hell for yourself. To-day many young men are being drafted who have the idea that the army is a rotten institution. Well, gentlemen, they can make it rotten or healthy just as they please. In all my experience on the Western Front—not very long, it is true, but that was not my fault—I never saw one single instance of deliberate selfishness on the part of one soldier towards another, and I think you will agree with me, that if you take selfishness out of the ordinary human being you leave a pretty good scout (Applause.) It is not denied that over there men swear and gamble and play "the great American game," and that they are rough and sometimes crude, but, gentlemen, we cuss because conditions demand it. (Laughter.) And you must always remember that the exigencies of modern warfare, as found to-day on the Western Front, create an environment which has no parallel in a civilized community—the conditions are hellish in the extreme. I do not think one per cent. of those one enlisted in the First Canadian Contingent knew until they got there, what they were going over there for, or what they would see when they did get there. Some went for love of country, some for love of King, some for love of home and mother, and some for the experience or the fun of the thing. But, gentlemen, I never knew a man to go "over the top" for the fun of the thing. Some went over swearing and snarling, but had you been able to take a peep into their hearts, to see past the shell or crust to the hidden diamond within, you would realize that only a deep and abiding love, a love for mother or wife or sister obtained there, a love that made them willing to die that others might live. And finally they do die. I have seen many of them shot who die with a snarl on their faces, swearing and blaspheming, but you could never get anyone to believe that because they died that way, God will send their souls to hell. I believe that God will understand that their sin was not quite as great as their sacrifice. The most beautiful and pathetic incident I ever witnessed in my life took place one day when I was lying at a little station "somewhere in France" in the year 1915. It was a cold, miserable day. A soldier boy not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age came in, exhibiting a dreadful shrapnel wound and a badly shattered jaw, and one arm was in his bosom. He had no overcoat on, and was shivering with the cold. Evidently he had limped a long distance to get to this field station, and as he stumbled inside, the nursing sister in charge looked at him and said, "Why, where is your overcoat? You should have had it on. You may get pneumonia," and he replied "The reason I have not got it on, sister, is because my mate was killed out there and he looked so cold that I just covered him up, and it doesn't make any difference if I do die; that is a very little thing." I say, gentlemen, that they do no preaching over there, but that is the kind of practising they do. (Applause.)

You don't see such nobility of soul exemplified in the everyday lives of the people back here,—no, not even in some of our churches and clubs and societies, and I do beg of you not to judge our returned men too hastily, for it will take them two, three, four or five years to reinstate themselves, to be assimilated again by the communities from which they departed in order to help protect them, and so I beseech you to be very, very patient with them. They may make it hard for some of us to be patient, but rest assured that this war is going either to make or break them, and it will make 999 out of every 1,000 finally; the war will do us good as a country.

To-day on the Western Front, men of France, of Britain, of Belgium, of Italy, of Portugal, of Bohemia, of the United States and of Canada are fighting side by side. From the North Sea to the Adriatic there is one great army of Freedom under one commander. Behind this army of many climes there has been effected an organization economic and in part political, such as the world has never known.

The League nations have pooled their material resources, harmonized their aims, and so subjected their pride and prejudice that with one accord they follow the leadership of an American in the realm of idealism, and a Frenchman in the field of battle. War has become a vast melting pot.

What may come of the composite now in the seething cauldron of the Western Front?

We have heard much of internationalism in the last year. And the word has gained a sinister connotation because of its use by Bolshevists, and Pacifists and Radicals. But while the theorists who stay far from the firing line have been talking glibly of internationalism, the welding of the inter-nations has been going forward with the anvil of War.

Can we believe that when Peace comes, the ties which have been formed through the exigencies of the common peril will be broken? Should this happen, it seems to me victory will have fallen short of its full possibilities.

The peace that is to be made upon the foundation of victory must be secured by continuing the community of interests that war has created. The nations that have survived the sufferings and deprivations of this great struggle, that have stood firm against the shock of force and the subversion of intrigue, will have qualified for a service to civilization that they must undertake together. That service must consist in the better reconstruction of the shattered world, and the provision for its freedom and safety through all the years to come.

It is a striking thing about the internationalism of the fighting front that it has grown more intimate in its relations as the war has continued. The original compact signed and sealed between the Allies has been superseded by an increasing sense of common interest and common aims. Particularisms that once threatened to divide, have sunk to inconspicuous levels. There is a moral welding that is deeper and more significant than the merging of material resources, and this moral welding has been consecrated in sacrifice and shed blood.

This impresses me with the conviction that we are witnessing to-day much more than a winning fight against the central Empires. These pangs and labors are the birth agencies of the new era for the world, and the wisdom that directs the strategy of warfare is not more necessary than the wisdom that will guide aright the immense possibilities of the greater melting pot for the days that are to come.

To-day there are about 7,000 returned soldiers in Toronto. I would have you, gentlemen, remember that these are the men who have been daily in touch for months or years with the greater melting pot, with the internationalism of to-morrow—some of their ideas and views may appear at this moment ragged and unshaped, but it is for the leaven of the stern minds of business men such as yourselves which we depend upon to make efficacious in the world the lessons to which the world now is lending an open ear.

That, gentlemen, is all I intended to say to you to-day. You see how tired I am, and so you will pardon me if I say no more, except to reiterate my appeal to you to be patient with the boys who have returned. Canada and the United States will live to see the day when everyone will say: Thank God for the European war. (Applause.)

The President: "I can readily understand the physical exhaustion of a man who has just come through a Liberty Loan Campaign and who, on the streets of the leading cities of the United States has personally sold over $16,000,000 worth of bonds, but in view of the fact that we are in the midst of our Y.M.C.A. Campaign I am going to ask him to say a word or two about that wonderful force on the fighting front."

Private Peat: "Well, Mr. President and gentlemen, the Y.M.C.A. is so big and so well known to all of us, both over there and at home, that I am afraid I shall be unable to add anything to your knowledge in this regard, but I may say it is really a wonderful organization and I am sure if you could only picture the gladness of heart with which your boys, as they leave the trenches for a short time, welcome a stay in the Y.M.C.A. dugout, and a cup of their wonderful coffee, you would have no difficulty in subscribing to the utmost of your ability. In my opinion the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army have not received anything like the credit they deserve for the splendid work they have done and are still doing over there. Now, I have not yet given a donation to the Y.M.C.A.—and I am not in any sense a rich man,—but just to prove the truth of my own convictions, I shall be very glad to subscribe $50 right now. I think that is all I need say." (Applause.)

EMPIRE DAY

At the meeting on May 23rd, Vice-President Coombs, before introducing the speaker, made the following remarks in commemoration of Empire Day:

In the hurry and bustle of these extremely busy days, it is well to pause at times and reflect for a few moments on some of the great events which have taken place and which stand out as great "landmarks" in the history of the world and particularly in the history of our great British Empire.

Ninety-nine years ago to-morrow there was born into the world a personage who was destined, on reaching young womanhood, to occupy a unique position, without doubt the most influential and commanding position ever held by any woman in the history of the world. I refer, of course, to our late beloved Queen Victoria, whose reign of sixty-two years added more lustre to the British Empire than the reign of any other Sovereign, and shone forth,—

> "Bright as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky,"

and when on the 22nd of January, 1901, she breathed her last, there had gone to rest the greatest of British Sovereigns up to that time, one whose name would in history designate an era.

Queen Victoria exercised an influence over all of her people, and inspired such love and devotion through her peaceful, just and democratic policies, that during her reign the seeds were sown which have brought forth a great Imperial spirit that has gradually and persistently drawn the colonies, one by one, to a closer union with the Motherland, and has welded the great British Empire into one indissoluble whole which we trust neither time nor anything else will disunite.

And have not the experiences of the last four years in the terrible conflict which has devastated the greater part of Europe, and which has transformed practically the whole world into an armed camp where men from all parts of the British Empire have fought and bled and laid down their lives in a common cause for those principles of right and truth and justice for which the British Empire stands:—have not these experiences brought all of the colonies so much closer to the Motherland and to one another, in a great Imperial unity, that one seeks in vain for a British statesman who would now dare to remark, as they did in the last century, that Britain's colonies were only a trouble and a nuisance and that England would be well rid of them?

The events of the past few years have clearly indicated, not only to those of the Motherland, but also to those living in all parts of the Empire, that Britons, wherever they may live, are one in heart and mind and spirit in upholding those principles of truth and right and justice for which our forefathers throughout the ages have fought and died, and for which our own Canadian boys are now fighting and dying in France and Flanders.

So to-day we commemorate these facts in Empire Day—which day may we continue to honor through the years that are to come, and may it continue to mean more and more to us as members of the great British Empire as we all work together for our own good and for the good of all mankind.

WAR IMPRESSIONS

AN ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN J. B. PAULIN

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
May 23, 1918

MR. CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE CLUB,—I always have a certain reluctance and hesitancy about addressing others upon a subject about which many of them know more than I do myself, and I am aware that there are many here to-day who do know more about the war situation as a whole, than I do, and the only claim I have to a theory to-day is that I was in rather close touch with the activities at the front for a short time, and the one bitter pill in the cup of pleasure furnished in my return, is the thought that there are many more deserving to return to Canada who must remain in the thick of it,—I think every man who returns to Canada from the front must always have the same feeling.

There is a disease which is very common in the world to-day, and I think anyone may notice it making rather good headway in Canada,—the disease of war-weariness,—and we must fight that disease just as much as we have to fight our enemies in the field, and the enemy's propaganda. (Hear, hear.)

General Smuts, who, in my estimation, is one of the greatest combinations of statesman and soldier in the present war, says the stakes are the highest for which

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Captain Paulin went overseas three years ago last April as Chaplain of the 86th Machine Gun Battalion from Hamilton. He was senior Chaplain at Crowborough Camp in Sussex, England, until the fall of 1916, when he joined the 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade in France. Captain Paulin was wounded at Vimy Ridge on the 9th of April, 1917, and returned to Toronto in November of 1917.

the human race has ever striven, and that persistence, patience and perseverance will make us the winners ultimately.

Gentlemen, the war is the only event in the world to-day, the only thing worth while in which to invest our thoughts, resources, time and money, because upon its ultimate issue, victory or defeat, hangs everything we hold dear in life. Donald Hankey in an immortal volume,—one of the finest ever produced,—has said, "I have seen our casualties over here, oh God, but the casual criticisms of those at home who are immune from the awfulness of this war, that is the greatest casualty of all," and there is too much of that criticism abroad in our land to-day. We are told when Rome was burning, Nero played his fiddle. Well, if Nero was a good musician, there was perhaps some compensation in the music to make up for the crackling of burning Rome, but there is no compensation to-day for those who say fiddling things when freedom may be consumed in the flames of militarism and autocracy. We took up the challenge of autocracy in 1914, to vindicate our freedom, or to undergo servitude for one thousand years, and we are not going to be defeated. There are people who think the thing is always at an end, and I have continually said, "When you are writing to your boys don't mention the word defeat;" for it is wonderful what an influence your letters have on the minds of those who receive them at the front, particularly in view of the fact that they know only what has taken place on their own line and are more or less disposed to take the views of those at home.

I say we are not going to be defeated. Churchill very recently said, "We have been hundreds of times much nearer defeat in this war than we have been during the past few months, but we didn't know it. We were living in a fool's paradise."

When we think of the situation of the men who faced the Germans in the first days of the war, it ought to be a rebuke to us to-day for allowing discouragement to take possession of us. When we think of that thin khaki line that saved the world for us to-day, we see in them a miniature picture of democracy. They did not become discouraged then. Shame on us if we to-day grow discouraged!

I think there is nothing more wonderful than the spirit of the people back in old England, Scotland, Wales and part of Ireland. How they have answered the call, especially the women of the land, who are making munitions in such large quantities to-day! I visited one of these munition factories and I see nothing in this room as yellow as the skins of those women who were working there, and the Doctor who accompanied me told me that many of them were as surely victims of this war as the men against whom the shells they were making would be used. One million six hundred thousand of them came forward from every walk of life, to carry on at home, while their men folk carried on abroad. (Applause.)

One statesman has said that without the women of the land the men would wilt for want of supplies and munitions. The spirit of the women of England to-day is absolutely marvellous. It is now almost six months since I left, but I believe that the spirit of the Old Land is as strong and determined to-day as it ever was.

In the Old Land you see the mill of war at work, grinding at its greatest, and it is grinding very small. On the one side of the country you see great training camps with their thousands upon thousands of men being trained to the highest standard of fighting efficiency. In between there are great factories and mines toiling night and day, while on the other side lie great hospitals where men and women are laboring incessantly in order to nurse back to health and strength again the broken fragments from France.

On the sea the British navy has never had any opportunity of doing anything spectacular, but she has been doing a service all these weary months and years, without which we would have been defeated before we had begun.

One of our brothers from the other side said to me to-day, "If the Germans get past the British navy, there will be only one thing for us to-day,—you Canadians and we of the United States will have to get together and fight this thing through," and I said "If they get past the British Navy, we can hold up our hands and yell 'Kamerad'." (Applause.)

There are a great number of people who wonder what would take place to-morrow if the Germans did bring their navy out and give battle. Well, we cannot decide from what took place yesterday, what will take place to-day, but we can say that if the spirit which dominated our fighting men on land and sea in the days of long ago is still the same spirit, then we can never know defeat. (Applause.)

There is one department that has received very little mention,—the Mercantile Marine. No one who has crossed the seas during these days since the submarine became a very real menace—thank God its best days are over—can but realize what an awful venture it is for these men who go bravely down to sea in the ships day after day, taking as they do their lives in their hands. I was reading of one fellow who had been submarined or mined eleven times, and when, on the last occasion, he landed on the shore, the first thing he did was to enquire when the next boat started out. I have not heard that he received any decoration. As a matter of fact, I have not heard that any of these men have been decorated, but they certainly deserve it. (Applause.) Thousands upon thousands have gone down, unhonored and unsung, but equally as true martyrs to the cause of liberty as the men who have died on the field of battle:—

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
  And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
  But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
  To the shark and the sheering gull,—
If blood be the price of admiralty.
  Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
  But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
  But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlone,

From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it dear!

Further, it is something for which Canadians must always be proud, that six weeks after the war was declared 33,000 men were transported over there, and also that it was given to the Canadians to stop the last serious effort on the part of the Germans to reach the coast, and to call forth from Marshall French that glorious tribute: "The Canadians faced the situation." (Applause.)

The officer to whom I previously referred said, "There seems to be a fear back here in Canada that the Germans are going to make a frontal attack upon the Canadians, but the Canadians at the Front are afraid they won't—(laughter) and," he continued, "they will get the biggest reception they ever got and pay the biggest price"; and it is interesting to us to know that the only part of the line that the Canadians fought for so strenuously and won which is still in the hands of the Allies, is that which is being held by the Canadians themselves. (Applause.) They are called "The storm troops of the British Empire" by the Kaiser, and his own "storm troops" are the biggest men of his various divisions; and when he speaks of the Canadians as being the "storm troops," it means that in his estimation, they are the best troops of the British Empire. I think the Kaiser has come more nearly to the truth there than he has ever done in anything else.

I believe it was Bonar Law who said of the Canadians after Passchendaele: "The splendid manhood of the Canadian forces has lifted modern warfare to a higher standard than it ever had before, and by their heroic sacrifices, they have made it a grander and worthier thing to be a Canadian henceforth." (Applause.)

It was my privilege to witness the initial stages of the battle which resulted in our taking Vimy Ridge. The French had tried to take the Ridge the year before and their casualties were 89,000 and they did not take it. So from the fall of 1916 to the spring of 1917, preparations were being made for the battle of Vimy Ridge, the greatest battle of the War up to date. One could see under the cover of night, great lorries groaning under their burdens making their way up to the rear of the lines filled with shells of every size and shape, which were deposited behind the lines in stacks 22 to 24 feet high. While this was going on, thousands of men were being employed in making gun emplacements, so that every point of the German line could be smashed up. Sand bags, earth and steel were used in making these emplacements. Meanwhile our flying men, whose praises can never be too loudly sung, were going back and forth over the German lines, taking photographs of the German trenches, from which maps were made which set forth clearly every detail. These were furnished to our artillery and infantry so that they knew exactly to what they were going. During this time our infantry were in the rear taking rest and training, preparatory to going over the top. In the meantime the guns were registering, while the flying men corrected their errors. The programme of our artillery is a very wonderful one. An artillery man has a map which looks very much like a railroad time-table. It is very accurate and it has to be so because where a large number of guns are concentrated, it is impossible to use them all unless they have this time-table. Ten days before the boys took the Ridge, these guns were increasing hour by hour in intensity. One would have thought on the Thursday of the day preceding the Monday that they had gained the maximum of their intensity. It was on that day that sixty of our men were sent over the top to get information about the German trenches. Sixteen did not come back, ten were wounded and two prisoners were taken who informed us that they had not been able to get out and had had no supplies in for forty-eight hours. When this report was communicated to headquarters, it was found very satisfactory and the artillery kept up their fire with increasing intensity until the following Monday, so you can form some idea of the feelings of the Germans in those dugouts waiting for the boys to come over and take them prisoners.

The infantry are the men who do the dirty work. I think if I had a choice, I would choose anything in preference to the infantry, but I never saw anything which thrilled me so much in my life as I saw when watching one of these divisions moving in for the battle. The French women came to their doors with tears in their eyes and waved their handkerchiefs—they knew many of the men would never retrace their steps. But these men were as care-free as children running from school, as they swung along to the music of their bands, their packs on their backs, rifles over their shoulders, and their faces alight with ardour and determination.

In the meantime our engineers had built a tunnel of considerable length which was lighted by means of electricity and through which our reinforcements were brought up to the trenches. I shall never forget what I saw of our men on that Easter Sunday night as they waited in the dull grey hours of the early morning for the hour of battle, 5.30 a.m. The non-commissioned officers passed up and down their men and then the order came "look to your bayonets," and every man placed his hand on his bayonet to make sure of it. Then came the order "Take footing on the parapet." . . . the tensity of the strain of that moment before the boys go over the top is beyond all imagination—it means "Blighty" or "Blanket." "Blighty" means wounded and eventually crossing to England and "Blanket" means crossing the Great Divide. By the way, our officers, unlike the German officers, lead their men; they do not follow them. I have wondered during these last few days what is the significance attached to the statement that the German officers are now leading their men, and I think it must indicate a decline in the morale of the German army. Prisoners have told us that it would not be safe for their officers to go before them because they would be killed, and not by the bullets of the enemy. Somebody has said of our end of this war that it is a lieutenants' war; it is a hard war on lieutenants. I heard a letter read not long ago in which the writer—he was writing to his folks at home—said "We would follow our officer to H——l," and mother did not know what it meant and asked father, and he said, "Why, that means the Hindenberg Line." (Laughter.) There is another story about a colonel who was going up to the trenches and a German sniper tried to get him but failed, whereupon the colonel instructed one of his men to go out and get the sniper. The soldier went out to search for the sniper and came upon him unawares, whereupon the sniper, who spoke very good English, held up his hands and cried "Mercy, mercy," but the soldier said "No mercy for you, you missed by colonel twice." Of course, that is not true of many of our officers.

Over the top they went. Some never got over, even, while others fell as soon as they did so, but on went the rest, swaying and struggling against the fire of the enemy, until the German trenches were reached and the men who were there were either silenced forever or taken prisoners, and ere the curtain of night had fallen the news had flashed around the world "The Canadians have taken Vimy Ridge." (Applause.)

So far as I know, the actual casualties amounted to 23,000, and 60% of all who were wounded were walking cases. I do not know how many were killed, but considering the number that took part, it was not very many. They still hold on, and I believe that unless the Germans outflank us, the Canadians will still continue to hold Vimy Ridge against all comers.

A large number of the men are now returned and, gentlemen, they need the country which needed them so badly, and I hope that Canada will see that these men get a square deal.

The war must still go on, and I think it is encouraging for us to hear such words as have recently been uttered by the President of the United States and our own Lloyd George. Lloyd George said: "We mean to win this war, but win it or lose it, we are in this thing to the last of our resources,—to the last ounce of strength, to the last drop of blood, to the last farthing of money, we are in it." And what does President Wilson say: "With all that we have and all that we love, we are in this thing until success crowns our supreme endeavor." (Applause.)

I am glad to know that Lloyd George won a victory a week or two ago, for it means a victory for the attitude of the men at the front who are not afraid of actual defeat on the battle field; they have been far too long fighting against an enemy with odds about 50 to 1 against, and they know that every day is hastening the time when the balance will swing in their favor. They do not want unequal odds and they do not want peace negotiations when they have held on so long at such terrible sacrifice. They want a peace by force of arms. They know that Germany forced this war on us and that we must force peace on her. Before coming here this afternoon, I heard that the Germans yesterday made a concerted attack by air-machines upon the hospitals behind the British lines,—a deliberate attack upon our hospitals,—and a reporter from one of the newspapers called me up and told me about it and asked: "What do you think about retaliation?" and I said, "I always insisted upon retaliation for the same reason that the surgeon's knife is used to cut out a disease that cannot be got at in any other way," and I believe that is the only kind of warfare the Germans understand. I was almost nauseated a year ago, when lying in an English hospital, to read the letters by prominent men protesting against retaliation, saying, "We must keep our hands clean." That, gentlemen, is the very thing the Germans are counting on. I think it is good psychology to reason that the very thing that will do for them will do for us, and I do not believe that this war will ever come to a successful conclusion until the people in Germany know something of the frightfulness of their own warfare, until they have seen their towns and cities devastated and looted and their art treasures destroyed. Until then I do not think we can ever have permanent peace. (Applause.) I say it would be better to die out of the world altogether than to continue to live in it while this awful monster that has hacked his way across Belgium and Servia and France and the highways of the sea still struggles defiantly across the pathway of humanity. I say that peace to-day on any terms whatever would only mean a wounded St. George and an unkilled dragon,—a dragon which would rise from its exhaustion with increased venom and strength and strew the world with further desolation. For the sake of the past with its heritage of freedom for which our fathers fought and bled and died, and for the sake of the future, we must still fight on "To make the world safe for democracy." (Applause.)

But, gentlemen, we must also work to make democracy safe for the world, and that is a bigger problem than to make the world safe for democracy. The only thing that can make democracy safe for the world is evolution. Some people speak as if the only alternative of autocracy was democracy, but the alternative maybe "mobocracy," which is ten times worse than democracy.

In conclusion I say we must still fight on for the safety of the Cause for which our men have paid the last full measure of devotion, in order that liberty and righteousness and justice might not perish from the earth. (Applause.)

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO ENGLAND

AN ADDRESS BY MR. S. H. CHURCH, OF PITTSBURG, PA., U.S.A.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, May 30, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a very great pleasure to me to be welcomed so heartily at this moment. When the kind and flattering invitation of your President reached me, I confess that Toronto seemed like Tipperary—a long, long way; but the people of the United States have learned to cherish such a profound regard for the people of Canada because of the heroic work and the endurance and suffering which have marked your record, that I decided on the instant to accept your invitation, in order that I might look into your faces and express my admiration of your great work in contributing to win the war. The war has indeed brought us all very close together. I used to feel that it would be impossible for me to love anything more than my own country; and yet I can say now—and I am sure you will understand what I mean when I try to say it—that there is one thing I do love more than my country, and that is humanity; and I love humanity more because my country is a part of humanity.

This awful conflict has brought us together in matters of religion; we do not find ourselves separated. The other day I saw a letter from a Jewish boy at the front, a graduate student of the Carnegie Institute. It was writ-

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Mr. Church of Pittsburg, Pa., is President of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute, Carnegie Library and Carnegie Institute of Technology. He has for several years been associated with the direction of the educational schemes of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

ten on paper of the Y.M.C.A. and mailed in an envelope of the Knights of Columbus; and I thought, "There is one of the seven wonders of the world, that can amalgamate Jew and Protestant and Catholic in defence of the flag of civilization." Some of you may have noticed that our first casualty list consisted of three soldiers—Enright, a Catholic, and the other two Protestants; so that in the matter of church membership, we are shoulder to shoulder in defence of the flag.

Then we have come to Canada in another way, and taken as chief military instructor for our students in Carnegie Institute, Major Hilliard Lyle, a man who fell at Vimy Ridge badly wounded, but who happily recovered. He was a member of that organization whose heroic deeds will thrill the human heart as long as human history endures—the Princess Patricias. And just a night or two ago I met several of your Canadian soldiers, all of them, I think, bearing in their bodies incurable wounds, who did good work in our Red Cross campaign in Pittsburg. One of them gave me a message to your Mayor, who, I think, bears the same name as myself—anyhow, it is a time when all Churches ought to stand together—and the message was: "When you go to Toronto I hope you will see Tommy Church; and tell him you saw me; he won't remember me by name, but you tell him I'm the guy that took him up in the aeroplane." This man's name was Lieut. McCallum. Another of the men, an officer, said, "I hope you'll meet Tommy Church, for he is one of the whitest men in the world."

Coming from another country, I think it would be appropriate for me to say something of the world's debt to England. What is this thing, this glorious thing, that you call the British Empire? What is it that gives England, which is the heart of the British Empire, the spirit of eternal youth?—which gives her her unbroken power?—which enables her to adapt herself to the changing needs of civilization in every age as the years roll by? What is it that makes us want to say of her as Shakespeare said of Cleopatra—

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety"

The historians have had for a long time the habit of dividing the great nations of the world into two groups, and they seem to like to say that Germany and England and America belong to the Germanic or Teutonic stock; and that Spain, Italy and France belong to the Romanic or Celtic stock. I don't know how you feel about it, but for my part I would be very glad to tear out of my system, if I could, every vestige of everything in it that is German. The other day in Pittsburg the editor of a newspaper in the German language advertized that he would lecture on Shakespeare in Germany, and the synopsis of the lecture made the statement that Shakespeare himself was a German. Well, the police got on to that man as quickly as they could, and his lecture was never delivered.

The other day Lloyd George, in answer to that extraordinary and astounding attack which was made upon him by General Maurice,—based on the fact that the British Empire was keeping its armies at work in Mesopotamia and Egypt when Gen. Maurice seemed to think they should be withdrawn and put on the battle-front in France said: "There was once an Empire which withdrew its armies from its distant outposts in order to defend its soil against the Goth, and those armies were never sent back." He referred, of course, to the fall of the Roman Empire, when those German tribes were roaming in the forest to the north of Italy and attempting to destroy the best civilization which existed in their day, and made their assault on the soil of Rome. She did withdraw her armies from Britain and France and Spain and Mesopotamia, and, as Lloyd George truly said, they were never sent back; and he is still keeping the British armies in Mesopotamia and Egypt.

I would like to expand that thought of his in the way in which it may possibly have passed through his mind.

The Romans were in Britain for 400 or 500 years, and then they were withdrawn. Then came over the Angles; and when an Englishman says of the United States or

Canada, "You are such a young country," I like to tell him, "You are something of an immigrant yourself!" You can readily prove this to him, for the name of his own country was brought over there by somebody else; there was a tribe up there in that strip that separates the Baltic from the North Sea, and there were Angles there who brought over to Britain the name of their country. It is easy now to sound it "England" instead of Angle-land. Then came the Saxons, and the Jutes came from Jutland, where you had such a naval victory—or rather, where the Kaiser had such a great naval victory that he has never dared to send his ships out since.

This is the thought which comes from those historic reminiscences: that great thing which we call human imagination, as it exists in the great body of British culture, is more Romanic and French and Celtic than it is German. I might have reminded you of the Great French army which once conquered England, since which time —1066—there has never been a foreign foe who invaded that land. Take the body of British culture and the men who made it, with Shakespeare at their head; their poets —Chaucer and Byron and Tennyson and Burns; their historians,—Macaulay and Freeman and Gardiner; their scientists,—Huxley and Spencer and Darwin; their orators—Burke and Pitt and Sheridan, and the rest; take all of them, and the works which they produced, and compare them with the greatest men and the greatest works which Germany has produced, and you will find that the culture which has moved the world, inspired its thought and its action, and has made the phenomenal progress that it has, has not been Germanic, but strictly British.

Now, why should the British Empire endure? What has she done, that she should carry on her great burden of civilization, and maintain it under her own organization? Two huge institutions have existed in the world for at least a thousand years, which have retarded the progress of the race and more or less oppressed mankind; those twin evils are feudalism in the State and feudalism in the Church. I say that with a great deal of sympathy and respect, but I state it as an historic fact. In Russia to-day we see the fruits of those two evils at their very worst; there is a nation held down by both of those powers. If they did not hold them down, why was not that nation lifted up? They were held down for centuries by those powers, and when that great nation suddenly stands in the sunlight of liberty, it is unable to perceive the beauty of life, because their eyes have been blinded by their former masters with darkness. And this is so with other nations, without my naming them they will occur to your minds as readily as to mine.

But what has been England's record? Why is it that England is called the Mother of Parliaments if it were not to strike at this first evil—the feudalism of the State? And why is it that the Morning Star of the Reformation broke through the thick night of religious life in England more than a hundred years before it could be perceived in any other country in the world? The words of John Wycliffe lay at the very heart and fountain of religious liberty in England—"No power shall stand between me and my right to go before my God as I will!" When, seven hundred years ago, the Barons found that they were oppressed in their civil liberties, they exacted that mighty charter from King John which has been the foundation of human liberty for British-speaking peoples from that time to this. And right here is the contrast between the two civilizations; for in the time of King John, away back in that dark age, the Barons federated with the people for liberty against the King, while in our own time--when people ought to know better—the Barons in Germany have federated with the Kaiser for autocracy against the people.

They had a hard time in preserving their liberty in England; they adopted in their Parliaments more than thirty statutes to preserve and defend the principles which were laid down in the mighty charter; but it was not until Oliver Cromwell came up from his farm at Huntingdon in his homespun clothes and made himself the master-spirit of the British people, that feudalism in the State and feudalism in the Church were crushed out for ever throughout the British dominions.

And now a word about our problem. It is our problem because it is a thing which lies upon the conscience and the heart of all the decent and all the civilized nations of this world. I asked a group of scientists in New York the other day, "Why is it that Germany has produced up to the present so many things that are helping them win success?" Their answer was, "This German military group have deposited their problems in the Universities and Schools of Germany, and have given them instructions that they shall apply all the science of modern times to the destruction of human life; and they have done it." What our men in the United States, and probably what your men are doing, is to meet that scientific knowledge and discovery by an equal knowledge of the facts. And so Germany has started out to establish what will be the equivalent of the Roman Empire in the world to-day. She wants to master and subjugate all the people who are not German.

The Kaiser spoke a while ago of country being swallowed up in humanity. The Kaiser's view of that is, that humanitarianism is a contemptible thing for any man to cherish, for he once said, "I confess that when you speak of the human family, my own view stops at the boundary of the German Empire." And so that great country is turning aside from the civilization which had made her the wonder and admiration of the world, and which, if she had gone on that way, would have made her the master of the world; and she has started on a debauch of murder, outrage and plunder.

Let me say this in plainest terms:—Every man who has fallen in defence of France or of Belgium has died the death of a hero; and every German soldier who has fallen since this war began, being an invader and a murderer, has died the death of an outlaw. That is the spirit which the world is facing and combating to-day—this desire, this passion to destroy, to kill, to rob, to ravish, to plunder everything that exists in the civilized world. It faces you here in Canada; it faces us in the

United States; it faces us on the battle-front in France; and it will oppress and destroy and kill the best that we have, until we make ourselves able by united effort to say, "You foul assassin, we have you by the throat, and we are going to keep a strangle-hold on you until we cast out this devil that is in your soul."

The spirit of the British Empire was well represented by the cartoon in Punch which pictured the British Lion standing upon a mound and emitting a roar which only a lion could emit, which came from the depths of his nature, and all around him his cubs were answering from Australia and New Zealand and South Africa and India and Canada, and coming to his rescue. How is it with German civilization? Germany controlled those two stolen provinces for more than forty years; she would not permit them to use their own language, or to sing their songs, or to follow any of their traditions. You remember that when the poor lame shoemaker made the wry face at those brutal German soldiers that were marching through the town of Zaborn, the commanding officer drew his sword and cut the cripple clear down through the shoulder; and the Crown Prince of Germany, who wore upon his hat always the pirate's emblem of the human skull, telegraphed his congratulations to this officer who had saved the Kaiser's uniform. Well, when the blast of war blew, those people had been forty-six years under the government of Germany; had had the chance to see what German civilization and German Kultur, when applied to human life, really meant; and 50,000 men from Alsace and Lorraine fled across the border and took service under the only flag that their hearts could recognize—the ancient oriflamme of France.

I have heard men sneer sometimes at the British conquest of the South African Republics; but when this war broke out, Britain had given those Republics a degree of freedom of which they had never dreamed under their own tyrant, Paul Kruger. But here was their chance; if the accusation of tyranny and unjust talk had any truth at its foundation, there was nobody on earth that could coerce a single man from that country to take service for England. What did they do? With the blast of war the last Boer left his land and his farm and came out and fought for liberty under the British flag.

Whenever the German army captures a city of their enemy, why is it that the people wail and gnash their teeth? And when the British army captures a citadel of her enemy, why is it, as at Bagdad and Jerusalem, that the people run out with open arms and with glad shouts of welcome and rejoicing? It is because in one case you have to deal with an army of murderers, while in the other you have an army of chivalrous soldiers. When the German Emperor made his entry into Jerusalem, he was a hero in a moving picture show, clad in shining armour, with a plume on his helmet, spurs on his boots, a sword at his side, a neighing horse to ride upon; and the people looked upon him with contempt. When the British soldier, General Allenby, went into Jerusalem on the 10th December, he went in bare-headed, on foot, unarmed, with the companions of his battle in similar attire beside him, and the people stood there and recognized that that was the symbol of a greater entry which meant peace and justice to the people.

And now, what of America's part? At Windsor Castle, my wife and I found from the friendly guide that the vine upon the wall was a Virginia creeper; and then, catching the spirit of the occasion, he pointed to the flag on the highest tower and said, "That flag up there, the great flag of England and the British Empire, is held aloft on a staff of Oregon pine." I do not know that that was so, but there was some comfort in thinking there might be some truth in it, after all. I am reminded of the most beautiful story in the world, of the General who was condemned to death by starvation, but the jailer allowed the General's daughter, who was the mother of a little child, to visit her father in his cell every day, provided she brought no package of food to him. It was observed that the old General was not perishing, but seemed to have strength and vitality; so the jailer set himself to watch, and he found that the daughter was nourishing the life of her parent as she nourished the life of her child. And if the occasion should come—though I do not believe it ever will—when the glorious mission of the British Empire should be imperilled, then I believe and know that her great daughter would be glad to sustain the perishing life of that dear parent from the overflowing fulness of her own breasts.

Our country was slow to come in. Many of us felt that our rightful place was on the battle-front from the day that Belgium was invaded. It took us a long time to wake our people up to that; and while we have had our own grievances—our ships sunk, foreign trade destroyed, our territory threatened with partition, our people murdered on the high seas—yet I believe in my heart of hearts that America is on the battle-front to-day because she knew that the civilization of the world was suffering progressive destruction at the hands of Germany, and she was going out there to defend it. Our sons are going now as fast as our ships can take them. All the resources of the wealth and the supplies of that country have been dedicated to the purpose of winning the war; and our men are going to stand shoulder to shoulder with yours in that furnace of hell and death which Germany has made for us all, until, all united and all together, we shall rescue justice and the law, and until righteousness and peace shall be established.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the conclusion of the address, the annual meeting of the Club was held, and Mr. F. J. Coombs was elected as President for the coming year. After expressing his thanks to the Club for unanimously electing him as President, Mr. Coombs spoke of what the Empire Club of Canada stands for, as follows:

1. The advancement of the interest of Canada and a united Empire.
2. That the term "British" should apply to all citizens of the Empire.

3. That the Empire should be so organized that Canada, and other self-governing Dominions, should have a share in the control of the Empire's destinies, particularly in matters of peace and war.

4. That in Imperial organization there should be preserved to the several self-governing Dominions their autonomy and the control of all local, as distinguished from Imperial, matters.

5. That all articles of growth, produce, or manufacture within the component parts of the Empire be given preferential advantages in the respective markets of the Empire and that measures should be adopted to prevent any of the Empire's resources being utilized to injure British interests.

These, gentlemen, are some, among others, of the principles for which the Empire Club stands, and I am sure that these principles carry the endorsement of every Britisher who is present to-day.

I do not enter into the duties of my new office, with which you have been good enough to honor me, without realizing that it means a lot of hard work; in fact, I would feel that the job would indeed be a heavy one were I not supported by the splendid officers and Executive Committee which have been elected to-day. I will, doubtless, make many mistakes—not too many, I hope—but in these I crave your indulgence, and I can again assure you of my earnest endeavor to do all I possibly can for the interests of the Empire Club and I ask for the hearty co-operation and help, not only of my fellow-officers, but of every member of the Club. Every one should feel that he has a personal interest in the welfare of the Club. Constructive criticism and suggestions will always be welcomed, particularly as to available speakers and subjects.

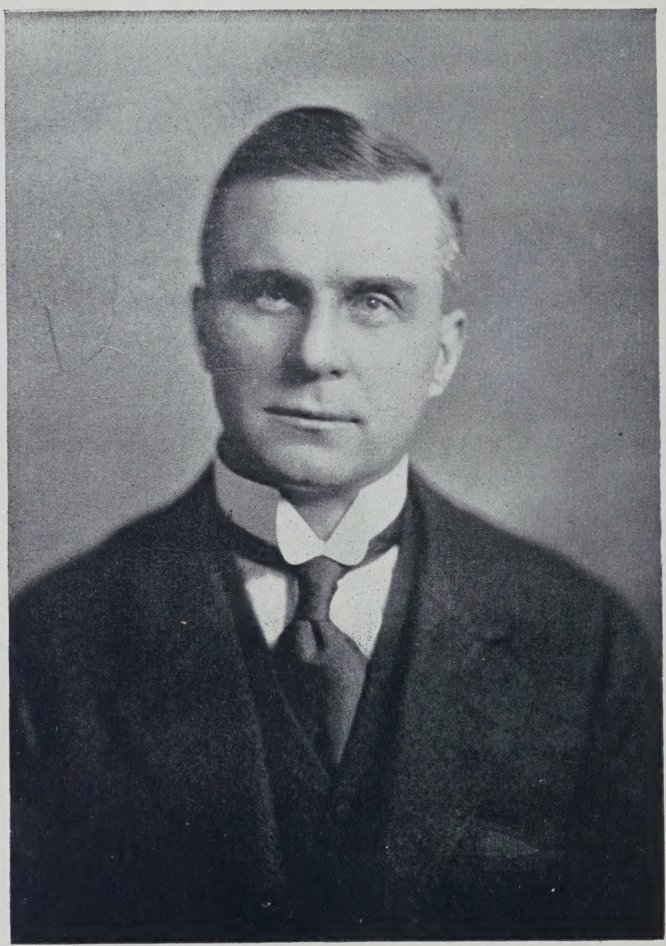
I am sure we all regret that our Ex-President, Mr. Sommerville, is away to-day. We miss his genial presence, his able direction, and his ready fund of eloquence which, as many of you know, he is now using in the United States in a series of public addresses on behalf of the American Red Cross and other War Funds, and I am sure that no more able pleader for this wonderful cause could be found. During the past week Mr. Sommerville was honored by being made an Honourary Life Member of the Clark County (Ohio) Bar Association, in which honor we all rejoice and we so expressed ourselves in a congratulatory telegram sent last week at a meeting of the Eexcutive Committee of this Club. The late President McKinley was the only other Life Member. Mr. Sommerville has also been signally honored by being requested by the Governor of the State to deliver the Memorial address to-day on the steps of the Capitol at Columbus.

Gentlemen, I cannot conclude my remarks without referring to the subject which concerns the hearts and lives of all of us more than anything else. The great war is still upon us; the armies of the Hun are still plying their diabolical trade of murder, fire and pillage; our sons and brothers, and those of our gallant Allies on the Western Front—France, Belgium, Italy and America—are still shedding their blood and laying down their lives in checking the enemy's attempts to break through their unconquerable lines. God grant that the time may soon come when the beast will be hurled back over his own frontiers and the world be forever free from the menace of militarism, and such awful frightfulness as has been seen in Europe during the past four years.

But out of the bloodshed and horror of this terrible war, where the sons of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and other parts of the British Empire, have fought shoulder to shoulder with the sons of Britain, has evolved a great spirit of comradeship which has done more in a comparatively short time to unite and cement the ties of Empire and nourish that spirit of Imperial Unity, which has been one of the main objects of this Club, than could otherwise have been done perhaps in generations. The dream for many years of every true Britisher has at last become a reality and, through the carnage and bloodshed in Europe, the seed of Empire, which had been germinating and growing for many years, has at last blossomed forth until the whole Empire is now welded together in an indissoluble union, upholding those great principles for which the British Empire has stood throughout the ages. And what does this mean? We are told that nineteen centuries ago the great Roman Empire had spread its power and influence practically over the whole of the then known world, thus unconsciously providing a means whereby the new doctrines of Christianity were enabled to be spread abroad in a manner far more completely, and far more quickly, than would have been possible if such a far-reaching National Organization had not existed. What then may be the power for good, of our great British Empire which extends its influence over so much of the world at present? Knowing, as we do, the foundation upon which the British Empire rests, which has its source in those same principles which were delivered on two tables of stone to the Patriarch of old, and, knowing the high ideals of truth, and honor, and justice for which the Empire has always stood, we are sure that, if we are all true to these principles, this great influence will tend only to the good and happiness of all. Couple with this the influence of our great neighbour to the South, whose people speak the same language as our own, whose best sons are of the same stock as ours and who are now mingling their blood with that of the best sons of the British Empire on the plains of France and Flanders, with their vast resources of wealth, and energy, and progress, and standing, as they have shown themselves to stand, for the same great principles of honor and justice for which our own Empire stands—with this united front who can tell what great era of progress is now dawning before us and what great things the future may bring forth.

Gentlemen, in doing all we can to further cement these relations of unity and friendship—by encouraging interchange of thoughts and ideas between our own country and that of our great neighbour and Ally to the south, and throughout the Empire, there is still a great work for us to do. In this work let us make sure that you and I play our part.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1918



F. J. COOMBS
PRESIDENT OF THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA,
MAY-DECEMBER, 1918.

THE GROWTH OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN

AN ADDRESS BY TSUNEJIRO MIYAOKA

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
September 9, 1918

On March 14 of the lunar calendar in the year 1868 of the Christian era* the late Emperor, whom we would like to be known by his posthumous name Meiji Tenno, took the following oath at the sanctuary dedicated to the worship of his Imperial ancestors:†

1. Widely representative institutions for deliberation shall be established, and the affairs of state shall be determined in accordance with public opinion.

2. The sovereign and the people shall unit as one man in the vigorous execution of the policies of the Empire.

3. The common people no less than the civil and the military officers shall be permitted to pursue the respective

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Mr. Miyaoka was the special guest of the American Bar Association and the Canadian Bar Association and is referred to by the former as "The eminent Japanese Counsellor-at-law and Diplomatist, who, to thoroughly sound knowledge of general and international law, adds an altogether exceptional acquaintance with the English language." Mr. Miyaoka has been in the diplomatic service of Japan since 1887 and has served in Washington, in Berlin and in Tokio. He was Japan's agent before the Arbitral Tribunal of The Hague during 1904 and 1905, and was commissioned by his Government as delegate to various important international meetings, one of these being his appointment as President of the Japanese Commission to the Opium Conference at Shanghai, China.

*On December 3 (lunar calendar) in the year 1872 Japan adopted the Gregorian calendar. In this address up to that time dates are given in the lunar calendar.

†Komei Tenno died on December 25, 1866, and his only son Meiji Tenno formally ascended the throne on January 9, 1867.

objects of their lives, and we must see to it that no cause for discontent is given anywhere.

4. Unworthy customs of old shall be abolished, and things shall be adjusted in accordance with the eternal principle of justice.

5. Wisdom and knowledge shall be sought throughout the world, and the power of the Empire shall thereby be strengthened.

These five principles consecrated by the oath of the great Emperor may be said to embody the whole of the policy by means of which Japan has attained her present position among the nations of the world. The system of compulsory education so successfully carried out that the percentage of illiteracy in Japan is one of the smallest in the world, has its foundation on this Imperial oath. The representative institutions of the government now so prevalent in the central as well as the local administration of the country is the direct result of this declaration. In short the so-called Five Articles of the Imperial Oath form the Magna Charta not only of political liberties but of all the social changes which have been wrought in Japan within the last fifty years.

To show you the spirit in which this oath was taken and proclaimed to the people of Japan, let me translate a paragraph from the manifesto issued by Meiji Tenno to his people on March 14, 1868. His Majesty declared:

> Since the middle ages of our history the Imperial régime has declined and powerful military families have one after another in succession exercised the real prerogative of the sovereign. Those military families invariably pretended to show the greatest respect to the Imperial Court, but the respect paid was of such a character as to remove the Emperor farther and farther away from his people. The Emperor is at once the father and the mother of the people of this country. If he is placed on a high pedestal and is worshipped, but the means of knowing the wishes, the desires and the needs of his children are cut away from him, he becomes a sovereign only in name. Then the glory of the Imperial

> Court becomes a sham and the Emperor no longer wields real power.
>
> If the Emperor and his people do not live closer together, how can I, as your sovereign, properly discharge my duties? I have now taken into my hands the prerogative of my ancestors.* If henceforth there should be a man or a woman whose just rights are denied to him or her, I am accountable for such a deplorable state of affairs.
>
> In the arduous work of meeting the vicissitudes of our national existence I shall work and work till my bones ache, always standing in the fore-front of my people. It shall be my constant aim to follow in the footsteps of my Imperial ancestors in promoting the welfare of the nation. It is my hope that by so doing I may acquit myself of the heavy responsibility which rests on my shoulders as your sovereign.

It will be observed that the whole utterance is conceived in the spirit of an entire devotion to the cause of the people, not in that of an autocrat who claims as his due blind obedience to his will on the part of his people. Paradoxical as it may seem the democratization of Japan commenced with the Imperial Court as the center of the movement.

Baron Hozumi, in his highly instructive work entitled *Ancester-Worship and Japanese Law*† describes the fundamental principle of the Japanese Government as *theocratico-patriarchal constitutionalism.* He maintains that the government is *theocratical,* because "the Emperor holds the sovereign power, not as his own inherent right, but as an inheritance from his divine-ancestor." "The Emperor rules over the country as the supreme head of the vast family of the Japanese nation." Hence the Baron concludes the government is *patriarchal.* "The Emperor exercises the sovereign power according to the Constitution which is based on the most advanced principles of modern constitutionalism. The government is therefore, *constitutional.*"*

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*Tokugawa Yoshinobu, the fifteenth and the last Shogun of the Tokugawa family, tendered to the Imperial Throne his resignation of the office of Shogun and surrendered his prerogative to rule the Empire by virtue of delegated authority, on October 14, 1867. His resignation and surrender of authority was accepted and the fact formally proclaimed by Emperor Meiji on December 9, 1867, in the presence of his Ministers and court dignitaries in the Imperial Palace at Kioto.

†The work is in English. It was originally prepared as an address and was delivered by the author at the International Congress of Orientalists held in Rome in October 1899. Its third and revised edition appeared in Tokio in 1913.

Now let us trace some of the landmarks in the history of the phenomenal transition of Japan from a medieval feudal state in 1868 to a modern constitutional monarchy with all the forms of representative government in national, local and municipal administration.

In 1867 we see Japan under the nominal rule of the Emperor who resided in Kioto surrounded by an aristocracy of birth called *Kuge,* commonly known as the court nobles in contradistinction to the feudal lords who formed the military aristocracy. The adage of English constitutional practice, "The King reigns but does not rule," was in no country more true than in feudal Japan when she was under the régime of dual sovereignty during a period of about six hundred and eighty years from 1180 to 1867 of the Christian era. As is well described in the Imperial manifesto of March 14, 1868, the power of the Emperor was nominal, while the all-powerful chief of the military chiefs really ruled the country under authority delegated by the Emperor. The title of such all-powerful military chief was Shogun which meant generalissimo or commander in chief of the armies. The Shogun dynasties rose and fell, each succeeding Shogunate exercising sway over the realm by virtue of delegation of authority from the reigning monarch. The appointment of a Shogun with all the prerogatives which that title carried with it, was itself an act of the Imperial prerogative; but the irony of the régime was that the Imperial prerogative was and had to be exercised in favour of the head of that feudal family which had subjugated all the rest of the feudal chiefs in the realm. The last period of the Shogunate was that of the Tokugawa family, which lasted for two hundred and sixty-eight years.

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*See pages 87-88 of the third edition.

Thus in 1867 the Emperor of Japan nominally reigned in Kioto, but the real government of Japan which had in its hand diplomatic relations with foreign countries, the command over the army and the navy, the right of coinage and of working gold, silver and copper mines, as well as the administration of Buddhist and Shinto shrines and of justice in all important cases, was the government of the Tokugawa Shogun. The seat of that government was Yedo, now called Tokio. Important measures of policy were either first submitted by the government to the Imperial Court at Kioto for Imperial approval before they were executed, or were merely reported for information after they were carried out. The procedure made little difference, for if the measure was submitted in advance the Imperial Court was expected to give the imprimatur of approval to every measure recommended by the Shogunate government. The city of Yedo with the surrounding districts, as well as many other strategically and economically important places in the Empire, were placed under the direct rule of the government. The rest of the country was divided as fiefs among the feudal chiefs who were either relatives or vassals of the Tokugawa family as well as among those who were originally rivals but had pledged themselves to be loyal supporters of that régime. The number of such fiefs or feudal dominions amounted to more than two hundred and seventy, each of which was a small kingdom governed by the respective feudal lord subject to the overlordship of the Tokugawa Shogun. The surrender to the Emperor by the Tokugawa Shogun in 1867 of the *de facto* sovereignty directly exercised by his government over important territory in the Empire and of the overlordship exercised over the dominions of his relatives, vassal chiefs and other semi-independent feudal chiefs, struck the very root of the entire régime. Theoretically this was merely a political change, the renunciation of the hereditary office of Shogun by Tokugawa Yoshinobu, the fifteenth Shogun of the Tokugawa Family.†

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[*] See *History of the Political Institutions in the Meiji Era*, by Viscount Kiyoura, Tokio, 1899, page 9. The work is in Japanese and has not been translated into any foreign language.

If one of the allied feudal lords who combined to declare war on Tokugawa Yoshinobu under a sealed mandate of the Emperor at Kioto could have succeeded in ascending the throne of the Shogun left vacant by the abdication of the latter on October 14, 1867, the régime of dual sovereignty would have persisted in Japan. Such an eventuality was, however, made impossible by the nature of the movement which culminated in the downfall of the Tokugawa Shogunate.

The movement was started as a revival of Imperialism. It was justly argued that the dismemberment of the sovereignty of Japan into nominal and real sovereignty was nothing short of high treason. The nation must restore Imperial power to where it rightly belonged, was the battle cry. The success of the revolution against the then established order of things was the restoration of the real régime of Imperialism as it existed in Japan prior to 1180 A.D.

If the overlordship of Tokugawa over the Empire was an act of treason against the legitimate sovereignty, then the exercise of lordship by the two hundred and seventy-odd feudal chiefs over their dominions, their vassals and other inhabitants of such dominions, was equally incompatible with the integral maintenance of the Imperial prerogative. The Emperor was not only the sovereign of all the people of Japan then living, but was the lineal descendant of the sovereigns of their ancestors, and was moreover the head of the Imperial house which was older than the history of Japan and stood to *all* the families in the Empire in the relation of the main family to the branch families.*

According to the Japanese conception of things there may be distinction among men in the degree of honours accorded to each by reason of their personal attainments, or by reason of descent, that is to say, of the personal attainments of their forebears. The intrusion of one or

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*See Baron Hozumi, *Ancestor-Worship and Japanese Law,* 3d edition, Tokio, 1913, pages 88 and 102 to 105.

See also *The Soul of the Far East* by Percival Lowell, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1898. On page 36 that acute observer on Japan says, "The Empire is one great family; the family is a little Empire."

more individuals between the Emperor who is the head of the nation, on the one hand, and the people of Japan, who are equally his subjects, is inconsistent with the conception of sovereignty vested in the head of the Imperial family.

Thus, paradoxical as it may seem, the restoration of Imperialism was the first step onward in the modernization of Japan, for so long as the country was feudal there could be no basis for constitutional limited monarchy.

Until July 14, 1871, the decentralization of Japan with the ancient feudal chiefs as the governors of their respective dominions continued, excepting such localities as were under the immediate administration of the Tokugawa government which became subject to the direct control of the Imperial Government in 1867.

On July 14, 1871, an Imperial manifesto was issued abolishing the régime of administration of the ancient domains by their respective feudal lords, and such domains were either united or divided up into smaller parts to form convenient administrative units. This is the origin of the modern local government system of Japan.

In April, 1868, an organization of government was adopted, at the head of which stood a body called the Council of State (*Giseikwan*). The Council had two chambers, the higher and the lower. The higher chamber was what we now would call the Cabinet, except that in addition to its executive function, it was clothed with legislative duties. It promulgated laws upon the approval of or in obedience to the command of the Emperor. Broad lines of policy were deliberated upon, subject to the approval or veto of the Emperor, such for instance as the conclusion of treaties with foreign Powers, the declaration of war, or the restoration of peace.

The lower chamber was composed of delegates commissioned by the chiefs of the local governments who were at that time, except as already noted, the feudal lords of the ancient régime. Herein lies the beginning of modern representative government in Japan. In January, 1868, the Emperor Meiji took the oath that

"Widely representative institutions for deliberation shall be established, and the affairs of state shall be determined in accordance with public opinion"; and within a period of four months such a deliberative assembly was constituted, the members of which were appointed not by the central government but by the chiefs of local governments who continued to retain a large measure of autonomy within their former dominions. The function of this body was consultative only, but all important questions such as the conclusion of treaties with foreign nations, the declaration of war or conclusion of peace, taxation, military service, etc., were submitted to its deliberation by the upper chamber. This was therefore a means of ascertaining what at that time was the only legitimate public opinon, namely, the views of the local governments which constituted in a sense *imperio in imperio.* By the organization of April, 1868, a judiciary was created to be occupied solely with the administration of justice and with matters of police.

In July, 1869, the organization was more or less changed, but the lower chamber of the Council of State was continued under the name of the Assembly. The members were not commissioned to sit in this Assembly by the central government, but a member was selected by the chief of each local government from among the officials of that government. The term of office of the members was four years, and every two years one-half of the total number went out and new men were sent to take the places vacated. The meetings of the Assembly were held on stated days of every month, and its deliberations were open to the public. It was the prerogative of the Assembly to receive petitions from people at large not on matters concerning themselves individually or affecting the interest of certain localities only, but on the broad lines of policy of the Empire. Such petitions when deemed worthy of official attention were transmitted to Daijogwan which was the highest executive body immediately subordinate to the Emperor.*

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*See Viscount Kiyoura, *History of the Political Institutions in the Meiji Era,* page 19.

All these changes are carefully described by Viscount Kiyoura in his work entitled *History of the Political Institutions in the Meiji Era,* published in Tokio in 1899. That work is in Japanese, and no translation into any European language has been made.

In July, 1871, the form of government was remodeled. Two chambers were created under the office of the Prime Minister and were respectively called the Left and the Right Chamber. Laws were promulgated by the Prime Minister in obedience to the command of the Emperor, but it was the duty of the Left Chamber to take the initiative in the legislative work by submitting draft laws to the Prime Minister, as well as to deliberate and pass judgment upon draft laws submitted by the Premier. The Right Chamber was the meeting hall of the chiefs of the executive departments. Measures passed by the Left Chamber which affected the executive branch of the government were, therefore, submitted by the Prime Minister for advice to the Right Chamber. So *vice versa* matters passed by the Right Chamber regarding which the Prime Minister thought it wise to call for an expression of the legitimate public opinion of the day, were submitted to the deliberation of the Left Chamber. The Prime Minister, subject to the command of the Emperor, was the sole judge as to the wisdom of submitting a draft law for deliberation to the Left Chamber and of adopting or rejecting any measure recommended by either chamber.

From December 3 of the lunar calendar in the year 1872 A.D., which was January 1, 1873, Japan adopted the Gregorian calendar, so that the days and the months of all the dates I have given prior to that date are the days and the months of the lunar calendar, while the days and the months of all subsequent dates correspond precisely with the dates of the Gregorian calendar.

In April, 1875, the Chambers of the Left and of the Right were abolished, and a Senate composed of members appointed by the Crown was established. The Senators were appointed from among (*a*) the nobles, that is to say, from among the ancient feudal lords and the "court nobles," (*b*) higher officials of the government, (*c*) men who had rendered distinguished services to the state, and (*d*) men with profound knowledge of political science and law. This institution was therefore the embryo of the House of Peers which first came into existence in 1890 when the Imperial Diet was opened under the Constitution of the Empire. Thus the Senate which was created in 1875 was formally dissolved by the Emperor on October 20, 1890. The function of the Senate was—

1. To deliberate and pass judgment upon the draft laws submitted to it by the Cabinet in obedience to the Imperial Command.
2. To recommend to the Crown, of its own initiative, the adoption of legislative measures which the Senate deemed it wise to enact into laws.
3. To accept petitions from any person or persons praying for the enactment of laws on any subject.

The foregoing is a brief retrospect of the gradual adoption in Japan of an upper chamber of the legislature. Now, turning to the development of a more representative institution in the central government of Japan, I would state that in May, 1874, the Assembly of Local Governors was convened at Tokio. With the complete abolition of feudalistic local governments on July 14, 1871, the ancient feudal lords ceased to be the governors of their respective ancient domains. In 1874, therefore, all the local governors were civil functionaries appointed by the central government. The Assembly under review was composed entirely of local governors, and was convened at Tokio at least once a year. If necessary it was called to meet in special sessions. The questions were submitted, for deliberation and advice, in the name of the Emperor, whose prerogative it was to adopt or to reject the recommendations of the Assembly. There was a standing instruction to the local governors that in taking part in the debate of the Assembly they were to regard themselves *as the representatives of the people* inhabiting the territory under their respective jurisdictions. The local governors were assured that they were not to be questioned or held responsible outside the House for whatever they might say at the meetings of the Assembly. While therefore the local governors were under the control and supervision of the Minister of State for Home Affairs in the discharge of their duties as the administrators of the respective provinces or prefectures assigned to them, they were nevertheless permitted to criticize the domestic policy of the central government in the Assembly as much as they wished to do. This may, therefore, be said to be the beginning of the representative system in the central government of Japan.

The session held in December, 1880, was the last of the sessions of the Assembly of Local Governors. Even now meetings of local governors are held in Tokio once every year, but the meaning of the meeting has changed since 1881. Up to 1881 the local governors were convened *as the representatives of the people* living in their respective prefectures. Since that date they have been convened to meet in Tokio as officials representing the central government in the provinces. The reason of this change is that in July, 1878, local assemblies were created by law, one in each prefecture; that is to say, every administrative district that had a local governor now had a local assembly which was a representative body elected by the people of that district. Simultaneously with the creation of local assemblies for prefectures, assemblies for smaller administrative units were created one for each unit, that is to say, a city assembly for a city, a town assembly for a town, and a village assembly for a village. The members of these bodies were all elected by the ballots of the people entitled to vote in the territory covered by each city, town or village, as the case might be.

The power of the local assemblies created in 1878 was as follows:

1. To vote the budget of the expenditures to be defrayed by local taxation, and to determine the method of the levy and collection of local taxes.
2. To receive from the governor and to examine reports on the disbursements made out of the revenue derived from local taxation.

> 3. To express opinion on its own initiative to the government regarding matters touching the interest of the respective prefectures.
>
> 4. To express opinion in answer to questions submitted by the governor regarding matters touching the interest of the prefecture.
>
> 5. To determine rules governing its deliberation, that is to say, its own by-laws.

On February 11, 1889, the Constitution of Japan was promulgated, which took effect from November, 1890, upon the opening of the national parliament called the Imperial Diet.

In May, 1890, laws of the organization of prefectures, of counties, as well as of cities, towns and villages, were promulgated. These laws were later amended, but were all based on the principle that the prefectures, the counties as well as the cities, towns and villages, were self-governing corporate bodies. Article 2 of the present Law of Organization of Prefectures provides:

> Article 2. Prefectures are juridical persons. They are subject to the supervision and control of the government, but within the limit of laws and ordinances they shall have the power to manage their own public affairs as well as such other matters as appertain to them under the provisions of a law or an ordinance or by usage and custom.*

In the narrow compass of a single address it is impossible to go into the details of the various representative institutions which exist in Japan for the purposes of government, both national and local. Let me conclude by giving you some data relating to the organization of the House of Representatives of the Imperial Diet, which corresponds to the House of Commons of the British Parliament, and of the Local Assemblies.

The number of seats in the House of Representatives is 381. Of the total number 76 members are returned by large cities while the rest of the Empire, excluding Formosa and Corea but including Hokkaido and Loochoo Islands, return 305 members.

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*The Law of the Organization of Prefectures now in force is Law No. 64 of March 16, 1899, as amended by Law No. 2 of 1908 and Law No. 35 of 1914.

The suffrage for the election of members of the House of Representatives is limited to Japanese male subjects of twenty-five years of age or more, who have had their domicile continually within the electoral district for a period of at least one year prior to the time fixed for the making of the roster of electors, and who moreover satisfy one or the other of the following property qualifications:

1. That the person had paid national land tax amounting to ten yen or more for a period of not less than one year preceding the time fixed for the making of the roster of electors, and that he continues so to pay, or
2. That the person had paid direct national tax, other than land tax, amounting to ten yen or more, or had paid a sum of ten yen or more as direct national tax taking his land tax as well as other direct national taxes together, for a period of two years preceding the time fixed for the making of the roster of electors, and that he continues so to pay.

In the case of succession, upon the death of the head of a family, the amount of taxes paid by the deceased is, for the purpose of qualification for election, regarded as the taxes paid by the heir. The sum of ten yen is equal to five dollars of the Canadian or American currency, so that the tax qualification may be said to be on the basis of a pound a year.*

In 1912 the population of Japan excluding Corea, Formosa and Saghalien, was 52,522,753, of which 26,544,759 were males. In that year the number of men entitled to vote within the same area was 1,503,968. The votes actually cast which were valid amounted to 1,388,528, while the number of votes rejected as null and void was 10,653.†

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*Article 8 of the Law of Election of the Members of the House of Representatives, promulgated as Law No. 73 on March 29, 1900. One yen is equal to fifty cents or slightly more than two shillings.

†See *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japan,* Tokio, 1917, pages 6 and 201.

Regarding the qualification to become a member of the House of Representatives there is no limitation further than that the person must be a Japanese male subject of thirty years or more, and must not be under civil disability or a bankrupt or an ex-convict who has not regained the exercise of his public rights.§

The franchise for the election of members of a local assembly is limited to such public citizens of a city, town or village within the boundary of the prefecture as have the right to vote for the election of the members of the city, the town or the village assembly, as the case may be, and who moreover have paid, for a period of at least one year, direct national tax amounting to three yen or more.

The tax qualification for being elected a member is higher than that for franchise. In order to be eligible the man must have paid a sum of ten yen or more as direct national tax during the preceding year and must continue to pay the same.

Conclusion

I have now traced as briefly as possible the political changes which took place in Japan from 1867 to 1900. In 1867 the right of sovereignty in the hands of the Emperor of Japan was only nominal. The country was absolutely feudal and presented a state of affairs one sees in the middle ages of European history. The internal political difficulties arising from the opening of the relations of diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, consequent upon the advent of Commodore Perry in the Bay of Yedo, accelerated the downfall of the Tokugawa Shogunate. On October 14, 1867, Tokugawa Yoshinobu, the last of the reigning feudal overlords, surrendered to the Emperor his *de facto* sovereignty. "The people shall be made to conform themselves to law, they shall not be permitted to know what the law is" was the principle of government in ancient China. That tyrannical principle had been adopted in Japan. The Emperor Meiji upon resumption of sovereignty reversed this system, and adopted the enlightened rule that every law before it can be enforced must be made known to the people. Moreover, of his own free volition, His Majesty took the vow that means should be devised whereby legitimate public opinion might be ascertained through free expression in a representative assembly. As the forerunner of and in preparation for the opening of a representative national legislature the Emperor created a Senate in 1875, the members of which were appointed by him from among the nobles, the officials of the government and the men learned in political science as well as in law. This body served as the consultative assembly in the drafting and adoption of laws until a bicameral legislature called the Imperial Diet came into existence in 1890 in pursuance of the Constitution of the Empire promulgated on February 11, 1889. In 1878 Emperor Meiji caused local assemblies to be convened, one in each prefecture, with authority to determine the annual budget of public expenditures to be defrayed out of the revenue obtained by local taxation, as well as the means of raising such revenue. The opening of such local assemblies was designed as the preparation for the adoption of the system of local self-government which was introduced in 1890. Thus the transformation of Japan from a feudal state into a modern constitutional monarchy with local autonomy throughout the Empire was accomplished within a brief space of twenty-three years. Such transformation, however, was effected neither by one stroke nor in one period. There were successive stages in the process of transformation; and the care with which each step forward was taken would undoubtedly excite the admiration of the world, if such details were better known. It is the study of such details that enables us to discover that in the modern democratization of Japan the Imperial Throne has been the center of the movement.

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§Articles 10 and 11 of the Law of Election of the Members of the House of Representatives.

Feudalism is a system of privileges. It is the military aristocracy that governs. This system of privileges was abolished in Japan by the revival of Imperialism. Imperialism carried with it the principles of democracy, for it insisted on the theory that the Emperor was the head of the great family to which all other families in the Empire stood in relation of branches to the main stock. All the people of Japan are equally the subjects of the Emperor, and no subject may claim the right to govern another excepting in special cases recognized by law, such as the exercise of parental authority by the father or mother over children. As your democracy insists on the equality of men before the law, before taxation and before the ballot box, so does the democracy of Japan insist on the equality of all before the Emperor who alone is clothed with the authority to reign subject to the Constitution. A distinguished British statesman once said that the greatest asset of the British Empire was the Crown. With equal truth may it be said that the most valuable heritage of the Japanese nation is its Imperial family.

THE WAR, AND THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, September 17, 1918

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I feel very greatly the honor you have done me when I think of it as done to me as an individual, and I feel it less onerous and weighty when I realize that in honoring me as your guest to-day, you are really honoring all those women of the English-speaking part of our mighty Empire whom I humbly represent here this morning. I am not here officially representing the British Government, and I did not go to Russia officially representing the British Government; the part the British Government took in the business was this, as stated by Mr. Balfour in reply to a question in Parliament—I am here with the approval of the British Government because the Government thought I could do work useful to the allied cause. I am here, sent by the Women's Party of Great Britain. Patriotic women thought I could serve the Empire's cause last year by going to Russia, and they sent me and paid all the expenses of that visit; and the same band of patriotic women, when it seemed that delay in the United States on the question of intervention in Russia was dangerous, said to me again, "Go to America and tell the American people what you saw in Russia, and we will bear the cost of your going." So I am not the envoy of the Government, but I am the envoy of the women who are devoting

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Mrs. Pankhurst's consecration of her talents and time to the winning of the War, with a political genius possessed by few, and a devotion to justice and equality of opportunity for all persons, has made her one of the great world figures.

their whole life and all their money and treasure to the winning of this great war.

A few years ago, when women were fighting for their enfranchisement, one of the arguments against them was that women should not have power of citizenship because they could not understand Imperial questions, and their coming into citizenship would be very dangerous for the integrity of the Empire. Is it not strange that, now that that question is settled, I should be here to-day as the guest of an Empire Club? Whether women are competent to deal with the vital questions of Empire as citizens, remains to be seen; we are still young in citizenship; but the women of the Empire have shown that whether their brains can deal with those complicated questions or not, their hearts and their hands have been ready to take up the burden of Empire and to sustain it equally with the men. When we talk amongst ourselves at home, we women, in encouraging one another to make every sacrifice to win the war, are accustomed to say, "We are not called upon as women to fight for the cause as the men are; it has been wisely thought that women, the conservers of the race, must be released from that supreme duty of citizenship; we contribute the fighters, and we face our own battles in bringing life into the world; that is our women's contribution; but when war comes, when the Nation and Empire are in danger, then every woman should be prepared to do whatever is needed on the home or civilian front to release the sex that fights, to go to do the necessary work of defending the Empire and the Home.

It had become the fashion of late years to decry Empire and Imperialism. During those years of insidious German propaganda in every allied country, the propaganda which culminated in the destruction of one of the great Empires engaged in this war was directed against Empire and the Imperial idea. It did not begin with this war; for years past a great and responsible political party in Great Britain was accustomed to denounce Imperialism and pride of Empire. The war is teaching us many things, and the supreme thing that it has taught is to distinguish between the right kind of Empire and Imperialism and the wrong Imperialism and wrong and weak and corrupt kind of Empire. The war is testing us, and I believe that the British Empire will come through the awful test of war strengthened and purified and ennobled by the test.

When this war began, there were several Empires engaged in it on both sides. There was an Empire based on autocracy and the will of a single man. We have seen in the fall of Russia how weak that kind of Empire is when the test comes. We have the kind of Empire which finds its expression in the Empire of Austro-Hungary—the Empire which within the last day or two has been making offers of peace to the allies. That ramshackle Empire which is founded on the subjection of liberty-loving peoples who have been subdued by force and compelled into the Empire, is on the point of following the ruin and the fate of the Russian Empire. Its downfall will be necessary to the victory of the allied cause, and when that Empire falls, as it must fall, we shall have played our part in liberating those magnificent people, the Jugo-Slavs, who are the pioneers in the great struggle for liberty, wherever they are to be found. Then we have the German Empire—the head and front of our offending—headed by that arch-hypocrite the Kaiser, who, having prepared for this war for a generation, has the insolence to take the sacred name of peace upon his lips, and who dares to take a kind of democratic camouflage even to the people of his own country. If we are to succeed in the winning of this war, that Empire will have to go, and be broken up into its component parts. Lastly, there is our own Empire, broad-based upon the people's will—the only form of Empire which can stand the test of war, an Empire in which vast and deep responsibility rests now upon practically every man, and every woman too, of the English-speaking race. It is we who are responsible, not the Empire or the Monarch, not even the Parliaments, but the people who are primarily responsible in our Empire are the ordinary men and women of the English-speaking races who make up the vast Empire. We are responsible for the good government of the Empire. We are responsible also for the well-being of those races not so advanced as ourselves in modern civilization and in democratic institutions.

When I think of those old days when it was urged against women that they could not understand the Empire, I remember we used to say in reply, "If we don't, then it is high time we had responsibility and began to learn, because we British women have a great trust; we have to care for those millions of women in the Eastern part of our Empire, in the Oriental part of our Empire, who depend upon us even for their very existence,—the women of India. Think of those millions of women, in subjection sometimes of the most abject kind! When I think of those who attack the Empire and the Imperial responsibility, when I think of what has been done even without women having rights, to abolish suttee, to do something to modify that horrible institution of child-marriage, to do something to bring education to those countless millions of British women, then indeed I rejoice to-day that the English-speaking women of the Empire have, even in war time, come not only into the duties and responsibilities of citizenship but into the power also, so that we can do something to influence the trend of Imperial politics in regard to that part of our Empire in the near future.

I do not know whether you men here have thought much about it, but we women have been thinking a great deal about this proposal to extend democratic institutions to the manhood of India. We want to know, before it is done, what effect it is going to have upon the womanhood of India. If you give political power to all the men of the diverse races of India, will it mean that they are going to set back the progress that has been made under British rule? Does it mean that the chains are to be strengthened upon Indian womanhood, or will it mean that that impetus given by British Government is going to be useful toward higher civilization? We want to know all these things before any steps are taken, and our influence in British politics—and I hope the influence of

Canadian women will be in the same direction—will be to say, "Don't act until you have fully weighed the consequences of your act." Let us be sure that it does mean a strengthening of liberty to women—not for a handful of people who will get power, but for the vast numbers of those races in India for whom we people of British origin are responsible. That is our contribution to-day towards Imperial politics in the management of an independent force. We want to have the women of India safeguarded; we want this whole institution of immolation of womanhood not to be revived; we want to be sure that they will have the benefits of education increased and not diminished before we give our consent as women to any sweeping changes in the Government of India.

We women voters of Great Britain have a programme, if we do not include Imperial politics; and I want to tell you Canadians who read in your papers this morning those two speeches from the representatives of New Zealand that they express the desires, at any rate, of the Women's Party of Great Britain. We want to see an Imperial Parliament. We want to see the Dominions represented there. We want Canada and Australia and New Zealand to bring to us the benefit of their youth, of their energy, of their quick perception of new things and progressive things that have to be done. We realize that the Empire will never be as great and as mighty as we want it to be, until the Dominions are represented in the Imperial interests of the Empire as they have never hitherto been. That must be one of the vital consequences of the war. We must draw together as we have never done before. We must all have a share in the development of the mighty resources of this wonderful Empire of ours. It is going to be good for you Canadians to be represented there. It is going to be even better for us in the mother country than it will be for you.

What is the tendency in the old civilization? Ah, we know what it meant; we have realized it during this war. The mother country with its old civilization had grown wealthy, or apparently so. There were people prepared to rest on their oars, to rest on their past, and to remain stationary. Sometimes I think we at home needed the war to wake us up to the vital necessities of the hour. Well, if you come to us with your young life and your new vigor as you have done in this war as fighters, then indeed we are going to start out on a new and mighty appeal of development for the Empire, and we need you more than you need us, and so it must be when the war is over.

Now, may I make a suggestion to you in return, as to what you can do for us in addition to this splendid work you have done in sending your sons and your daughters to offer to help in the essential work of winning the war? When the war is over, then I,—and those who think with me amongst women,—want you to co-operate with us in a great effort of Imperial development. We want the Empire and its sons and daughters to be richer and happier than they have been in the past. We are not content that some should be wealthy and that many should be poor. We believe that because of the poverty of the masses in the Mother country, those who have been insidiously working for the downfall of the Empire have found fertile ground in which to work. We must in future have an Empire where all discontent based upon poverty is swept away for ever. We must have material conditions so favorable for all, that there will be no room for an enemy propaganda to work; and we women hope that our contribution to politics will be one based upon sound political economy, a policy which will lead to the development of the vast natural resources of our Empire, because in that alone can the wealth of the masses be found. We are fighting now and we shall fight to the end for winning of this war, and afterwards against that small pacifist internationalist minority who are now talking about making peace with their German comrades and who at the same time are preaching at home class-war and discontent. Against their war-cry we preach the co-operation of all sections of the community for the production of national wealth to pay for prosperity for all. That is our motto, and I tell you this; if there are any men here who have doubted the coming of women into citizenship, I tell you to put away your doubts forever. You will find in women a force which is conservative of all that is best in national life, and at the same time a force, from practical experience of being the administrators and the dispensers of the national money through household arrangements, that will accept every intelligent and progressive method of increasing the means with which the necessaries of life are bought. Women are sound political economists; they know it is a fact, that if you spend more than you get, domestic bankruptcy awaits you. If you apply that principle to the national life, you will find in our women citizens not only a great conservative force but a great productive force, because unless you produce, you cannot have the money with which to pay your national bills. That is the profound principle which the woman voter is putting against the preacher of class war—the conservation of wealth. We say to them "Gentlemen, there is not enough left to pay for all we want; we have to create more, as it is only by conserving what there is that you are going to pay for social improvements; it is by making wealth that you are ever going to foot the bill."

To-day in this Empire Club it is of the Empire that one thinks most of all. In this war we shall get rid of all this nonsense against the Imperial idea. We will get rid of false Imperialism by the destruction of those Imperialistic enemies who sustain an Empire based upon the ideas of force and conquest and tyranny and domination. We shall substitute for that the Imperial idea based upon democratic institutions and the people's will; and when victory is assured this will be our task as citizens of this vast Empire. It will not be our aim to increase the extent of our Empire, but to develop what we have, and lead the van of civilization for all other countries on earth. We are a great and mighty Empire, and because of that our duties and responsibilities are greater than those of other nations and Empires. We have to lead the world in civilization. We have to show in this war a willingness to sacrifice, in emulation of all those who have fought and suffered with us, the greatest and foremost in sacrifice of them all.

When I think of this war and of the vast issues involved, I always take to my heart this thought: What do I or any other individuals matter? What does my life or any other life matter? There are things much greater than the individual at stake in this war. There are great and spiritual interests involved. There are ideals of human life and conduct and ideals of civilization at stake. If we lose this war, then those great ideals which we are longing to mould into our conduct will disappear, perhaps forever, from this earth. If we succeed in crushing finally the ideal of force on which our enemies rely, then indeed there will be hope that we, a purified people, softened and quickened by the suffering of war, through minds strengthened and enlightened by the experiences of War, helped by those who return to us from the battle-front and the women who have come into responsibilities and rights through the war, shall work out the future of civilization on nobler and higher lines than we ever could have done without the truthful and purifying experiences of the war.

BRITAIN AT WAR

An Address by GEORGE W. GARDINER

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
September 27, 1918

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I appreciate the very sincere compliment implied in the toast to the President of the United States, and I always like to open my remarks in speaking to a gathering of this kind where we have the singing of "America" by telling a little story, because sometimes people especially on our side of the line, get the idea that their country is the only land that has liberty. Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador in London, waited one day upon Premier Lloyd George, and while the Prime Minister was reading the documents presented to him, all of a sudden Mr. Choate, who had been sitting at a window overlooking St. James' Park, cried out, "Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" The Prime Minister jumped from his chair and asked what was the matter. Mr. Choate replied, "Why, come and look out of this window at your beautiful Park and see those ragged, dirty men out there, lying all over the grass, defiling that Park." The Prime Minister said, "Well, what of it?" Mr. Choate replied, "In America, if we had such a thing as that, we would have those men arrested, and fine them in the Court." Lloyd George replied, "Well, that only goes to show that we have more liberty in England than you have in America."

Mr. Gardiner is First Vice-President of the Union Trust Company of Providence, R.I. During the summer of 1918 he was a guest of the British Government, inspecting munition plants, dock yards, arsenals and other forms of war work. He was also able to visit the Front and look over the organization of the army. His observation covered the operations in England, Scotland and all around the coast.

I will tell another story illustrating the organization of Germany, to which we are all willing to pay tribute. A Southern gentleman was being driven out of his grounds to business by his colored servant, when he noticed a large black bug on one of the tall white posts, and he asked the driver if he could knock the bug off with his whip without startling the horses. Sambo said he could, and he made good his word. A little later on, they came to a place where the gentleman discovered a hornet's nest in one of the bushes, and he asked Sambo if he could do the same thing with the hornets, as he did with the bug; but Sambo replied, "No sir, dem is organized." (Laughter.) Yet in spite of the German organization in every line for the last forty years it is being beaten. But do not look for a revolution in Germany; the only way to conquer the German people and win this war is to kill, wound, or capture Germans. We need not talk about embargoes, although they are efficient and helpful, or about propaganda, or any other kind of way of waging war against Germany, for those people are case-hardened; they have been brought up in this war atmosphere, and they don't believe there is anything else to do; and they have to be taught a lesson through punishment, and that punishment has to be a great military defeat, which we are now on the way to administer. (Loud applause.)

Consider the German organization in the matter of dyes on which the whole world depended. After this war started, we found the reason we depended upon German dyes was because the manufacture of those dyes is supervised by the German Government, and by midnight of the day when war was declared, all those dye factories were turned right over into the manufacture of material for explosives. There is the reason why you had German dyes so successful and so much cheaper. The whole thing was a camouflage; Germany took the credit for it all, whereas, as we all know, coal-tar colors were the invention of an Englishman. (Hear, hear.) England and America both started to make their own dyes; and one of the best things I have seen along that line is the printing of the three colors in the flags of our two countries, and underneath them the notice, "These colors won't run." (Applause.)

The German mind works only in a straight line, and that is the same straight line that the tornado or the cyclone makes, brute power; and he does not know any other kind of reasoning; he admires the tempest and storm and has no use for the peaceful sunshine or the gentle summer breeze. That is why he makes the mass formation—that is the way they go; that is why he went through Belgium as the straightest line; that is the reason he sank the Lusitania and why he wages ruthless submarine war-fare, for he does not know, he does not believe, nor can he appreciate that an Anglo-Saxon who is going down a path way and meets an obstruction, will go round it and then go on. That is the greatest possible surprise to a German mind—that you can carry on anything except by brute force and in a straight line. But in this war, there are certain things coming out that we did not believe existed before.

In contrast to his organization, here is an unorganized nation like England, with less than two hundred thousand soldiers. Knowing of those millions under arms in Germany yet when Germany sought to dictate to France, Great Britain said NO, and immediately, unorganized as she was, she began to call forth her men and set out on the grandest conquest that ever was seen on earth. From the four quarters of the globe the Colonists came marching in to the relief of the Mother. (Hear, hear and applause.) Go to France to-day, in any of those towns, or go to the front, and you see the Canadian, the New Zealander, the Australian, the South African, the black men from the West Indies, the men with the turbans, and the men with the yellow skin. There are two elements there; first, the might of Britain, that made it possible in those infested Oceans to bring those men in ships, and bring them safely,—(applause) and the other is the heroic devotion of those men who were willing to go. That is one of the impressions I bring back from France to-day that shows that Great Britain is great. (Applause.) There is no doubt in my mind that every Hohenzollern and every Hapsburg to-day hears the tramp of this Empire, and they are not alone at the front door but they are at the side door, on the porch, on the back, and there is not a single one of those thrones that is not trembling to-day and feeling the shock and the jar of the advancing troops as they begin to close around.

And so, what do they do? The first thing is to ask for a peace consideration such as they want, and which, please God, they may never have. (Loud applause)—because this whole world would go back five hundred years if it established the principle that Germany may have war when she wants it and peace when she needs it. (Hear, hear.) When we win this war, every Hohenzollern and every Hapsburg should be transported to some place like St. Helena, and the sexes should be segregated and separated in order that never again into this world shall be born such inhuman beasts as this generation has shown them to be. (Applause.)

But I came to tell you something of the extraordinary war work that is going on in Great Britain. The first impression that I got of the trail of the merciless Hun, was to find in that port of Liverpool one of your magnificent trans-Atlantic liners with two or three red crosses painted on her sides as high as this ceiling; yet at the bow and the stern of that ship there were guns mounted —something unheard of before in the history of the world, that a hospital ship had to be armed in order to be able to transport its freight of helpless human beings. That gave us the first shudder at the frightfulness of this war and at the principle of fight with which the Hun is fighting.

In England we did not see many men out of uniform, and I felt somewhat embarrassed in the railroad station at Liverpool when a frail young English girl, weighing not over a hundred pounds, came to take my baggage. When I got on the train, I found the conductor was a woman, and later on, when I got to London, I found the busses all driven by women, and the great big trucks also.

I went into an aeroplane plant which has 4,600 employees, 2,400 of whom were women, and they were working with trousers and boots and caps on. That aeroplane factory was turning out 10 aeroplanes a day, 300 a month. The United States is in the aeroplane business too, and in April we were ready to test the Liberty motors in French machines in France. There is no doubt in my mind that the Allies already have the supremacy in the air, and they are going to hold it (applause) ; and I can tell you that by next Spring there are going to be so many aeroplanes of the Allies in the sky over Germany that the Germans will think there is a total eclipse of the sun. (Applause and laughter.)

I went into a large munition plant nine miles long by eight miles wide, started in the Fall of 1915, got under way in 1916, and in 1917 it had got somewhere near what was intended, and when we were there in 1918, we were told that a particular kind of explosive was being turned out in such quantities that word had come from the front to hold up, they were getting too much. They had 18,000 employees, 12,000 being women. (Applause.) In one part of that plant, sulphuric ether is used as one of the materials, and the manager said that before the war began, the total production of sulphuric ether in the whole world was 2,000 tons annually, but in 1917 that one factory turned out 30,000 tons of ether. Women were working heroically there for ten hours daily, and getting 35 shillings a week, though they had to wear masks on noses and mouths to prevent death from the deadly fumes. The British Government has in two years made the most perfect organization the world has ever seen for the care of those girl workers, who live in hostels presided over by matrons on whom the word "mother" is written in every lineament of face and figure.

In one of the shipyards, we saw one of those "mystery ships" longer than the Aquitania, which was 902 feet, and from her top we saw the forests of masts and timbers for the ships being built so fast that on the "ways" from which one ship had been launched the day before, timbers were already laid for another. (Applause.) Out of 11,000 employees in that yard 3,500 were women, and we saw them shoveling sand and getting ready the mouldings for the ships. Then we went to the brow of a hill and saw 200 fighting ships, and I said to a member of our American Commission near me, "Behold, America's first line of defence." (Loud applause.) And he said to me, "Yes, and her second." (Applause.) Then we went to the navy yard and saw the two submarines that collided in the water, head on; they were both saved and were being repaired. We found 8,000 men in that navy-yard.

But all these great works require material and men and women. Did you ever think of the food problem in Great Britain? Our Commission were guests of honor at a dinner given by Bonar Law at the Aldwych Club. We sat down with the Lord Mayor of London and 400 representative men; and here was our menu for that luncheon:—Piece of turbot with one boiled potato; one boiled egg with a spoonful of mashed potato; one biscuit with a cube of cheese—the only cheese I saw while I was in England—and a demi-tasse of coffee. For four days after we landed, we could not get a piece of meat until we got our meat card, which allowed us two ounces of meat four days a week, or half a pound a week, though German prisoners in English camps get four ounces of meat seven days a week, which is according to the orders of the War Office. That shows the difference between the treatment of the prisoners in Germany and prisoners in England. (Applause.) That goes to show you the greatness of Britain again. (Applause.) I spoke to a young girl, who told me she had not seen cheese for a long time; she had had a little margarine,—and no milk, as it had to be saved for the children. She would not say she had enough to eat, but she added, "But I can stand it a good long while if it is going to help win the war." (Loud applause.) I read of the sinking of cargoes of food from Canada and the United States—3,000,000 lbs. of bacon in one, millions of bushels of wheat; but one cheering thought came to me, "We may have lost the bacon, but we will get the Rhine." (Laughter.)

The speaker described an air-raid, adding, "The Hun with his devilish cunning, arranges his bomb so that it will not explode on contact; it has to burst through and come inside, and then burst and destroy everything in sight. That is why, in the close area connected with an air-bomb explosion, you do not find any bodies; you pick up scraps of human flesh. I saw three of those air-raids in London. Talking to a young waitress in a restaurant I said, "Severe air-raid last night?" She said, "Well, I suppose it disturbed you some, but I've been through 67 of those, and really, you know, they're not half bad, especially if you have a likeable young chap spending the evening with you." (Laughter.) Now, that was the character of that girl. I met another in a bus and asked her if she had lost anybody in this war. She said, "I lost one brother in 1915, and another in 1916, but if I had two more brothers and they didn't go out and fight the Hun for what he has done right here in London I never would own them for brothers." (Applause.)

That is the testimony of that young English girl. You can tell now why the Englishman tightens his belt, and why the Scotchman tightens his belt. One of the grandest tributes in this whole war is that out of five million people in Scotland, one million go to war. (Applause.) Up there the curtains have to be drawn every night, and if a light is shining out of your window you are fined in the police court next morning. There is system for you! Clear to Glasgow that rule obtains, and they don't take any more chances in Britain, because a stray Zeppelin might get up there and find a magnificent target in that great city.

We went over to France, and there we met an Australian who had been at the front fourteen months without any leaves. He said, "What's the use of going up to London for 14 days? I've got to come back here. If I could go home I would, but it is 12,000 miles away. I remarked that fourteen months was a long time to be in that hell at the front. He replied, "I know it is a long time, but after I've been here and seen what the Hun has done I'll stay here fourteen years if it is necessary, to punish him." (Applause.)

I met an American boy who had been six weeks in the trenches, and had gone behind for a rest. I asked him when he would be ready to go back. He said, "By God, I'm ready to go back to-morrow; for when a man comes here and sees this country, and sees what those Huns have done, everything in him cries out to get revenge. and I'm going to do my part to get it." (Applause.) That is the spirit you find on the other side. If you gentlemen could stand on those little hills and ridges and see, in all that vast expanse of desolation and ruin, the hundreds and thousands of little white crosses, not one of you would say that the end of this war must be anything else than a peace through victory and an extermination of the Hun. (Applause.) Those men have made it possible for us to meet to-day, for the greatest wonder in the world is that the Germans were not in Paris four months after the war started. If there is any tribute to bravery and heroism and sacrifice, it is due to your own Canadian soldiers, who in Northern France held back the Hun to the last man. (Applause.)

In America we are starting on our second draft. We shall raise several million men. Our employee proposition is our serious one. England has solved it to some extent, and Scotland in the same way, by employing women. In France, where women are not available, we find 200,000 Chinamen employed back of the lines; that releases a number of men. In my own State, Rhode Island, with a population of about 500,000, the Government has called for 6,000 women to be put into industries. I speak of this so that you may know the determination with which America has entered into this war. (Applause.) We are taking women out of non-essential industries and putting them into the war industries; our banks are curtailing credits for industries that are not necessary for the prosecution of the war; and every day our young men are leaving for the front.

They go—our best-loved and our best.
God grant them victory and rest.
God grant us, and our allies all,
Grant those returning, those who fall,
Dawn's peace and evening rest!

THE EDUCATIONAL SERVICES IN THE CANADIAN ARMY

AN ADDRESS BY SIR ROBERT FALCONER

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, October 7, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a great pleasure to be back home again and speak again to one's old friends in Toronto, and to have the pleasure of telling you a little of what is being done in this particular line of activity which has been inaugurated and is being carried through in Britain and in France. Most of you will probably have seen in last Saturday's paper this word from Ottawa:—

> The Khaki University has been placed on an official and permanent basis. Acting on the recommendation of the Minister of Overseas Forces, the Government has decided to establish a Department for Educational Service in the Canadian Military Overseas Forces. The Department will be under a Director of Education and a branch general staff, and through such a branch will be responsible to the Minister of Overseas Forces. The Director of Overseas Education will be responsible for the administration of the educational service, including control of personnel, and will be assisted by a Deputy. An advisory Senate will meet periodically and advise upon matters of policy. Educational organization in England and France will each be under an

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Sir Robert Falconer is the President of the University of Toronto. He has been interested in the "Khaki University" from the first and spent the summer of 1918 overseas in the interest of the Education of Soldiers while on service.

> Assistant Director of Education, who will be responsible to the Director of Education. Such civilian personnel will be employed as is considered necessary, and will be given honorary rank in the oversea forces. The cost to the Canadian Government, not including separation allowances, is estimated as—Pay and Allowance, $219,263; subsistence allowance, $25,000; Cost of Rations, $7,500; Maintenance in France, per capita rate, $97,000; Barracks Services, $15,000. The Khaki University is the first of its kind to be established by any of the Allied Governments.

The Order-in-Council under which it is created recites some of the Educational work already accomplished. I do not linger over that.

> It is not intended fully to employ the entire personnel authorized by the establishment, but the Order-in-Council adds that it is desirable to have it authorized so that no delay may occur on demobilization, and an appropriation of $25,000 has been made by private contribution in Canada towards University education.

Now, that is a very important announcement, and one that personally I was very glad to see, because in London they have been waiting nearly two months for this authorization. The general outline had been drawn up sometime in June; the principle had been passed upon by Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues when they were in London this summer, but the outlay involved in the establishment of it was so large that it was felt that it should be first considered carefully by the Cabinet at Ottawa,—hence the delay. This official announcement means that this movement, popularly known as the Khaki University, has definitely entered upon a new stage, and I believe that the Canadian forces are the first of any of the Allied armies that have had such a step as this taken —a step that is as different from anything that has happened before, as the war of to-day is different from former wars. That a Government should definitely recognize a Department of Educational Services during war means that it is aware that the class of men who are in the ranks are men of a calibre that did not go to war in the old days; and also that if war is to be carried through in the most efficient way, the morale of the men must be maintained; also that the evils which in past days have resulted from demobilization because of haphazard arrangements, or none were so disastrous in their results, that dangers of this kind must be anticipated and every effort must be made to return our men to the country, fitted as far as possible to assume the vocations which they had before, or fitted to step into the new kind of life for which they had begun to prepare themselves. This announcement, then, is a tribute to the quality of our men at the front, and I believe also to the intelligence and far-seeing statemanship of our men who are in control of the army. What has been done by Canada is being followed by other countries. England is taking similar steps, as Australia and New Zealand are also doing; but we have the honor, I think, of beginning this movement.

This Khaki University began in the minds of those who were particularly interested in raising the tone of life of the soldier, and also who had enough prevision to look to the time of demobilization. The Y.M.C.A. in their Huts came into constant touch with the soldier,—they knew the kind of men that composed our Army, and how many there were who needed education; the Chaplains also were interested in it; and from various sources the suggestions came and were developed. Finally, under the influence and direction, and on the suggestion, of the Y.M.C.A. in England, President Tory, of the University of Alberta, was asked a year ago last July to go over to England and France and investigate conditions—a work for which he was particularly well adapted. He had been Professor of Mathematics in McGill University for many years, and was there well known for his administrative capacity. He then undertook work for McGill on the Pacific Coast, and for the last nine or ten years he has been President of the University at Edmonton. He has a great deal of energy and organizing skill; understands the Educational systems of Canada from Atlantic to Pacific; and has been particularly interested in various educational movements in this Dominion; so the country was exceedingly fortunate in securing him for this investigation. He was given full opportunity to carry through his mission. General Turner, in England, welcomed him, and in France he was given a chance to see what could be done there. Of course in summer-time in France, while active service is on, it is extremely difficult to make such an investigation as he would desire, and the work that he did was based very largely, I suppose, on what he saw in England. His report was an exceedingly important one, and when he came back he approached the Universities of the Dominion. The name "Khaki University" had been given to it, which I always think was a little unfortunate, but it has caught the public imagination, and although it is somewhat misleading, I suppose it will remain with it to the end.

Dr. Tory laid before the Universities his plan, which was that the Y.M.C.A. should raise a certain amount of money and withdraw themselves from any active direction of this organization, and trust the money to a committee chosen on this side, mainly from the Universities; that President Tory would, if possible, secure from the University of Alberta an extended leave in order that he might take charge of the movement in England and France. The Committee was established,—a large and very representative committee. I take these names from the Report given to Sir Robert Borden by President Tory a few months ago:—

George Campbell, Chairman Board of Governors, Dalhousie.
W. M. Birks, McGill.
I. W. Ross, McGill.
Dr. Hamilton Cassels, Queen's.
Sir Edmund Walker, Toronto.
Col. Leonard, St. Catharines.
G. E. McCraney, Saskatchewan.
George H. Wood, Y.M.C.A.

Vincent Massey, Toronto.
Isacci Pitblado, Manitoba.
Chief Justice Harvey, Alberta.
President McKenzie, Dalhousie.
Sir William Peterson, McGill.
Principal Bruce A. Taylor, Queen's.
President Walter Murray, Saskatchewan.
President Maclean, Manitoba.
Dr. G. C. Creelman, Agricultural College.
C. W. Bishop, Secy. Y.M.C.A. as Secretary.
And I, myself, was chosen Chairman.

To this Committee this money, in a general way, has been entrusted; I can hardly say it has been directly entrusted to them, but this Committee has to authorize the general scheme under which the money will be spent by an Executive Committee that resides in London, as this large committee cannot be called together on all occasions.

President Tory has been set aside for this work, and now that the movement has been recognized, it is settled that he is to be Director of the Educational Services of the Canadian Forces overseas, and I believe he is to be given the rank of Honorary Colonel without salary; he is not even paid a salary by this Committee, but simply certain expenses are to be allowed. Dean Adams, of the Faculty of Applied Science in McGill, will almost certainly be his Deputy. Then there will be two Assistant Directors, one for England and one for France; the latter will probably be Captain Oliver, one of the chief Chaplains in France, who has done a great educative work with the forces there, over a long period; and Principal McKinnon, of Halifax, will be assistant Director in England. These men know the undertaking, they have grown up in it, and will prove to be skilled and experienced. Dr. Tory has offices at 31 Bedford Square, London, and quite a large staff. A calender is being prepared in which the courses will be set forth. Libraries are being purchased, and a very large correspondence work is being done.

Let me now turn to the aims that are set before this movement, and the kind of work that is to be done. As I said, it is in a way a misnomer to call it a University, for the amount of real University work done will be small. It is true that our Universities will recognize any University work that is done; the Senate of McGill, for instance, and other Universities have all said that if President Tory and his committee certify that the work done is of matriculation grade, or first year grade, or whatever it may be, we will accept their decisions; we have given him that general assurance. Of course we are particularly fortunate in having President Tory there, because as a University man familiar with the educational systems in this country, he knows our standards, and of course we can rely upon his good faith and that of men like Dean Adams, both of whom are in the Conference of the Universities every year, and also of men like Captain Oliver. But speaking in an off-hand way, I should think there would not be much more than a fifth or a quarter of the work that would be of University grade. However, the whole educational system of the Army will be directed by men with University standing, who understand also the Educational systems and the various educational standards and methods of the Provinces, hence we are assured that educational work of any grade will be carried on in a thorough way.

The aim of this movement, as I said, is to engage the attention of our troops through their leisure moments on active service at present, and particularly in the period of demobilization, in order that they may be returned home more capable intellectually than they would have been otherwise; that they should not be allowed to drift aimlessly along, wasting their time, with the result that when they came back home they would be intellectually listless and in a condition that would render them certainly not as able as previously to undertake any work that they would be called upon to do. So there will be an inferior grade of education and a higher grade of education. The education is to begin at the very bottom. At one of the Camps in England I got a great surprise when I was told by the Colonel,—who knew what he was talking about, and in fact was acting-commanding officer in charge of this camp, one of the largest that we have, —that a number of the men in regiments from an English-speaking Province of this Dominion could not read or write. In my optimism I had believed that ignorance of that density would be unknown in Canada's army. Surely our educational systems in this Dominion should not have allowed such a thing as that to have taken place. I may say it was not from Ontario that the regiment came. President Tory was with me at the time, and I turned to him and said, "Well, there is a job for you," and he said, "It will be part of my job, to see if possible that no man shall come back to Canada who cannot read and write." Some already are being taught, and he mentioned one or two in that very camp who were proud and happy men; one of whom came and said "I was able to write home to my wife last week." Of course such ignorance is not to be over-emphasized; there is not a great deal of it, but there is more than there should be, and the reason I have mentioned it is merely to show that the work of the Khaki College must begin at the very lowest stratum and send men back intellectually better equipped than they were before.

Move up a little higher, and we come to other departments of activity. The three main departments will be Commercial, Agricultural and Engineering subjects, together with general education of that grade. In the report that was presented in May, covering the work of last winter, there were enrolments, in the various camps in England—Witley, Bramshott, Shorncliffe—which is now being reduced materially—Epsom, Basingstoke, Bixley, London Centre, totalling 2,351 men studying Agricultural subjects; 1,363 in Commercial; 1,503 in Engineering; 2,789 in general education. The Engineering subjects, for instance, are taught in a practical way, and there is a certain amount of apparatus, engines, etc., in some of the chief camps, in which such instruction can be given. In addition to those subjects, lectures and courses were given to occupy the time of the men, a side of the work which is to be emphasized particularly during the coming winter. For instance, there will be a course on the Natural Resources of Canada which will probably be delivered by Dean Adams of McGill, and few men in Canada are more competent to conduct such a course, as he is an eminent geologist who has been in the Geological Survey, and is a member of the Advisory Council on Industrial Research. There will probably be another course of lectures on the Political Constitution of Canada as compared with other constitutions; the Government of Canada in all its parts; and the Social Problems that lie before the country. The object of these courses is not so much instruction on which examinations will be set, as general information to equip these men to become better citizens. There you have, then, the two sides of it—instruction, and general education as a result of lecture courses. This instruction is carried out by personal contact with teachers, and by correspondence directed from London and carried out in the camps all over the country.

During last winter this work was effective in France as well as England, because France was relatively quiet in winter, and it has been a tremendous boon already to our soldiers in their spare moments. You require to be among the men only a short time to realize what need there is of giving them something to engage their attention. Of course there is no need of that when they are on active service at the front, but at other times they must be given interest in their life, and it is a pretty difficult matter at the front and in those large camps in England to maintain their interests at a high level. This Khaki University, as it is called, goes on the understanding that the primary object is to maintain the interest at such a grade that the man will be kept up, and not become a creature of his circumstances, and therefore will also become happier and a better soldier. For this purpose a most important factor is the use of libraries. An immense amount of money is being spent on books—cheap books and standard books. These are placed in every camp, and not only in one portion of the camp, but in, may be, half a dozen different huts scattered over a camp

—such as Witley, where there were 20,000 men at the time I was there, or Bramshott, where there would be 18,000. In these huts in different parts of the camps, the libraries are placed in control of men set apart for that work. The Government is under no expense for the purchase of libraries or of apparatus, as that is being attended to with the money that has been raised and put at the disposal of the committee; but the Government is setting aside a certain number of men, mainly commissioned officers, but some non-commissioned, the main part of whose duties will be to supervise work in various Camps, and to give instruction. Those men draw their ordinary military pay, and the calculation of this cost to the country is largely a matter of 'seconding' from various military duties, so that it is only an indirect expense to the Government. The military authorities will also probably set aside here and there certain huts, and put them down as costing a certain amount of money; but in the large camps the Government is spending no money on headquarters for instruction; most of the headquarters for President Tory's work have been purchased and equipped through this fund raised by the Y.M.C.A. For instance, at Seaford, not far from Eastbourne, with 17,000 or 18,000 men, President Tory rented quite a large private house near the camp, admirably suited for his quarters, and from that the whole work at Seaford will be directed; and there will be huts through the Camp itself where libraries will be placed. At Witley a hut suitable for this work was built. Therefore that kind of expense falls on this fund, and the country will have only the indirect expense through the transfer of men who are now doing other kinds of military service to this instead, still counting them on the strength of the army and giving them their regular pay.

The work hitherto has been in its initial stages. Everyone who has visited the camps and talked with those in command will recognize that the most serious problem will arise during the period of demobilization. Our men are now active, movement is everywhere; ever since the 8th of August last there has been movement across the

Channel and movement in France, and very little lack of interest. A certain amount of work of this kind could be done in England, but not a great deal. But everywhere the man in control asks, "How are we going to hold our men in when the war is over, and when there is nothing for them to do in France or in England? Can they be kept in France? Can they be kept long in England? What are we to do with them at that time?" You are not long with the ordinary soldier, or officer for that matter, without discovering that his heart is in Canada, that his mind is always turning to Canada, and that he is constantly thinking of home. He will not want to remain in England or France one day longer than he can help, and to restrain men under discipline when they are in the least eager to get home is going to tax the energies and courage and wisdom of all those who are in command during the period of demobilization; and during those months, the educational services will find their fullest scope. It is probable that at that time a special camp will be set apart for this work, to which probably the men who are really interested in education will be brought where officers will be stationed whose particular duties will be the education of those men. It is quite possible also that some men in the higher grades may be attached to various Universities; for instance, the University College of London has offered its laboratories to be thrown open to any overseas students whom Dr. Tory may send there to finish their scientific education during this period, and a certain amount of work of this kind can be done, although I do not anticipate that a large portion of the work will be of that grade. A certain amount will be of matriculation quality, and possibly of the first year in Arts. But work of this grade will be very important. No doubt in the ten years after this war this country will suffer from depletion in the professional services. Medicine will not suffer quite so much as other departments because we have had more men in Medicine than in almost any other branch, due to the circumstances of the case. Engineering is going to suffer very seriously. Let me give you an example, for I do not suppose you realize the change that has come over our own University. Before the war we had an attendance of perhaps 750 students in the Faculty of Applied Science; this last year we had 150—600 fewer. The year before we had 175 to 180. Most of the men we have recently had in attendance have been in the first two years; when they got beyond that they enlisted and went away, and there has been such a depletion in the Engineering Faculty that the engineers around the city have become serious over the matter, and have actually established this year several scholarships for entrance into the University in order to stimulate boys to take up Engineering. Some of that foolish talk that we heard at the beginning of the war about closing the University is now probably silenced for good; the public is beginning to realize what those of us who knew about it said at the beginning—that instead of letting things go haphazard, we should keep our eyes more on the future. We are going to suffer in a good many professions for the next ten years just because of the haphazard way we went to work in the beginning of the war. Very few school teachers are coming forward. All over the country the women teachers will be in an overwhelming majority; the men have gone into the Army and have been drafted into the war, and although we tried to get them relieved, the military authorities said they could not do it. The ranks of the clergy will also suffer from a great dearth of men, and I do not know how the churches are to meet their problems. Canada will suffer from a lack of men in almost every profession in the next ten years.

Now comes in this important factor,—the Khaki University. The young men, the boys at school who were heading for the University, will get a chance to complete their Matriculation and to take up their professions as intended before the war; and that will be a saving for the country. Then there are others, such as boys of 19 who had matriculated and possibly taken one year in College. In going overseas they have got into a new environment and possibly to a great extent have been weaned away from their own ambitions and ideals and purposes, and they would be lost also, simply because of the new environment, for they would think they had got so far behind that they could not resume their studies. It is not a real kindness to grant a year to a man. Men often come to us and say "My son has gone overseas; do treat him decently and make it easy for him." What is the use of giving to a boy a favor that is not worth anything to him? He cannot do the work of the next year, and it is no use allowing a year, for you are not helping the boy. Many when they come back will say, "I am so far behind that it is hopeless for me to pick up," but of that kind many others can be saved in this Khaki College, for they will be taken hold of and given instruction, supposing the period of demobilization were to take a year or even six months. Earnest boys, with nothing else to take their attention, might be made fit to resume a life-work at home which otherwise they would have abandoned.

This scheme, therefore, is one that is a conservation of natural resources of the highest order, and those resources are to be partially of University grade—and we see how much need there is of them. There will be perhaps two-thirds of the other grades, namely, commercial, agricultural, engineering and general education, and even of the lowest grades. But the whole scheme is the development of an intellectual interest which will make our men better citizens and better Canadians. I believe that the men themselves will be very grateful for the opportunity that will have been afforded them of not only employing their time when they will greatly need new interests, but also of so employing it that they will be restored to their country not only as good soldiers with a wonderful record, but even more as intelligent members of society.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE OF WAR

AN ADDRESS BY DR. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD,
BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, October 10, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am glad to speak to you on such a happy occasion. We have seen now the turning of the tide very thoroughly, and we are hearing—what we expected to hear later rather than sooner—that the Kaiser is discovering the authority which he considers has been so definitely given to him is rather an uncomfortable one and that, according to certain rumors, he is inclined towards a more private life than that which he has been engaged in up to the present time. Well, I am quite sure anything that we can do, either here or elsewhere, to secure him the greatest privacy for the rest of his life, we shall gladly do.

The part which Canada has played in this great war I need not dilate upon. The largest audience I have ever spoken to was the Canadian Corps, and I suppose a very large proportion of those to whom I spoke in 1915 have either paid the great penalty of heroism, or have in some

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Dr. Wakefield has always been a leader in the Nation's affairs. Whether as an athlete, a man of learning, an orator, a student of the world, a social reformer, a hot democrat or a leader in the Church, Dr. Wakefield's position has always been one of outstanding pre-eminence and independence. Intended for a career in diplomacy, he decided to enter the Church, because, as he says, "Having an income of my own, I felt I should be able to do what I liked." He did, and the Church of England is very much the better for it to-day. As the "hard-hitting, knock-out blow Bishop of Birmingham," it was natural that Premier Lloyd George should invite him as one of the stalwarts of Britain to join the mission to America.

way or other been injured in the course of the war. I remember, as I was speaking with General Alderson at that time, that I spoke to them, wondering as I looked at them, what people at home here were thinking about their boys, and also how many of those boys would never see their Canada again. At the same time I never dreamed at that time that the war would be lasting so long as it has done. We can only thank you for the sacrifices that have been made not only by your sons but by their parents and their wives. We remember also with great gratitude all the offerings you have made.

What shall I speak to you about to-day? There are three great texts on which I am speaking during my time in Canada—and after all a Bishop must have texts. Primarily, there is the great righteous and moral strength of this war on the part of the Allies, and that to me, is all-important. There is nothing that has been selfish about this war. There have been wars in which even the country that I come from, could not always truthfully claim, there was no self-seeking. I think on this occasion we can honestly say that we entered upon this war with a noble and pure motive, and that we have carried it on, as far as we could have been allowed to do so, in a chivalrous and proper manner. Another question which I certainly approach with considerable diffidence, but which I have been asked to deal with, is about Great Britain's share in the war. If I had known you longer I should say, "But, my dear fellows, one does not like blowing the trumpet"—However, when speaking the other night in French at Quebec, that particular part of what I had to say, seemed to have great interest for those who were listening. My third topic while in Canada will be the great social reconstruction which must take place after the war; for the war will not have fulfilled its purpose, if ever my country goes back to the condition it was in before the war. Unless we have learned great moral lessons from that war, there will be no true and lasting victories. But I have spoken to a large number of people who have been kind enough to invade my territory in this hotel since I arrived here a little after eight this morning, and according to what I have learned from them, they think I ought to make a kind of pie of the first two subjects, and talk to-day about the real strength which we have behind us in this war,—the moral purpose,—and then tell you something of what Great Britain, in consequence of that, has tried to do in the war.

Well now, I want those of you who live here, where there are no political differences or anything of that kind; where you all live in perfect harmony, and where your elections are conducted simply in order that you may have some fun, and not because you disagree one with the other on any great topics—I want you to think of the distracted condition of my country early in 1914. There were very serious matters which were making lots of people wonder whether our old country was not going to get into very serious conditions, and some say almost into civil war. The subject of Ireland is always with us, but at that time that question was in a very acute condition indeed. Then the ladies were troubling us; I know you fellows will say they always do,—but I don't mean on this occasion exactly what you mean. The ladies were troubling us by their intense desire to acquire that vote which they are going to use for the first time before very long, I suppose, in England. Well, they were using rather forcible methods. It was difficult to move about without being called upon to give one's opinion on that subject, and if one's opinion did not happen to coincide with the opinion of the ladies who might be asking it, well, we required the assistance of the glazier before many days were over, if things did not go to a greater extreme than that. I remember that the then Prime Minister of England was staying at my house and I happened to have rather a large garden, and policemen were stationed all round my garden the night that he was there, in order that the ladies might not be too obtrusive in their attentions to him. That was a very serious question, all the same, though there was a certain amount of humor attached to it—as thank God there is to most subjects. Another question was—that of Capital and Labor, which at that time were not in very harmonious relations; and I should like to say quite honestly now—that I do see better signs of a coming together of the employers and the employed in England to-day than I have noticed during the considerable years that I have been engaged in public and social life. Though I am a Bishop, I have been many other things that Bishops ought not to be; I have been Mayor of my Borough, and I have been in connection with most of the public bodies of London and other places, and I have therefore some knowledge and have been allowed to have some knowledge of those two sides—the side of the employer and the side of the employed. At the present moment I am Vice-President of a leading Employer's Association, and also Vice-President of a leading Labor Association. Whether I might camouflage on one occasion or another it is for my friends or enemies to say!

Those were matters which were trying us very much indeed, and I think that one result of the war was this: to take us out of our narrowness and selfishness and to give us an idea as to something grander with regard to which we might all unite. In addition, the people who were doing nothing in particular, who were enjoying themselves, the lethargic people, the people who were eating and drinking for to-morrow they were going to die, or something of that sort—those people all left directly the war began. Something new came over us all the while, because we saw the rights. All seeing the right, some way or other we were enabled to do our best to accomplish it; and we lived. And we live because I believe that we could see the war was the largest thing —nay, the war was one which if we had not taken up, I certainly would not have dared to come from my old country to this new one, because I should have been ashamed to have confessed that I was an Englishman who had refused to take up the gauntlet which had been thrown down. The small state has always had the interest of Great Britain. We have been selfish in times past, but, on the whole, our record with regard to the smaller states is not a bad one; and we had a duty towards Belgium. So had Germany; the duty of Germany toward Belgium was the same as ours, but they did one thing and we did the other. And when you come to total up what should be meted out to a defeated Germany after this war is over, do bear in mind you are dealing with people who, at any rate, have no knowledge as to what truth is. Some one said to me the other day that I was known in Canada as the Bishop who wanted the knock-out blow. I did not say that I was, but I do feel this,--that we cannot stop this war until we have, at any rate, started Germany on the road upwards from what she has been travelling on up to the present; and my one fear is, that out of the very generosity of the bulk of the Allies, we should make the thing a little too easy for them. If you do, you will have taught her nothing, and I think that is to be borne carefully in mind.

Well, we entered upon this war feeling it was just and moral. I could give many reasons why I think the war is just, but I simply take the one thing—we were pledged in a particular way; yet we were totally unprepared at that time to carry out our pledge. There was not a more unprepared people on the face of the earth than the British Nation when the war began. True, our Navy was in good condition, and I think part of our unpreparedness generally was due to that fact. What did anybody in Great Britain think was the ultimate possible that we could ever be called upon to do for France, supposing there was a war in which she was engaged and we were more or less bound to help her? The most that people thought was, that our navy might have to safeguard the French coasts, and secondly, that we might have to send 120,000 or a 150,000 people over to France as a kind of make-weight and help to her armies. Nobody thought that any more was possible. There were a few far-seeing people who realized what might come, but the great bulk of the people there thought that we could not be committed to more. They did not foresee that if you were committed to that amount, and that amount did not accomplish what was necessary, you would be bound for your own protection to go very much farther than that. Well then, such was the condition of things

—an unprepared Britain. She had first of all to be really roused to war-time effort. Now, that is not altogether easy, as we are not of ourselves a people who want to be always fighting. We get through our fighting at school and in pleasant sort of ways like that, and settle down afterwards to our various vocations. No doubt there was a time when we were a fairly adventurous nation, but we have really got all that could be possibly considered desirable in the world over there. We were like other people. I see a lot of young men around me here; I see their seniors, who are probably all millionaires and are now taking it comparatively easy, but the young men are backing them and pushing, and they are determined to be where their respected parents are at the present time—I hope my respected son will be better off than his parent is at my age,—but we were rather over-quiescent, there is no doubt about that, and therefore to rouse us took some little doing. Then, to realize the size of the effort was not very easy for us, and I hope and trust that the many mistakes we made in our preparations for the war will have helped that great ally, the United States, to get all her things in perfect order without having to make so many mistakes as we did; we ought to learn from the mistakes of our friends.

Well then, to keep up year after year the war—determination is not easy for Great Britain. I don't know how long you people thought the war was going to last when it began, but I remember quite well, very soon after it started, having told some people in a mining centre in my diocese that they must expect the war to last at any rate a couple of years. The way in which they replied was that as I left this particular district, they threw stones at my motor for having had such awful ideas. The next year, when I came on the same work that I had been doing the year before—dear things!—if I had said the war was going to last sixty years, they would have accepted it without any reviling of me at all, for they had begun to think I was somewhat prophetic! Still, we had no idea or conception of the time the war might last. Not only so, but for us the financial effort became and is a very severe matter. At the early stages of the war, we had to finance not only our own efforts, but those of many of the Allies, and that has entailed a heavy burden upon the individuals in our country, so that I think it would be fair to say that the average person—I do not mean the very large people—has at present only half the fixed income with which he started the war, and he is paying double for his commodities. So there is that pressure, and there has been that pressure upon us.

Now, you would like to have summarized for you what under those circumstances, Great Britain has done with regard to war-like effort. What about her army—that "contemptible army"? Well, in order to effect some kind of comparison between what has been done in the past by armies, I understand that the conscripted nations of the past have really had more than 12½ per cent. of their total population under arms. Now, Great Britain rose from the "contemptible army" to something like 14 per cent. of the population before she had compulsory service; and with compulsory service, she has risen to something like 20 per cent. She has at any rate over eight million men under arms. You know what she is doing now. Except Servia, I believe no other allied country has done more than half as much as Great Britain in proportion of soldiers to population. May I say here—as in Canada, it seems to me, there is an extraordinary proportion of Scotch, for you cannot miss the "Mac" some how or other as you go round in Canada—that I believe Scotland has attained the finest result in voluntary effort of any country there is, perhaps, at all. I rmeember in the early days of the war, when I went up to Scotland to see two of my boys who were there under training, that in one town I visited, you really could scarcely get about in the street because there was a Sergeant drilling soldiers at almost every corner you went; and the language occasionally necessary under those circumstances was more what a Bishop requires a layman to use when he is in a state of irritation than what he is allowed to use himself,—at least in Great Britain. I do not know what your Bishops are allowed to use over here.

Now, Great Britain has fought eight simultaneous campaigns; on the West front, in Italy, Palestine, Macedonia, Mesopotamia and Bagdad, East Africa, the Kurman District, and Vladivostok. She has finished one or two other campaigns, notably in West Africa and the Kameroons, and she has had one glorious failure in the Dardanelles, a failure we must all admit, but which nevertheless had this effect, I understand, that the best of the Turkish troops were there wiped out and from that time on, Turkey has been practically at our mercy, she has steadily deteriorated. Great Britain has borne, in arms, her full burden; she has taken over in France, month after month I was going to say, more and more of the line, until we in England certainly got nervous as to whether she was not taking over too much of the line. From the sea to St. Quentin her men are to be found. Her airplanes day after day destroyed more enemy planes than the rest of the Allies. But let me say this—that a large proportion of those who have been pilots and observers in their airplanes have come from this country in which we now are. Your youthful spirits over here have been on the verge of rashness in these matters, and I always remember an incident at an hospital that I have been connected with ever since the war began, in which we very often had very young airmen from a school quite near, where they were under training. In that hospital we had a young Canadian who came in badly injured. He had a great chum at the same aviation school, and this chum knew the exact window through which his injured friend could look from the hospital and he used to come over continually, doing the most awful stunts conceivable, in order to show his injured friend how much he had improved since the friend had entered the hospital. He did such awful things, and got so near the innocent inhabitants of the district, that at last he had to be told, much as it might delight him to show his friend how much he would have to learn when he came out of hospital in order to be equal to him, still, would he mind doing his spiriting a little more gently. Your fellows have been perfectly splendid not only at that work but at all work. Then we are inventors, we people of England, in regard to the war. I cannot say that the invention is a beautiful one, nor can I say that it is a pleasant one with which to be associated sometimes; I refer to the Tank—a lumbering, but perhaps the most useful engine of war known in this war. The tank is a very uncomfortable thing to be in and if you are a bad sailor—well, it discovers your deficiencies in that respect; but not only what the tank has done, but what it has saved in lives is something remarkable, and I think after all, amongst the inventions of the war, this by no means beautiful but very useful instrument and engine must be put to the credit of Great Britain.

Then our independent air force has brought to Germany almost the only retribution she has as yet had for a great deal of what she has done. From Cologne to Mannheim there has been some bombing, and I hope that there is still some whilst we are at present enjoying ourselves in this way—at least you are not enjoying yourselves—I am. Great Britain has engaged half the German army. She was by herself in the bulk. She has met a considerable per cent. of the Austrian and Bulgarian armies—and all this is a development out of a force which at the beginning of the war was held too unequal to cope with ten German divisions. Well, I need hardly say what has been done this year. Those who have read your papers to-day will have seen Field Marshal Haig's statement with regard to what has been done by the British forces. I will not read it; I ask you to read it; it was recommended to me this morning as a peroration; only I do say that it does bring a sense of pride to one coming from the old country to see what our arms have been able to accomplish.

And now what about the navy? Well, I know only one thing which the navy is responsible for, for which you ought not to be grateful, and that is, that, thanks to the protection of the navy, I am here. That great unadvertized and yet most potent instrument of victory, the navy, I do not think I need say much about. Its numerical superiority at the war's beginning was not so great, possibly, as people fancy, and our enemy could choose the moment of attack when he had the largest number of ships available. At that time, some of ours, as always is possible, sometimes a considerable number, might have been in dock. Our attacker could choose the moment when he had most of his ships ready for service, and yet there has been only one failure,—the defeat of Cornwall,—whilst we have had victories, more real victories, as history will tell, than we know at present, for example, Heligoland, Jutland, and that wonderful thing which will be told in years to come with pride by everyone familiar with the sea—Zeebrugge. The navy has swept the German ships off the sea. There is nothing now but what the German has under the sea; practically nothing over at all. The blockade has been increasingly successful, and I think that if the navy had had more real power at the earlier stages, the blockade would have been far more complete even than it was at one particular stage, at any rate. Then the German is no longer able even to come to our seaside resorts. There was a time when he used to come to Scarborough, that terrified City, and he used to disport himself there—never actually landing, but still doing something. While he has given up the seaside resorts at the present time, I suppose he is looking for some more of those fortified cities that we have ourselves never been able to discover. Think of the safe carriage of food and troops. Think of that constant going and coming between France and England, always going on—troops going, everything going there and returning, and scarcely ever anything in the way of disturbance. The navy has done that. What our merchantmen have done must not be forgotten either; and here I might say a word for the right kind of conscientous objector. There are two kinds. There is one, the right kind, for whom one has a certain respect. The other is the wrong kind, for whom I have nothing but contempt. Now, I have known some of the right kind; they give themselves to mine-sweeping because they thought thereby they were saving life; they were risking their own; and I know of Quaker friends of mine who have been spending their time mine-sweeping, and some of them have lost their own lives. Therefore let us be quite fair to everyone. Sixty per cent. of the American troops that have crossed have been in British vessels, and seventy per cent. of the patrolling has been done by British Destroyers and such like ships. There has been an improvement in dealing with the submarine, and I venture to think that altogether the navy does not require any defence from anybody for what it has done.

We have made munitions of war, and certainly in the early stages we were making them for all the Allies. Practically now we have no one not employed in Great Britain. Women are working splendidly, doing magnificent work that nobody dreamed they could do. Women and men are hard at it, and all this in a country where every crank or pacifist can grouse to his heart's content —and he does grouse sometimes; but he does not grouse as a rule for long, because he sees that there is a better way out of the back platform than getting down from the front.

Our losses by deaths are now reaching a number of millions. How many homes does that mean in our, comparatively speaking, small Great Britain. In how many homes is there misery, and at the same time a great and lasting cry?

My friends, that is the record. Now do you think we are going to give this up until we have attained our object? (Voices—"No!") Do you think for a moment that we are going to insult our dead by first of all telling them to go out in a cause to accomplish a certain purpose, and then when they are dead, deserting them? (A Voice—"Never!") We mean to have a better and a nobler world in the days to come. We can only have that better world, first of all by seeing this matter through upon which we are engaged, and then bending all our energies when the true peace comes, to seeing that each of our countries is a better country, truer and a nobler one, by all that we do in the way of re-construction. But finish the work first; get the work done; don't let us slacken off now, or else we shall only half accomplish our work.

I am thankful that this matter should be so much in the hands of one who I believe will not falter, namely, the President of the United States. I have been only a very short time in the United States, but I have seen a good many of the American troops and people connected with them over on the other side, and I am satisfied of this—that America will not consider her full duty done until we have made it absolutely impossible that ever again—within the memory of man any nation should be able to inflict the awful wrong upon the world that Germany inflicted in August, 1914. I am perfectly persuaded that no one of the Allies will give up the struggle until we have made it a certainty that war shall never, if possible, prevail again, and that if war should unhappily ever come again, it should not be waged in the abominable way in which Germany has waged it.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the attention you have paid to me, and I trust that you will believe that every word I say is said by one who is satisfied of this—that the Allies of this war are fighting God's battle and are fighting for humanity.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE DOCTRINE OF SOVEREIGNTY

AN ADDRESS BY DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, October 17, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE CLUB,—If in the Summer of 1913 the people of France had reported that one of the great Pterodactyls of the Mesozoic period had suddenly winged its reptilian way over the borders of that Republic, the rest of the world would have smiled, shrugged its shoulders and said that the excitable French were "seeing things."

If in the Summer of 1914 the people of Belgium had reported that a group of Dinosaurs had suddenly appeared at the gates of the Kingdom and had begun to kill as reptiles killed when reptiles ruled the earth, the world would again have shrugged its shoulders and gone about its business.

If in the Spring of 1915 we had been told that a Plesiosaur, the Saurian that swam in the sea in the age of Reptiles, had suddenly reared its awful front off the Head of Old Kinsale and had killed twelve hundred people amongst whom were scores of our own citizens,

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As President of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. Kingsley is one of America's greatest Rulers of Commerce. From junior clerk to executive head of the largest insurance corporation in the world, is but one result of his dynamic character. As a leader in the great war work of America, with his hand upon the pulse of her commerce, and with a great conception of Anglo-American influence in the world of to-morrow, this statesman of business was better qualified than most men to deal with the international problems arising out of the War.

including women and babies, we would have been more than incredulous.

In each assumed happening the world outside those who saw and suffered would have said the reports were absurd. Such animals did exist some millions of years ago; they were reptiles; they did rule the land and the sea and the air; but they long since passed away. This is the twentieth century, such monsters no longer exist and such things cannot happen.

But at the times and places indicated events actually happened as sinister, as hideous, as pitiful, as unbelievable as they could have been if the Zeppelin had been a Pterodactyl and the German war machine a group of Dinosaurs and the submarine a Plesiosaur.

The reptilian bodies of the Saurians are dead, but reptilian morals, reptilian faith, reptilian manners and reptalian purposes, we now know have never died; they flourish in the twentieth century; they have added to the terrible beaks and claws and armor of their physical forbears the power of trained intellect and all the forces of scientific knowledge; they have found lodgment in German bodies, minds and souls; they have found expression in the unspeakable criminal record that long since made Germany a Pariah amongst the nations.

We have only just begun to appreciate these dreadful facts. It has been almost impossible for us to grasp the truth. It was in fact about as colossal a task for us to dislocate, dismember and destroy our usual conceptions of decency and fit our practices to the demands of Germany as it would be for us to breathe and survive if the atmosphere of the age of Saurians were suddenly substituted for the air of our usual habitat. We are temporarily wearing moral gas masks while the boys over there fight the great reptile similarly protected physically. We hate it; but we've got to do it and we're going through it.

It seems to me that these reptilian qualities were kept alive and developed in Germany in this way:

Man is the only rational animal. Therefore man is the only animal that can lie or be deceived by lies. Lying is a wicked and an unforgivable perversion of man's loftiest powers. Lying can succeed only if the person lied to is credulous and honest or if he is entirely at the mercy of the liar. Lying to another liar is less effective and less dangerous.

The appalling crimes committed by Germany within four years do not reach their climax in her perversion of scientific achievements into implements of indiscriminate murder, they do not reach their climax in rape officially condoned if not ordered, nor in forcing people through hunger into slavery; her great crime consists in systematic lying, lying first to her own people and then to all other peoples. Von Papen's characterization of the American people as idiots has in it the sneer of Mephistopheles. To the German how gullible we were; what children not to see the lie and its purpose! We were children by the German standard of honour. But now we know, now we are keeping the reckoning and we propose to make the great Liar pay to the uttermost farthing.

What a welter of lying preceded and produced the present mental and moral attitude of the people of the German Empire. Assume if you like a certain natural cruelty, brutality and ruthlessness in the Teuton, admit that he does not normally react to the standards adhered to by the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin and you have not explained the existing conditions. The German people since 1848 have been transformed through brutal philosophy and successful lying. They are to-day high and low, educated and ignorant, utterly and monstrously cruel.

Listen to a few of the things the German People were taught in order to prepare them for this war:

Stirner said:

> "What does right matter to me? I have no need of it. . . . I have the right to do what I have the power to do."

The Kaiser said:

> "Woe and death to all who shall oppose my will. Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission."

Von Gottberg said:

> "War is the most august and sacred of human activities."

And again:

> "Let us laugh with all our lungs at the old women in trousers who are afraid of war, and therefore complain that it is cruel and hideous. No! war is beautiful.

Pastor Lehmann said:

> "Germany is the centre of God's plans for the world."

Bernhardi said:

> "Might is the supreme right."

Tannenberg said:

> "War must leave nothing to the vanquished but their eyes to weep with."

The German troops have bettered that instruction. They have in many cases not left even eyes to weep with.

And having taught the people to accept those standards, listen to this:

Kuhn said:

> "Must culture build its cathedrals upon hills of corpses, seas of tears, and the death rattle of the vanquished? Yes, it must."

Heine said:

> "Not only Alsace-Lorraine but all France and all Europe as well as the whole world will belong to us."

Chamberlain, the renegade Englishman, said:

> "He who does not believe in the Divine Mission of Germany had better go hang himself, and rather to-day than to-morrow."

Frederick said:

> "All written Constitutions are scraps of paper."

And so we have this long list of crimes, not by any means yet complete. The crimes began appropriately, with self-violated honour; nothing was difficult after that. The people of Germany still think they know what dishonour is, what murder is, what rape is, but none of these things, within the good Old German world governed by the good old Pagan German God and the Kaiser means what it means elsewhere. The inhibition laid against all these crimes still nominally holds as between Germans but has no significance in their outside relations, indeed to commit these crimes against outsiders is rather laid upon Germans and accepted by them as a duty and an evidence of loyalty and virtue.

The blasting indictment that lies to-day against the German people is not alone that they are guilty of crimes indescribable but that the military caste through a program deliberately adopted has made them a nation of liars, cruel liars, the kind, as Irving Bacheller puts it "that made Hell famous."

And why did the military caste believe it to be necessary first to lie to their own people and then to lie wholesale through their so-called Ambassadors who as a matter of fact for years have been chiefs in an unprecedented army of espionage, Captains in the army of dishonor? Germany adopted this program in part because of a kind of natural obsession which made her leaders really believe in Teutonic superiority, partly because the people would not follow the military caste if they were told the truth, and partly from what seemed to be real necessity.

This war is the culmination of the German program which was stimulated at least by the world's program.

And what has been the world program?

That brings us to the primary cause of the war.

The primary cause of this war is a condition, a political condition inherited from previous centuries; a condition which in its history records the struggles of human society as certainly as the rocks tell the story of the evolution of the earth; a condition which has qualified and largely controlled the ambitions, the triumphs, the defeats, the aspirations of the human race; a condition which has served mankind but has also bound it and still binds it as with bands of steel. We have now reached the age in politics when, if democratic civilization is to survive, we must first slay this reptile and then break these bonds. Vital as the first duty is the second in due course will become even more important.

The chief human agent in the perpetuation of that political condition in relatively modern times, the man who used it most effectively for the furtherance of his own purposes and his own ambitions and therefore the chief criminal is Frederick of Prussia, sometimes miscalled the Great, and apotheosized in eight volumes by Carlyle. The chief living criminal, who after all is merely carrying out Frederick's program, is William the Second, King of Prussia and German Emperor.

Back of William, back of Frederick, and still dominant in the world lies this condition, brutal, bestial, inhuman, monstrous, unintelligent, but nevertheless more powerful than all Kings and all Kaisers, the chief source indeed of all their authority. That condition expressed in terms of government we call the Doctrine of Sovereignty. That Doctrine is the law of the jungle; its morality is still the morality of the jungle. It was born in the struggle for existence, begun in the primeval ooze before either reason or conscience had been developed. It has yielded little to the reason or conscience of any nation as such; in Germany it has utterly overborne both.

It has persisted essentially unchanged against advancing intelligence and improved morality. It differs in no respect from the law followed by the cave-man. The cave-man evolved from his family a larger unit called the tribe, and that unit evolved a still larger unit called the clan, and that unit evolved a still larger unit called the state. When any state after bloody struggles became large enough or strong enough, it took its place as a unit in a little group of equals, and established what has been called a "balance of power." Frequently with others and occasionally alone it then forced smaller or weaker powers into a condition of semi-vassalage. Whenever any unit has thought itself strong enough to disregard the "balance of power" so created, it has tried, and naturally tried, to dominate the entire world. The whole structure rested and still rests on essential savagery. Frederick saw that and taught Germany its brutal law. Frederick saw that a supreme trial of strength between these units was inevitable. The only doubtful questions were when would it come, and what people would be best prepared. Every citizen of every nation, democratic as well autocratic, knew this in a hazy sort of way; every citizen of every sort of country has for centuries known in his heart that his life was forfeit at a moment's notice —if the state called for it. Every citizen for centuries has known that the call was sure to come, if not for him then for his sons. For centuries the governmental units of human society have either been fighting or they have lived in that condition of suspended hostility which we call peace. There was no doubt about what would happen. Men talked about permanent peace and deliberately perpetuated a condition which meant war. As a people we lived for a half-century on the theory that the brotherhood of man had been achieved and therefore we made no reasonable preparations for the struggle which was sure to spring out of the international system of which governmentally we were a part. Of all the great powers we were the most utterly illogical.

We preserved the savage underlying condition as completely in substance as Germany did. If a man anywhere advanced a program that would avoid its sinister perils, he was denounced as a theorist and a dreamer; that is still true. If a man faced the facts and demanded adequate provision for defence, he was denounced as a "jingo." If nations attempted to solve the problem as they did at The Hague they paltered and shuffled. Men have not yet been able—except within limited areas—to take the great step necessary to lift the world above the operation of this savage law.

The great individual criminals, living and dead, were both a product and a cause. They were the product of the age-long hostility between the units of organized society. They were a cause in that they not unnaturally seized opportunity and gathered into their own hands the power which society thrust at them. The Doctrine of

Rule by Divine Right and the Doctrine of Sovereignty are very nearly expressions of the same idea in different forms. When Louis XIV said that he was the state he was only defining the Doctrine of Sovereignty in personal terms.

Democracies have built society—not governments—on the idea that all men can be trusted, that the average man is not a savage, that he is willing to concede the rights to others that he demands for himself. Through the development of science time and distance were annihilated; there are to-day no foreign lands except governmentally. Governments are as far apart to-day as they were before Watts and Morse and Bell and Field and Marconi were born. Governments in their relations are still unscientific, savage and medieval; the condition red in tooth and claw still remains.

The Reptilian age passed physically because conditions on the earth changed physically. There were upheavals from time to time. The land, the sea and the air became less and less suited to Saurians. Countless new and apparently less efficient forms of life appeared. Naturally the reptiles fought the newer forms of life with increasing ferocity and slew them as they could. But finally when the hour came there was a vaster upheaval, conditions changed violently, the very atmosphere changed, and now all that physically remains of these early lords of the land, the sea and the air, is their impress in the clay or marl where they died when the earth became tired of them.

The dominance of the Doctrine of Sovereignty in the relations of nations makes this politically the age of the Saurian. Sovereignty asserted by either a democracy or an autocracy in the last analysis means war, and perhaps the most inconsistent and absurd, yet, under existing conditions, entirely necessary thing in the world is a democracy asserting its sovereignty against another democracy.

This war is that vaster upheaval, that violent change which is either to embalm William along with Alexander and Napoleon and all that tribe for the education and edification of future generations or it is to crush temporarily that form of political life which found expression in Magna Charta and the Declaration of 1776. Let us not deceive ourselves: *either thing can still happen*: Right does not always win. Barbarians conquered Rome; Archimedes was slain by an ignorant Roman soldier; Alexander Hamilton the most luminous intelligence in our history, one of the greatest political thinkers of any age was killed by an adventurer.

As the evolution of the earth gradually drove away the miasm and mists in which the saurian flourished, so an increasing love of ordered Liberty has driven away in part the political mists and the mysteries on which Frederick and his kind have flourished. The accumulation of public opinion like the accumulation of sediment in the shallow seas of the Mesozoic period has weakened the crust of the ancient order: there have been through the centuries violent upheavals, some before and some within our knowledge and memory: in 1776, 1792, 1848, 1861.

We can well imagine that when the earth began to tremble and the air to freshen and the waters to shift, the Saurians made a concerted assault upon all other forms of life. William and Franz-Joseph, possessed of reptilian morals, reptilian faith and reptilian purposes, had been listening to the rumblings of democracy for forty years. They smiled as they looked at their own equipment: their huge claws and beaks and teeth and armorplate and observed that the peoples who were stirring had no means of offense and little of defense. They laughed as they saw their enemy democracy, divided into twenty or thirty hostile camps, each professing a program of human brotherhood but internationally following the program of autocracy. They saw a generation ago that either they or democracy must go. They were logical. They did not palter. When the time came they struck as the great reptiles did.

The great criminal of this century, the man whose name will go down in history with Caligula and Attila is William the Second, German Emperor. But William after all represents a system, an idea. He is true to his class. He is morally a Saurian. The Great Reptiles probably despised the hordes of birds and fish and animals so indifferently equipped both for offense and defense; They naturally assumed that they themselves could not have been so wonderfully endowed except by the wish of the Almighty. If they thought at all, they doubtless believed they were the chosen of God.

There was no such thing as reforming a Saurian: he had to go. There is apparently no such thing possible as reforming and humanizing a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg: they must go.

The particular in which Frederick was a criminal and William is a criminal is this:

The people had begun to break down this ancient superstition. They took a great step forward in Magna Charta, another in the Declaration of 1776, another in the French Revolution, another in our Federal Constitution. The movement was so strong in recent times that peace has reigned for more than a hundred years between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

William's great crime—following the teaching of Frederick—lies in his bitter opposition to that movement resulting in a complete perversion of a great people. He has dragged a whole race back and down into the slime of medievalism. He must go. The German people, *of themselves,* must crawl up out of that slime and stand upright before men or be engulfed in the moral damnation that waits for all who stay there.

Why did the allied nations allow Germany to build up her terrible war machine? Why did they not stop it? Why did Great Britain when she realized the menace content herself merely with proposals that both nations take a holiday in war preparation? Why did Germany sneer at such proposals and immediately speed up her preparations?

Again the Doctrine of Sovereignty.

Great Britain could only protest and protest politely; to have done more would have meant war and would have established a dangerous precedent. If Sovereign Germany could be stopped in any program, however wicked, so might Great Britain be stopped in any program however beneficent. Germany was protected by this monstrous fiction and Great Britain and France were paralyzed by it. As a result preparations to rape and assassinate the world went on openly and shamelessly. That hideous folly controls the destinies of men to-day.

The cause of this war, the source of this great crime, is, therefore, the DOCTRINE OF SOVEREIGNTY. The great living criminal is William.

When William goes we shall have gained little if Sovereignty, as now defined, does not go with him. If the Doctrine survives, William will have successors as bad as he, possibly worse.

The great question is can men preserve all that is worth preserving in nationality without war? Or is there something in nationality that makes war necessary? Could governments effectively function as governments if they arranged their relations and settled their differences as individuals do, as the States of this Federal Union do?

Never has all the world been so nearly of one mind on any one subject as now. THERE MUST BE NO MORE SUCH WARS AS THIS. Everybody agrees. Very well. How then to achieve it?

Suppose the people of Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, Germany and Austria-Hungary had been in some sort of effective governmental touch for a generation earlier than August 1, 1914. They had been for longer than that in touch in business. They had erected great international structures interwoven by all the relations of commerce and banking. They had no trouble in understanding each other. They did not fear each other. They trusted each other. They had in all those relations no desire to wrong each other. But in their governmental relations all was quite different. They all faced frontiers which were dead walls.

Here was a sharp line of demarcation; while the people told each other the truth, diplomats lied to each other; while the people dealt openly, diplomats spied on each other; while the people through their commerce gave and received benefits, diplomats planned ruin for each other. Out of the relation of the people war would probably never have sprung. Out of the relation of the diplomats war was certain, and continued, more wars are equally certain.

If, therefore, the people were able, in spite of the handicap of frontiers, of tariffs, of races and religions, to build up a vast peaceful fabric with which sovereignty had little to do except to embarrass it, isn't it likely that if allowed they could build up a like relation governmentally and if they did what would result?

Fortunately we have a concrete, a living, a convincing example. The thing has been done. The history of this country from the time when the Confederation of 1781 was seen to be a failure up to the present hour records about all the struggles, all the defeats and all the victories that will be recorded when humankind has made an end of its Fredericks, its Napoleons, and its Williams.

The same thing has been partly done in the British Empire. After this war the task will be completed there. But completed in that Empire it will still leave the Anglo-Saxon world split in twain, it will leave France and Italy defenseless.

The great duty of the hour therefore is not merely to make an end of William but to make an end of the causes that helped to produce William. There is indeed a tide in the affairs of men: it will be at the flood when William fails. It will be the supreme opportunity. This century will not see another such opportunity.

Immediately after William passes, the Allied nations will begin to pull apart if they do not immediately come nearer together. With each passing day the nations will drift toward the old order: old feuds will revive, what seem to be economic necessities will reassert themselves, prejudices will be reborn—the call of Sovereignty will sound and the allied Governments, forced for a time by the perils of war into unified action will return to the status quo. Once that is re-established the great opportunity is lost.

There is abroad a curious feeling that while people can be internationally just in business they cannot be so in government. Men rated as wise sneer at internationalism, they tell you that a Federation of the Democracies of the world is impracticable; that it can't be done, and therefore why waste effort in trying to achieve the impossible. That was one of the arguments made by George Clinton and his followers in 1788 when he so nearly defeated the Federal Constitution in New York; one of the arguments used by Patrick Henry in Richmond when he sought to keep Virginia out of the Union. My answer is that such a program is neither impracticable nor impossible, and no man, and certainly no leader, has any right to say that, unless he at the same time admits his belief that man is incapable of self-government, his belief that our Declaration of 1776 was after all a fraud and our Great Republic the product of an accident.

Men are already talking about the war after the war. Victory therefore over Germany is not expected to settle many international questions. If this war is lost it will settle many international questions—until such time as Liberty can re-light her extinguished torch. If this war is won it should, although it may not, settle the future relations of Nations. But why should there be war after this war? What will cause it? I answer:—The very conditions, in different form, that caused this war: Sovereignty, the fiction that human rights behind frontiers are different from and are inherently in deadly hostility to identical human rights just over the border. I call that a fiction—it is unfortunately a terrible fact. It is a fact as real as that one man is white and another is black and another is brown and another is yellow. But while we can understand the causes that made this variety of color, and with color a variety of religions, and while we can understand how these fundamental differences could naturally create impenetrable barriers behind which fear and hate and misunderstanding would intrench themselves, it is not so easy to understand why this the greatest of all wars should be controlled by no such consideration. The amazing fact is that these, the most fundamental and presumably most controlling of conditions, are not controlling. The lines of division in this war are neither racial nor religious. In the beginning the division did not even follow lines which put liberty on one side and tyranny on the other. Russia certainly did not consciously enter the war in defense of human liberty and the reaction which has followed the destruction of the House of Romanoff, leaves Russia perhaps the greatest of all menaces to self-government. What determined the lines of demarcation? Primarily the Doctrine of Sovereignty.

It is not difficult, under that doctrine, to understand how William persuaded himself that he was Vicegerent of the good old German Pagan God. He took up in statecraft the role of a political Torquemada. He believed, as Frederick did, that there must be an ultimate clash, a final trial of strength. Germany had been definitely preparing for forty years, Prussia for a hundred years. On the first of August, 1914, William believed that he had reached the hour of fate, therefore he struck. When Germany is beaten nothing fundamental will thereby have been decided. The war after the war will come—perhaps very soon, if the peoples of the world do not unite and put an end to the barbarism that now controls the relations of nations.

The preservation of nationality has long been the supreme purpose of government because under the bitter struggle for existence men saw safety only in the state. Governmentally men have been taught and are still taught to look upon men of other nations as their potential enemies. Unless the state can now be made a means to an end, unless the barriers that divide democracy from democracy can be broken down, let us stop chattering about world-peace; let us all become Prussianized in our morals and manners and motives; let us arm to the teeth and prepare for the battles that shall finally allow, even compel William or some other—perhaps an Anglo-Saxon—to set his foot on the neck of the world.

If Democracy means anything it means everything. It doesn't mean just the rights of the citizens of this Republic. If all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, the relations of governments should not be such that men shall be forced to rob other men of what God gave them. No civilized man, as a citizen, wants to do that, and when the Germans, who alone seem to have that conscious purpose, have been beaten and reformed, if that be possible, governments must abandon a program by which they are themselves compelled to force men to do that.

Thomas Jefferson and the early fathers led us out into a glorious dawn when they declared that Life and Liberty were the inalienable rights of ALL men. We have proudly and grimly assented to that truth. But until we entered this war it was for us little more than a dream beyond our own frontiers. We had been bound by the law of self-preservation, by the Doctrine of Sovereignty. When we entered this war we invited all Democracies to unite with us and again break the chains that we broke in 1789. Can Democracy do that? On the answer to that question hangs the future of Liberty.

What democracy shall mean to our sons and daughters and to their successors will be determined first in the great battle now raging, in which Prussian autocracy is to be defeated and finally driven from power, and second in the success or failure of a federation of the democracies of the world following that battle. If Prussianism is victorious, democracy will for a long time survive only in political huts and caves. If Prussianism is crushed, Democracy may become as splendid as its principles, as glorious as its professions. But will it?

Not if the Doctrine of Sovereignty survives; not if the state continues to be the supreme end and not a means to an end.

Send William to another St. Helena, toss the Hapsburgs onto the scrap-heap of history, and keep the present program otherwise, and you will have made little progress toward abiding peace. Why was Washington right when he said "In times of peace prepare for war"? Why is that maxim just as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago? Because democracy has had and has now no comprehensive and sufficient program; because liberty-loving men are divided into strictly limited and hostile camps; because each democracy is certain, under economic pressure, to develop greed for land, for dominance at sea; because democracies made up of fallible and ambitious men, ruled by the laws of sovereignty, cannot be trusted to be just; because the frontiers of democratic sovereignty mean war almost as certainly as the frontiers of autocracy mean war.

There are frontiers that do not mean war and we who live under that unparalleled achievement are only beginning to realize its prophetic power and its moral obligation. There are frontiers that preserve local self-government, the integrity of institutions and of states, and yet do not breed war. Such frontiers delimit the various States of this Union. That was not always true. There was a time—about a hundred and thirty years ago—when the frontiers of the American States meant just what frontiers in Europe mean now.

The Original Thirteen States tried to live together and at the same time preserve separate Sovereignty in its full significance. They failed. It could not be done. It will never be done.

The Confederation, a union between Sovereignties as such, became a travesty on government. Our existing federal union, a Federation, a union of peoples, is with all its imperfections the fairest hope of the world.

In its inception, construction and history, the Federal Union tells the Allies how they may organize peace.

Men talk about the difficulties of such a program! Go to Belgium, to Poland, to Serbia, to Armenia, and to slaughtered France! Call the expanding roll of our own beloved dead. Face the certainty that this is not the end but the beginning and then talk of difficulties.

Away with those who quibble about tariffs, and religions, and frontiers, and ancient prejudices. Of what importance are they now? We shall soon come to the hour of supreme crisis. What are we to do? Who shall then lead us? Not those who have been saturated with the precedents of absolute nationality; not those who have already reacted to the other extreme, the Socialists, the Bolshevists who know not the meaning of ordered liberty.

In all the Babel of voices discussing the future relations of nations the one great voice that is clear and prophetic and powerful is the voice of Woodrow Wilson. It takes us no whither to say that we should have entered the war sooner. Most of us will regret so long as we shall live our long period of hesitancy.

Our delay in getting into the war will be costly. How costly to you and to me in money and in hearts' blood we do not yet know. But under the President's leadership we have been through that travail of soul which enables us now to say to the Government "Slay the great reptile, no matter what it costs."

President Wilson in my opinion moved as rapidly as public opinion moved, he led it, and finally crystallized it by his timely and inspiring eloquence. We are all very wise now. It is easy, always easy, to be wise afterwards.

But in his vision of a post-bellum program, in his prophetic forecast of what must be done, if all this precious blood is not to be spilled in vain, the President stands above all other leaders of nations and in really constructive utterances, unhappily, almost alone.

He has said that after this war Democracies must unite, not as States, not as Sovereignties, not as mere governments, *but as peoples.* There sounds the prophetic voice. In that lies the only process by which victory can be made worth all its dreadful cost. President Wilson's program calls for no surrender of liberty, no loss of political integrity, no weakening of local self-government; on the contrary it points the way to a larger world where lie the peace and the power that the Thirteen States and their thirty-five fellows have found under the Federal Constitution. A mere League of States will not do. A Partnership of Sovereignties will not do.

The key word is Federation.

Federation! Federation!!

> ". . . : for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

That is the Great new Evangel and Woodrow Wilson is its Prophet.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA

AN ADDRESS BY MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EDUCATIONAL MISSION

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 4, 1918

.Dr. Shipley, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—The warmth of your reception especially from behind—for I am sitting in front of the hottest radiator I have ever struck, has rather overwhelmed me. I am asked to speak to a most distinguished gathering of citizens of no mean city. My avocations have not taken me very largely into the business of the world; in fact, such excursions as I have made into that department have been dead failures. However, one or two things I would like to say about the relations of the highly trained graduate to the business world. There are men—more men than you would believe—who would not walk across this room to take up a fortune if that fortune depended on them having to be bothered by taking care of it. I dare say you do not often strike those men. I will give you an example: The first student in my college that went over the channel to fight the enemy was such a man. He was devoted to poetry—he was not a bad

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The British Educational Mission: Arthur Shipley, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Master of Christ College; Sir Henry Miers, formerly of the University of London, now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Manchester; Rev. Edward N. Walker, Librarian of the University of Oxford; Sir Henry Jones, representing the Glasgow University; Dr. John Joly, representing Trinity College, Dublin.

poet—and to literature. He was an extraordinarily good linguist. When he left the University I placed him as a special editor of one of the most distinguished weeklies, "Country Life in England"; and he chucked it in two years and wanted to go abroad to see the world and to listen to some music. Well, he went and saw the world and listened to a lot of music, and incidentally he learned to speak five European languages, and he was so confoundedly cultivated that he was becoming a public nuisance when the War began. That young man, who was, as I say, a poet, rather than an athlete, threw himself into the Army Service Corps, the one branch of the army which he had any chance to get into, and he flung himself there in August, 1914, and by November he was over the lines, living a life half way between a railway guard and a grocer. He was all through the Ypres business for two years, and his knowledge of one of the most difficult languages to know well, and incomparably the easiest to speak badly—Italian,—was such that he was taken into the Intelligence Department of the War Office in the third year of the War, to write books in Italian,—highly specialized books,—for the Italian soldiers on awfully fine gunnery and all those various activities with which we were trying to help.

Now that is an example of a young fellow who really did not care twopence about making money; but of course, as I say, he is the exception; but he is so exceptional that I thought you would like to be introduced to him—a very gallant young fellow, who sacrificed more, I think, than most fellows sacrificed, because if there was anyone that hated the conditions under which he was living, it was he; and unfortunately he lost his best friend within the first three months of the War. I had written over to him about one of the men, and he said "Now that so-and-so has gone, what does anything matter."

Now for a few minutes I will turn my attention to what I do know about the business men and the highly trained graduate. I have been in the habit of coming over this Atlantic for more years than I care to remember. It was in 1887 I first crossed your continent, and coming over here about two years since, I did learn in New York one or two things—that was that Wall Street was largely managed by college graduates. Now, in my own University I don't know that the graduates amounted to anything very much; they became usually either Clergymen of the Church of England, or school masters, and the outlook financially was tolerably poor. I saw these rather clever boys taking up the profession of teaching, which they often left between the thirties and the forties, and there was very little future for them, and I thought, if an American graduate can make good at business, why should not I? So with the help of Sir Nicholas Shaw I started what we called an Appointments Board at Cambridge. You can imagine how unpopular that was. They said we were money grubbing; they said we were commercial; finally they said we were unacademic. Of course, that is the last word in guilt. However, we forwarded our plan, because we sent our secretaries to interview the magnates of London. We found the Navy a much harder proposition to crack, but we are doing it. We started with London, and except that the few of those eminent merchants recollected that Cambridge is on the road to Newmarket, they had not the vaguest idea as to what Cambridge was or where it was, or what we wanted by coming to them. Still we had some success, and this success grew early, so that whereas during the first year we succeeded in placing thirty young men in business careers, the last year before the War we placed 400, and we could have placed, I think, a thousand, if we had had them.

We go on two very clear principles. We do not take one penny from the applicant for the post. We say to him quite frankly, "We have a post which we think will suit you"—and we know our young men much better than any of the great Universities—when I say great, I mean large, not old—because we live next door to them, on the staircase with them, and we can get a knowledge of them in the three or four years they spend up there, greater than you can get in the great Universities where the students are more scattered. We say to them, "We think we have the post, but you are under no obligation; we do not take any percentage of your first year's income, as the commercial agencies do." We say the same thing to the employer. "We have no interest in recommending you a man who is not the best man, we think, for that post."

I was sitting for five years on a commission on the Civil Service. This Royal Commission came to an end shortly after the War began, but during its course it took evidence on the University training to business, and one gentleman who came before us, a Mr. Robert Cohen, who was engaged with a large group of cosmopolitan financiers on the other side of the Atlantic, fighting a gentleman who was called over here J.D.—at any rate this young man was a graduate, and he said "If I am going to fight anybody with the brains of Mr. Rockefeller, I must have brains to do it with, and where can I get them?" "Well," he thought, "I will go to my own University." To cut a rather long story short he gave before the Royal Commission the following evidence: "We started only a few years ago"—I think it was eight or ten—"and we have now in our employment, running all along the south coast of Asia and down to Australia and up to Yokahama, with agencies at all the principal seaports, forty-two men under thirty years of age—forty-two men earning $5,000 a year, and one is only 28, and is earning $17,000 a year at Yokahama." And he added, "Now, everyone of those men are first-class honour men from Oxford or Cambridge." As he was a Cambridge man, the great majority of them, I think it was forty, were Cambridge men, because that was his college, and he knew the personnel there, and the other two came from Oxford. Now I want to be perfectly clear that I am not saying this because I happen to represent Cambridge. I represent the nation on this Commission, but it did so happen, and I think that if he had been an Oxford man the numbers would have been reversed. At any rate, there were those young men in an honourable career.

We had on that commission a very well known Labor man named Philip Snowden, who, for some reason I never could fathom, disliked old Universities. He used to say "Why don't you teach the new subjects?" I said, "What are they?" He said, "Brewing at Burton on Trent, textile factories at Bradford, and dyeing at Leeds." I said "Well, Mr. Snowden, they are not new; textile fabrics came in with the Garden of Eden; brewing was undoubtedly known to the northern men; and as to dyes, it is one of the oldest of the human industry." I used to say to Mr. Snowden "The new subjects, sir, are Bio-chemistry and School Physics, and Psychiatry, and any long name that I can remember; they are not only taught at the Universities, but they were invented there." Mr. Snowden had a particular objection which he shares with Mr. Carnegie, to the Classics, and he once asked Mr. Cohen in what branch these forty-two gentlemen had been educated, thinking he would say, "Science," and possibly "A few in Law" and possibly "A few in Economics"; but he said "I didn't care what they were trained by; what I wanted was a trained brain; but I was sure somebody would ask that question, so I brought the list down; the majority of those forty-two, more than half, were trained in Classics; a quarter of them in Mathematics; and the remainder, less than a quarter, were educated in the Sciences, in Law, and I think one or two in Oriental Languages. But that is the point, gentlemen; it is not what you are educated in, it is whether you have a trained brain. Education is not, as Mr. Snowden thought, a knowledge of facts; it is the thing that gives a man the power to take the initiative, power to be resolute, to hang on when other fellows fall, and above all, it gives him a certain vision; and I know nothing in the whole world that seems to me to need a new vision more than the great world of commerce—the man who can foresee; and mind you, as Sir Henry Meyers has reminded us, the business men and political economists have not foreseen successfully; there was not one of them in my country who did not say this War could not last more than six months because of the financial strain. Well, business men of that particular kind, and political economists have failed us. After all, as Sir Walter Bagehot said, in one of his essays, "No one really grieves when a political economist dies."

Sir Henry Jones, of the University of Glasgow

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—I really don't know which of my great storehouses of learning to open out, or which tap to turn on. If I were to follow the example so frequently set by my fellow delegate, I would have nothing worth saying, and I would have to exaggerate the good things that he has already said. For instance, he said that there was some great quarter of the world—I forget which it was—in which there were forty Cambridge men, Englishmen mostly, I suppose, but is there any quarter of the world in which he would not say there are forty Scotchmen. But I do not want to quarrel with him for I have to live with him.

We are entertained so kindly on the present occasion, I understand, by a club which is deeply interested in the unity of the Empire. I wonder if I were to ask you if you could tell me what is that cement, as we may call it, which is strong enough and is likely to be strong enough in the future to stand all the beating of storms and difficulties in the social world. What is the nature of the social cement? I suppose the chemists here would tell us what cement would keep stones together, but what is the cement that keeps citizens together as loyal members of the same state? And especially, what kind of international cement shall we invent, by thinking at the Universities and elsewhere, that will prevent the nations from again breaking asunder and quarrelling with one another? Commerce will draw us together, industries will enable us to supply one another's needs; but I am not quite sure that the ties of industries and commerce, close as they are, making one people dependent upon another, are of themselves sufficient to hold us together always. We can supply one another's needs fairly, and still quarrel. There will be future wars—or may be. But who is thinking out the ultimate conditions of social unity and harmony between nations? How are you going to create a more harmonious working between Capital and Labour? What kind of cement shall we have there? It is puzzling us a good deal in the Old Country. I would like very much if the inventive minds of those who are one with us in flesh and bone would turn more to those invisible but powerful social forces that bring men into conflict and that also can bind them together in a new way. That is one thing.

Looking back, for instance, how is it that the British Empire has disappointed Germany so much by not breaking up under pressure? There is some of that cement. I need not waste your time in describing the expectation the Germans had that our colonies would fly at our throats and so on. Instead of that their loyalty has been marvelous. But I think I know what it is, and I think perhaps my fellow-commissioners will allow me to tell a story I have told once already about the extraordinary beauty and unexpectedness of that loyalty for our Empire exhibiting itself in remote parts. My eldest son, who has been a prisoner in Turkey till last week—he is a prisoner there yet, but I hope he is a free man by now—was an assistant commissioner far up the River Irriwaddy in Burma, in a most remote district, at the beginning of the War. He was about the only white man in his district, and he was responsible for practically everything there in the way of government, and there was a great big district of 700 square miles into which none of the other commissioners had ever penetrated. He went there just to see what they were about. They have the patriarchal system in Burma, and we make use of it; we do not destroy native systems, but we respect them if they are of any use; we do not try to pour our native populations into our own mould according to the fashion of Germany, or impose by force our own culture upon them. Oh no; whatever kind of religion has the elements of purity and value in it, whatever social institution has any uplift in it, although by association with our own it may seem to us to be very odd, we make the most of it. So we make the most of the patriarchal system there.

The old Patriarch came and paid his taxes; and after he paid his taxes to my boy a conversation to the following effect took place. "Is it true, that our King is in difficulties with some German highway robbers?" "Yes, quite true," he replied. The Patriarch said "Well, I have five guns in my district of 700 square miles,"—my boy knew those guns. If you put a double charge of powder in them, they will carry fifty yards, and, at 100 yards, they are about as dangerous at one end as the other; for they are the guns supplied by our merchant princes to the natives. You don't do things like that in Canada, do you? "Well," said the old man to my boy, "behind these five guns I can put five dead shots, and I will be delighted to lend them to King George." Loyalty like a little flower, growing far, far away—genuine loyalty. Why? I will tell you why: because we respect, and our civil servants respect, the native populations. They give justice to the utmost of their ability to the native population; they respect their institutions; and what is the result? These principles of justice, fair-play, respect for personality,—these are the things that act as cement and bind the nations together.

I will tell you this—which you know perfectly well—however indispensable we become to one another in industry and commerce, we shall not have a secure Empire nor a secure world until the principles of justice are respected, and every man respects his neighbour too much to take him in, to make a fortune at his expense. It is the fight for material wealth that I am afraid of. This dissipates rather than binds, and I want our modern communities' inner life to be lifted up to the level of our boys who are fighting for great ends, and not for themselves.

Sir Henry Miers, of the University of Manchester

I only wish, for your sake and my own, I could be as brief as the literary man who was unexpectedly called upon to reply to the toast of Literature, and rising to his subject said "Hamlet is dead, Dante is Dead, Shakespeare is dead, and I am not feeling very well myself."

You expect me, I take it, to say something more than that. I will just say this, or since coming to Canada you have made us feel more than ever that we are not strangers in a foreign country, that you are what we may call our brothers. This luncheon of itself makes me feel somewhat at home, for in our own Universities, which I more or less represent,—the newer Universities,—at several of them a luncheon club like this has been instituted in connection with the University, simply because people have been over here and have seen its enormous success in this country.

In the papers, as we have travelled over the United States, we have often been described as the British Educators. I should much rather we should be described as the British Learners, because we came here not to teach anybody, but to learn for ourselves; and one of the truths not widely enough appreciated is, that every teacher, to be a good teacher, must also be a learner; he must take his student by the hand and with him explore the fields of knowledge. We shall have plenty of opportunities of being educators when we return home, and we shall be able to tell them, I think, the possibilities that exist in Canada as well as in the States.

This is my fourth visit to Canada, and I always regard the first visit I paid here as a very important stage of my own education; for I travelled across from England at that time with the Canadian Contingent which had been taking part in the first Jubilee processions in London, and I got an opportunity of meeting men from all parts of Canada, and seeing the awakening of that spirit of devotion to the Empire which was then more than at any other time, I think, expressing itself more forcibly than ever before. The foundations were then laid of that union between the Mother Country and the Dominions which have born such ample fruit in the last few years. I have always felt since then, and often said that every British Member of Parliament ought to be sent around the Empire, and that every worker of any sort in national work in Great Britain ought to be made to see something of the Empire. Those who are concerned with mining, agriculture, forestry and everything else, should come here and see for themselves what is being done here, and the pioneer spirit in which the problems are dealt with here. They would thus get that education which they would never otherwise receive.

In 1912 a conference took place in which I was personally concerned. It was an attempt to bring together the Universities of the Empire. The conference took place in London, and was the first of the sort in which the Universities of the whole Empire met together, and all the Canadian Universities were represented there. They met together to try to act together in the future in the way of promoting what we are so much concerned with now—more frequent intercourse, more frequent interchange between students and teachers, between the Dominions and the Mother Country. It was to have met again in 1917, but the War interfered with that. I hope it will meet again soon, and that the process of enabling and encouraging this more frequent intercourse between the Universities of the Empire will be carried into full effect.

My last visit to Canada was on the occasion of an international congress in which every one that took part in it—and many here did, I think—will remember that there, as in all the international congresses, the Germans were in evidence in a proportionate number, and endeavoured by force of numbers and domination to obtain supremacy in all those international conferences. It will be a long time, I take it, before an international congress of that kind takes place again. The surprising thing is that all the information that they obtained at those times, they learned for the purpose of War in the future; and another surprising thing is that with all that penetration that was going on, the Germans did not display much mental penetration. Every one feels that now—they did not understand the countries they visited.

I hope our mission to the United States—there is no need of our regarding ourselves as carrying on some mission here—will be to bring the inhabitants of that great country into the great Anglo-Saxon fraternity. So far as academic matters are concerned, at any rate, we hope and believe in the future there will be laid academic friendships, that mutual knowledge will be increased, that we will all be able to pull together for the common cause of Anglo-Saxon civilization. We want to know on this side what the Americans want from us; we want to know what we can give them; and we want to see how we can send some of our students across to the States and receive some of their students in our colleges. Speaking of our visit to the States as well as to the other parts of the Empire, we want those visits to take place at the impressionable period of life that will never be forgotten afterwards, and I feel there is going to be a great benefit in this mutual interchange of students and teachers.

Among the benefits of this great War which I hope will more than compensate for all the horrors produced, and all the evils it has caused, I believe will be this, that though the flower and the strength of Great Britain and the Dominions have been sacrificed, one result of that great struggle will be a more free and more frequent circulation of the youth and strength of the Empire. Circulation is the true life-blood of the Empire throughout the ages.

"DEVELOPMENT OF AIRCRAFT IN WAR"

AN ADDRESS BY BRIG. GEN. C. F. LEE, C.M.G.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 7, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—To-day I would like to say something on the development of the airplane during the War. In 1913 and the latter part of 1912, builders of airplanes were perfectly happy if they got their machines off the ground at all. They simply designed and constructed a flying machine and then asked the Government to go and look it over. If the authorities liked the "bus" they could order as many as the small portion of money they had then allotted for the purpose, would buy. However, it is quite useless now for a designer to set out planning a machine which has no definite purpose. There are many various duties in the Flying Corps which cannot all be lumped together under the one word "Flying." Flying itself, to-day is the easiest part of the pilot's task. The various duties for which machines have to be designed now-a-days for war purposes are artillery observation or spotting, day bombing, night bombing, high flying single seater scouts, middle flying scouts, two seater fighters and lastly, those prepared for the armoured machine. A machine to-day, which may fly at 150 miles an hour, is absolutely useless if the pilot cannot fight in it. I suppose soon, with peace imminent, the whole design of machines will be altered and one will have nice soft cushions to lean against, and will be able to fly in perfect comfort.

General Lee, at the time of this address, was head of the British Aviation Department in Washington. He is an expert on Aviation and a practical exponent of the art of flying.

But speaking from the point of view of the war, the designer had really a very difficult task. They have at various times, set out to plan a machine with a good speed and climb, hoping that the pilot would be able to pull it through a show with his good flying. Those days are gone, and there have been many machines produced lately which can go two and a half miles a minute and climbs, say 10,000 feet in six and one half or seven minutes, which are to be scrapped, because they have not got as large a factor of safety as is considered necessary, or that pilots may reasonably expect. That is to say, they have too many blind spots, or cannot be stunted the way they must be, under active service conditions. There is one instance of this, the Bristol Monoplane which came out about two years ago and was away ahead of anything up to that time. It had a climb of 10,000 feet in seven and one half minutes, and a speed of 121 miles per hour, at 7,000 feet. As I say, this was produced about two years ago but had to be turned down because one could not see out of it. It was a magnificent machine. I never flew it "on circus" but my experience on it in England, proved to me, it was perfectly wonderful to fly; you could do anything with it, and other pilots who flew it in France also said it was a marvel. However, directly you started turning, you were lost and could not find anything at all. You had to put your wings up on end in a vertical bank to see the ground underneath so you might learn your position. That was only one instance of a very fine machine being turned down because it was not fit for anything in the fighting line. From that, you can judge that the designer and builder had a mighty stiff job to put out a machine which combined speed, climb and fighting qualities.

People talk a lot about engines and machines, lumping them all together. Even in the bombing busses, there are great differences. You have a day bomber and a night bomber. The former is now constructed with a Rolls Royce engine and is designed for speed rather than weight lifting. It depends for defense on its speed and formation flying. That is, they go in a bunch in formation of anything from six to twelve, eighteen or even twenty-four machines. Often the machines use a "V" type formation. With day bombers it is speed and formation which bring them back. To be sure they do carry a certain amount of weight, but nothing like the huge loads of the night bombers. These are an entirely different proposition and the designer has to plan a machine which will carry anything from 2,000 to 4,000 pounds, in the air. The speed with such loads is necessarily slow, as they must be carried at night. To fly with such a burden in daylight is simply to court disaster. Pilots of night machines have to take advantage of instruments which record elevation and momentum and they have to understand air speed and such little tricks of the trade. These are the chaps who do most of the raiding into Germany and usually there are about 20 raids a week on German towns. The farther they go, the easier the jobs will become.

There are various accessories for all the various types of machines which necessitate extremely difficult and strenuous training. Look for instance at the matter of gunnery. In 1914 and in fact for the first part of 1915, there was no such thing as gunnery in the air. Pilots and observers had various ideas of their own about fighting. Some used to take up a pistol or revolver, a Winchester repeater or a sawn off shot gun, funny as that may seem at this date. It has been conclusively proven now that the vast majority of pilots who were brought down, fell, more for want of petrol than because of bullets. In those days, they would try to out-manoeuvre each other. If the Hun got out-manoeuvred and out of petrol on our side, he was claimed by our pilot and vice versa. It was not really until the advent of the Lewis gun that aerial gunnery began to go forward at all. The Lewis was then placed on the side of the fuselage, pointing forward or up over the top plane. As soon as this development came into use, air casualties began to mount up considerably. The Germans had for a time, great success with the Fokker, but really there was nothing to this machine as a machine. However it did have a synchronized gear which allowed the gun to fire through the intervals of the propellor, while the propellor or wind screw was revolving. This one thing alone gave the Fokker pilot an astonishing advantage over machines which had no such attachment. It was new. No one had ever seen it before and all our clever inventors, before the war and up to that time, had maintained that such a thing was impossible. Well it was left to the unspeakable Boche to produce the synchronized gear, and he had great luck with it until De Haviland designed and produced the "D. H. 2," a little "pusher" scout. This did away with the necessity of firing through the propeller, because the gun was in front and the propellor behind. Finally, the Fokker became known as "The De Haviland's Joy," so much had De Haviland produced a machine that could turn right away from the Fokker and was not worried by a synchronized gear.

As soon as one or two Fokkers were put out, the French and ourselves got onto the idea and produced synchronized gears, which are of course now on every machine at the front. At present you have two guns in front and two behind on nearly every two seater machine. Each gun fires at the rate of about 600 shots per minute, from which you may judge the havoc that can be wrought when all the guns are pumping bullets into a body of troops on any road. Scores of machines are doing just this job every day. They prevent the enemy from bringing up supplies of ammunition or food. They prevent the bringing of reinforcements and help to demoralize any retreat. There is nothing quite so terrifying to the infantry as a machine with all its guns pumping death into the ranks.

Speaking again of bombing, the Italians in 1912 began to take a serious interest in dropping explosives from the air. To them must be given the honor of beginning the development of this branch of aerial warfare. They began by dropping or throwing out hand grenades and small bombs weighing possibly two pounds a piece. Some of these must have exploded and doubtless caused damage, but still they had the idea and they were the first to start it in actual warfare. When the war began, the most the pilots could carry, if their machines were flying decently, was an observer and possibly one 20 pound bomb. Now however, the capacity has reached as high as 4,500 pounds. It may be interesting to note that bombs are divided into three classes. Firstly, you have heavy case bombs which are designed to destroy and kill by the flying fragments of their case. Secondly, light case bombs, designed to hold the maximum of explosive, and used to demolish buildings, where they destroy by hurtling the machinery, etc., in all directions. All these light case bombs are required to do is to hold the explosive together long enough to plant it in the right spot. Next and last, the most insignificant in a way, are the incendiary bombs. The Boche was the first to start these. He had a very good game of it when his Zepplins were coming over London and Paris. Then the "Zepp" was well nigh unassailable, and the Hun was quite content to float in the breeze over London and drop an "egg" every ten or fifteen seconds. From captured documents, it is quite correct to state that the Germans made no attempt to destroy railway stations, ammunition factories or any other war industry. Their pilots were simply told to get on the up side of London and drift down with the wind dropping bombs at regular intervals on whatever they might happen to hit. They didn't care two hoots whether it was an orphanage or Westminster.

This indiscriminate bombing is not the policy of our Air Force and our pilots have very definite orders as to where to drop their bombs. It is a strict rule that if the objective is not reached, and there was no innocent body of Boches on the road, pilots have to return to their aerodrome with all their bombs. Promiscuous bombing, as the Hun did it, is absolutely prohibited.

As soon as the Germans saw that the Zepplins were in the discard, to all intents and purposes they at once advocated, through neutral powers, that there should be no bombing more than thirty miles behind the lines. They seriously tried to bring this into effect, not from any humane point of view of Kultur, but because they were getting more than they bargained for. I am afraid we made it rather uncomfortable for the Germans working around railway stations and such as were our objectives.

All the bombing overseas now is done by an Independent Air Force which carries out enormous raids and drops tons upon tons of explosives every day into Germany. Unless peace has been declared they will continue in this work until that event, you can rest assured. The effect of these huge raids has been amazing and has really surpassed the most optimistic hopes of any flying officer. The Independent Air Force has been able to prevent ammunition from reaching the front. Air craft depots and factories have been destroyed, thus keeping down the German production away below the demands made upon it by normal war wastage. Trains bringing up reinforcements have been smashed up, and the Boches which survived the bombs were often finished off by the machine guns carried by our machines. There have been dozens of cases where pilots have gone down as low as 100 feet above these troop trains so that they could be sure of getting the effect they wanted. Just the other day the front train of two which were being rushed up with reinforcements to stop our advance had one carriage entirely demolished by a bomb. The inquisitive Boche piled out of both trains to see the damage. Our airmen were flying very low, and to spare you the details, I will just say, they found their machine guns especially useful.

Before the war, photography for war purposes, was absolutely unknown, but three months ago, there were half a million prints a month being shipped to every branch of the service. None of them, from the Cavalry to the Tanks, could do without the photographic service now. The air mechanic who first successfully took photographs from the air at the front is now the Lieutenant Colonel in charge of all the photography and aerial camera training in England. As a means of detecting camouflage, the pictures taken from the air, are of the highest importance. Pilots go down the line taking a definite set of "overlaps." The result is, that you can see exactly the state of the line at a given time. The pilot will go down over the same piece, say two days later, and may see that certain work has been carried out. Maybe it's a battery emplacement and the wily Hun has endeavored to camouflage it, but they cannot keep on covering up their work forever, and they cannot wipe out the tracks made by the working parties. It is quite true that all the tracks made by men, even, are plainly visible in a photograph taken as high as 8,000 feet. Before the artillery starts a shoot, photographs are taken of the position, which is to be straffed. Later, more plates of the same position are taken, and if it is seen that the desired result has not been attained, the artillery has another go at it next day. Nearly the whole German line opposite the British front, is covered, at least once every day, by the photographer in his machine.

Even from the infantry man's point of view, the photographs are of inestimable value, for he can see exactly what trenches he has to take; he can see if any steps have been made up to the foe's line and where the wire is. When the photographs are taken at an oblique angle, he can see also the exact folds in the ground and his objective. The Battalion O. C. bases his attack on the photos he has received.

The artillery now always relies upon aeroplanes for its shooting, and there is now a machine designed especially for this purpose. It is not especially fast and has not got an especially good climb, in fact there is nothing remarkable about it at all. However, it does carry wireless and guns. It's crew is the pilot who advises the artillery and the observer who works the machine guns and defends the machine from lurking Huns, who have a horrid habit of perching up by a cloud and swooping down on some unsuspecting and inoffensive artillery observation machine. Then if the discovery of the danger is not made very quickly, there is likely to be a vacant place or two at the mess that night.

Back in the olden days of 1914, wireless was considered some sort of black magic, and I remember very well the first transmitter that was taken up in No. 3 squadron, when General Trenchard was in command of the Wing, the only one in the Royal Flying Corps. Everyone looked upon this as witchcraft and no one understood anything about it. Major General Salmon, who was then a Captain and Flight Commander, started the wireless development of the R.F.C. with General Trenchard, and they most certainly have evolved a most wonderfully effective system. To-day, right away down the lines, you can always see our artillery machines over the German positions. It surely does make all the difference in the world to accurate shooting, and the accurate location of hits is practically impossible at a large angle. We have the Germans now trained so that they are quite content to spot from their own side of the lines, and at a great angle. Lately, in fact, they have found the air over our positions anything but conducive to long life.

I have talked at some length on all these various branches to show that flying is not the thing it used to be. It is no longer a thing of the clouds, nebulous and undefined, so to speak, but it is now an everyday amusement, pleasure, business or whatever you like to call it. But to-day is only the beginning of flying as such, which is by far the easiest part of the business after all. You can teach the worst "dud" to fly cross-country or to stunt in a total of 10 to 15 hours instruction. He can then get on a service machine and his real training really commences, and he has to be highly specialized. You cannot transfer a pilot from a bomber to a scout, nor a scout pilot to an artillery machine, any more than you could plant an infantry officer in an artillery unit and expect to get the best out of him. There are various courses for each class to go through and each course fits the pilot for one class of machine alone. They do not know the various little tricks of the other's trade which are so essential in this present war.

There is one special duty called "Contact Patrol," which is usually undertaken by the artillery machines because they know the terrain under them better than any others. They are continuously doing shoots over that part of the world, and if there has been any change in the lay-out of the Hun trenches, they spot it very quickly. The contact patrol is confined to special duties, one of which is, to keep in touch with the infantry, cavalry or tanks during an advance and to keep headquarters advised of their progress toward the objective. This alone is of enormous importance because in an advance now-a-days the field telegraph and telephone lines are nearly always cut by the intense bombardments. Hence, the only means of ready communication is by the air. Contact Patrol machines are also sent out before an attack, to find if the "pill boxes," where the German machine guns are sheltered, have been sufficiently treated to high explosive. These machines fly down the line to see if the wire is cut. This one duty alone is of immense value, as many lives have been sacrificed when attacks have been held up by uncut wires. These machines though, by flying about 100 feet above the ground can see if the artillery is doing its work properly in cutting the wire sufficiently for the infantry to pass through unimpeded. The Contact Patrol then brings back word of the condition of the wire and in one attack, may save thousands of lives.

Here is another instance of what aeroplanes have been used for. Two battalions got right away forward ot the line in a recent advance and Headquarters was unable to get any word from them. The aeroplanes were then called in and told to drop to the isolated units, fourteen tons of ammunition and food stuffs. This supply kept the men going until they were relieved some days later. Another job is called road straffing, which the pilots of these low flying machines say is the greatest sport in the world. One chap told me he had an awfully good hunt one day. He was up looking for something to turn up, when he spied an enormous limousine, which he described as a "gin palace," floating along the road. Down he came after the prey like a hawk after a chicken. The chauffeur saw the little game and bolted to get under some shell torn trees on a little cross road. The trees, at best, were small and in their present conditions, the burly Hun might as well have tried to hide behind a broom stick. The pilot came down until he ran the Boche out of his refuge. Meanwhile, the other occupant of the car, a portly old porker, a German Staff Officer, was vainly trying to take shelter on the roadside. Our pilot got them both in the end all right and that night, in the mess, he remarked laconically, "It reminded me of nothing so much as a good day of boar hunting."

In conclusion I would like to read a short resume of what I call "The War in the Air."

The air situation on the Western Front is one of unprecedented interest.

To say that there has been intense air fighting, in the ordinary sense of the term, during the past week, would be misleading, for the weather has been abominable, and the number of actual air combats fewer than for many weeks past. But events of the highest moment have been taking place, in which British airmen have played, and are still playing a vital and important part.

Rightly to appreciate the aerial situation it is necessary to realize that the key to much of the success achieved by the Allied armies in Flanders during the past week lies in the singular conformation of the railway system which lay behind the original German front from Lille to the sea. As this line stood on Sunday last, prior to the combined British and Belgian offensive, an exceedingly serviceable network of railways supported the enemy armies in this sector, of which the leading junctions were Lille, Tourni and Courtrai, while lesser junctions such as Roulers, Monin, Thourout, Thielt, Cortemarck, Lichtervelde, and Deynze, served to link up the lateral connections with Bruges and Ghent.

For some time past these railways have been in a highly congested state, and British flying men, taking advantage of this fact, maintained an almost continuous offensive against the more vital junctions, dropping over 40 tons of bombs upon the sidings and transport, breaking up the permanent way at numerous points, setting fire to vast quantities of stores and ammunition, and in other ways adding to the many difficulties of the enemy in this sector.

Thus when, in rapid succession, Roulers, Menin, Courtrai, and finally, Lille and Ostend fell into our hands, the enemy found himself thrown back upon communications, already congested and disorganized, which were being fractured in new places from hour to hour.

To this striking achievement of the Royal Air Force must be added the co-operation of British reconnaissance machines and fighting scouts with the infantry in their rapid advance. In Monday's fighting alone, in addition to destroying 30 enemy machines, and driving down six further machines out of control, British airmen flew continuously over the battlefield, directing the fire of the artillery, reporting new targets, maintaining contact with the front line troops, and in divers other ways contributing to the success of the operations.

Owing to the sodden condition of the Flanders soil, and the immense difficulties of establishing rapid contact by road, British machines repeatedly carried food and ammunition to the foremost troops by air, thus enabling the advance to be continued with the minimum of delay. This invaluable form of co-operation has been a feature of each day's fighting during the week.

An interesting indication of Germany's weakening grip upon Belgium is to be found in the steady withdrawal of her air forces in the vicinity of Bruges and Ghent. This withdrawal has been dictated, partly by the rapid march of events in the southwest, but chiefly as the result of intensive bombing by the Royal Air Force.

To convey an accurate idea of what is now occurring, it should be mentioned that the German aerodromes in Belgium may be divided roughly into two groups. The Coastal group, including the huge aircraft park at Chistelles, and the air stations at Houttave, Uytkerke, and Varsenaare, were mainly concerned with the protection of the naval and military works at Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges. The Ghent group, which includes St. Denis Westrem, Maria-Aalter, Oostacker, Gontrode, etc., is the strategic air centre from which the German long-distance bombers operated against London and the Channel Ports.

For some months past, British airmen have made also daily bombing raids upon these important aerodromes, particularly upon those at St. Denis Westrem, Mariakerke, Maria-Aalter, etc., in the Ghent group. The effects of this aggressive policy have been seen, not only in the cessation of the raids upon London, but in the curtailment of the enemy's activity, and in the enforced and continuous movement of his air-forces to positions less exposed to the British attacks.

A glance at the war map to-day will show that the progress of the British and Belgian forces is now seriously threatening the German hold upon these air bases, and signs are not wanting that preparations are already in progress for further extensive withdrawals of the German air front in Flanders.

Another significant feature of the air situation is the apparently growing inability of the enemy to make good his air losses during the last three months. Paradoxically enough, this fact has revealed itself in the tendency of the enemy to operate in larger formations, and to concentrate his strength upon particular sectors, rather than attempt to dispute our general control in the air.

While the reasons have been obvious enough to flying men in France, a recently captured German Order, signed by General Von Below, has now placed it beyond doubt that the enemy's air resources are becoming increasingly inadequate to the immense demands made upon them.

This order, after laying down a number of minute and vexatious rules for protection against British aircraft, such as the digging of bomb proof shelters, the prompt distribution of ammunition trains, the putting of horses into cellars, the deepening of road-side ditches, etc., concludes with the following significant sentence:—

> "The best means of defence against enemy airmen are our scouts, which are being reinforced. *Their numbers, however, will never equal the enemy's strength in fighting machines. . . . As a result, troops in quiet sectors will often have the impression that they are not being protected. They must rely on defence from the ground against their most dangerous air opponent, the low-flying machine."*

The evident incapacity of the German Air Service to meet the clamant demands of the war upon all sectors of the front is strikingly demonstrated by the achievements of the R.A.F. Independent Force during the week.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of heavy mists throughout the greater part of the week, the R.A.F. Independent Force dropped nearly 20 tons of bombs in the course of 15 destructive raids over German territory. The railways at Metz-Sablon were attacked seven times; Mezieres Station, three times; Thionville Station, three times; while the blast furnaces at Rombach, and the aerodromes at Frescaty and Morhange also sustained severe attacks from the air. Despite the formidable enemy defences now established at these vital places, the R.A.F. Independent Force did not lose a single machine during the week.

THE CANADIAN ARCTIC REGION

AN ADDRESS BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
November 11, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I come before the Empire Club with more than usual gratitude, for I think you did more than any other organization in Canada to induce the Government to take up the expedition which has now come to a close. The glorious news you have received to-day puts the seal of finality upon the territorial expansion of the Empire by force of arms in Africa, the South Seas, and elsewhere. While those territories were being acquired by force of arms, we in the north went ahead trying to extend the bounds of Empire without knowing that the War was on. We did not learn it until over a year after Britain had entered on the struggle, and then it was only by accident, when a whaler, who was looking for the possible wreck of one of the vessels of our large expedition, and not looking for me at all, (for two members of my party and I were then supposed to be dead) brought us the news, about the twentieth of August, 1915.

Seeing that the expedition was in many ways the most extensive polar enterprise that has ever been undertaken, it is manifestly impossible to go over its history in half an hour. The credit for the size and the thoroughness of its equipment belongs chiefly to our Government and to the Minister and Deputy Minister of Naval Service, who spared no pains to see that we had everything that was wanted, and who have taken a continued and grate-

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Mr. Stefansson is the well-known Arctic Explorer. He has made several trips to the Arctic regions and his last, from which he had just returned, furnished the material for his address.

ful interest in us during the entire time of our absence, in spite of the cares of War. In fact, I may say parenthetically, that I believe the Deputy Minister and myself are about the only two people who know just what has been done, and we are certainly the only ones who know whether the things done were intended, or accidental, or how they came about.

The thing of greatest consequence about our expedition I can explain in five minutes: it is that we have introduced a new method into polar exploration. We had a sumptuous outfit, a large scientific staff, all the equipment that forethought could devise, and the advice of all our friends. To give an idea of the special nature of some of the equipment, I will say that some of the scientific instruments used in oceanography were not on the market anywhere in the world, and were to be had only from the Prince of Monaco, the greatest of living oceanographers. It would not be compatible with royal dignity to write him saying, "Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find so many dollars; please send so and so." We had to go about the matter in a more diplomatic way, and finally the Prince of Monaco presented us with the oceanographic equipment which no money could have bought for us anywhere. In order to get our scientific staff we had to go to nearly every country in the world. Although we first preferred Canada, we could get only five men from the scientists of Canada, for they had to combine a thorough training—in most cases equivalent to the Ph.D. degree from a University—with youth and health, and sufficient private means to be able to give to science several years without large money compensation. Besides our five Canadians, we had to go to New Zealand for one—an Oxford man, but born in New Zealand,—to Australia for another, to the University of Paris, in France, for another—our most distinguished scientist, Mr. Beuchat, who unfortunately died on our expedition. We went to Denmark for the marine biologist, we went to Norway for one of our staff, we got three in the British Isles, and one in the United States.

In the early stages of the expedition, the Karluk, the largest of our three vessels, was taken out of our hands by the force of circumstances; she drifted in the ice from Alaska northwestward, and her equipment and her staff of men (some of our very best) were taken out of the sphere of operations. We then faced the problem of doing, without our equipment and without many of our men, the things that we had intended to do with the help of those men and by the use of that equipment. It was then necessary for us to alter our methods. Hitherto the Arctic explorer had hauled food with him wherever he went. The typical case is that of Admiral Peary, who started on the four hundred and fifty miles from Cape Columbia to the North Pole with about four hundred dogs and over a score of sleds, and the necessary men to handle that sort of equipment. He loaded on his sleds primarily food, and everything else—scientific equipment, clothing and things of that sort—was cut to the lowest minimum; everything made way for premmican, one of the best-known of condensed foods. In a few days the men and dogs had eaten the food out of three or four sleds, and these were sent back to land, travelling fast because they were light, with just enough food left to take them home. In a week or so, three or four more sleds would be nearly empty, and sent back to shore. This was repeated until Admiral Peary found himself within striking distance of the Pole with three or four sleds, three or four of the best men, and the best dogs. That was the highest point of efficiency to which the condensed food system of exploration ever attained, and it resulted in the greatest achievement which ever crowned that system of exploration.

But here we were, with our ship taken away from us, about seven hundred miles away from where we wanted to be; in other words, where Peary had to go four hundred and fifty miles to the Pole we had to make a trip of six or seven hundred miles if we were to do our work; otherwise we had to come home, and the expedition would have been a failure. Of course that was scarcely to be thought of. Another method had been suggested to me by my experience in my first and my second expeditions, which covered respectively one and a half, and four and a half years in the Arctic. On those expeditions we had sometimes for a year at a time lived on the animals of the land—Caribou mainly. It occurred to me that perhaps on this third expedition we could do our work by relying on the animals of the sea, as we had previously lived on those of the land, for the Government had assigned to us the task of exploring the ocean that lies north of Alaska, and west of the previously known British Islands in the Canadian archipelago. I therefore put before the remaining men of our expedition a proposition. (These were the men on the two small ships that had been kept near shore and never got into the ice, and their men and equipment were safe.) My proposition was this:—"In my belief, seals in the Polar sea live mainly on shrimps and similar animals; the shrimp is not confined to the vicinity of land, but will be found anywhere in the upper layers of the ocean; seeing, then, there is food for seals everywhere in the Arctic ocean, I believe we shall find seals wherever there is ocean, because they will follow the food. We know that the frequent winds are sure to break up and readjust the polar ice every few days; the polar ice is always in motion, always breaking in different sized cakes, with open lanes of water between; I feel sure that in those lanes we shall find seals feeding on the shrimps that are sure to be there, and we can live on those seals or even on the shrimps directly." To all this the men replied that it sounded very interesting, but it was academic, and that they did not think they ought to be called on to risk their lives on a proposition of that kind. "We will go with you," they said, "as far as half the food will go, and we want to have half the food in our sleds when we start back for shore. We think that is taking risk enough." The work would have stopped then if there had not been two Norwegians on the coast of Alaska, who thought a certain money equivalent would compensate them for the risk that they would have to undergo; and for $25.00 a day I engaged those men to take the chance of a journey with me. Members of our own party supported us to the distance of 50 miles from shore. At that point I sent back instructions saying that if we did not return to Alaska whence we had started, our non-return was to be considered presumptive evidence that we had gone to Banks Island;—that was a journey of about 700 miles in the direction we intended to go. But so strong was the impression with every whaler who was then wintering on the north coast of Alaska, and with every Eskimo and white man who was there, that we could not live on food provided by our rifles, that when we did not come back to Alaska, the story grew up that we were dead. It was everywhere believed, because it everywhere coincided with the common opinion; and in Parliament in April, 1915, the Minister of Naval Service announced that it was regrettable that no longer could any hope be held out that we were alive. That only shows how firmly people held the old belief that the Arctic is a barren country where you cannot make a living, and where, if you want to live, you must bring with you from more southern lands and carry with you all the food you want to eat. As a matter of fact we made our journey of 700 miles in 96 days, 40 days with food we brought from home, and 56 days securing the food as we went. We landed where we said we would land, without losing a day, with everyone of our six dogs fat, and without having missed a meal ourselves. (Applause.) We had three sleds at the start, but two went back 50 miles from shore. We could have carried a great deal more than 40 days' provisions, but we would then have had to cut our equipment to the lowest possible terms, which we preferred not to do. Peary sawed off half his rifle barrel in order to lighten his rifle, but we actually carried our rifles in wooden cases steel-bound, to be sure the rifles would not be injured. Peary carried no bedding; we carried ample bedding, so as to be comfortable. In fact we carried everything we actually needed. We did not carry any luxuries. For instance, in our snow houses, which are comfortably warm, we undressed, but did not have pyjamas or dressing-gowns.

Some people think that a variety of food is necessary for health. It is a curious idea, in view of what ought to be well-known of the condition of the world. There are millions of people on the earth who have practically no variety. For instance, the Eskimo and the northern Indians have only protein and hydrocarbons; they have no starches, no sugar, no vegetables or cereals; they have only the fat meat, which is the hydrocarbon, and the lean meat which is the protein, and that is all that is necessary. I lived, for instance, during the winter of 1906-7 on nothing but fish. We used to eat it raw in the morning and at noon, hot cooked in the afternoon, and the cold remnants of that meal at night; and at the end of that winter I weighed ten pounds more than I ever did before, or since, and I was mentally and physically in excellent condition. You may have theories that go counter to this, but I am sure that the facts will not bear out those theories.

With us in our work, the problem was the same that faced you and your armies in the present War; it was a question of suitable food and enough of it; a question of comfortable dwellings and of suitable clothing. When you have these you have all the physical bases of health, and everything that will enable you to do your work. We were able to secure all these from the Arctic environment. It was mainly from two animals, the seal and the caribou, we got our clothing, our fuel and our food, and from the snow on the shore or on the ice we got our house-building materials. It did not use to freeze enough at night in our snow houses to prevent me from writing every entry in my diary with a fountain pen. I am not advertising fountain pens, so I shall not tell you the name of the pen; but I am advertising the snow house. Its advantages are basic to our success, but that can be much better explained with pictures, so I shall not enter on that subject till to-night.

But more interesting to me than the things we have done on the Expedition are certain things which our experience on it has led me to see ought to be done, and I am going to tell you of some, which I think the Government of Canada ought to do.

More than twenty years ago, a missionary in Alaska named Jackson, began advocating the introduction of reindeer into Alaska. It was an up-hill fight, but finally, about twenty years ago, the United States Government put 1,000 reindeer in Alaska at a cost of about $750.00 per head. Those reindeer have increased until now there are about 100,000 head. The Eskimo who herd them and own most of them, kill every year a large number for clothing and use the meat for food, but in spite of the large number locally consumed, the Eskimo sold to the markets in 1917, $100,000 worth of meat and skins. In other words, on an investment of $750,000 the return is $100,000 per year and it will soon be far in excess of that. Reindeer meat is now being sold as far east as St. Paul and Minneapolis; they pay as much for it as for beef, the demand far exceeds the supply, and the trade has been profitable.

In Western Alaska, there is a man named Lindeberg, whose career is one of the most remarkable in America. He was in Northern Norway when the Americans were buying the reindeer there, with which they intended to stock Alaska. They wanted about a dozen Lapps to come along and teach the Eskimo how to take care of the reindeer, and Lindeberg, who is a Norwegian, represented himself as a Lapp and got a job to come over to America to help develop the reindeer industry. He shifted from that to gold mining, and the company of which he is president now owns most of the gold mines around Nome, and he is the chief owner of a bank in Seattle and another in Tacoma, and the best hotel in Seattle. He owns mines and properties here and there and everywhere, and owns among other things 13,000 reindeer in Alaska. He told me when I saw him in Seattle the other day, that the most profitable of all his investments is the reindeer, and that they are the one thing he is going to develop in the future more than anything else.

It sometimes irritates me a bit to be asked: "Supposing you have found a little land up there, what is the value of it?" To show how I look upon that question I must go back to history a little, which I am somewhat fitted for doing by being an anthropologist by profession. Some fairly-educated people do not think that Europe was inhabited 150,000 years ago, but most of us know that there was a civilization of high type in the tropical lands about ten thousand years ago. If at that time the wisest men of Egypt or Chaldes had met in a Club, somewhat as we are doing to-day, they would probably have said in their speeches, "Yes, we have an excellent country here, a wonderful civilization which is based on our remarkable climate; a little farther north where the climate is not so good, there are barbarians now, and doubtless always will be, because those countries are not suited to a high civilization." Pass on to a thousand years or so before the birth of Christ, and you find the people of Crete saying, "We have developed a wonderful civilization here, but farther north, in Italy and places like that, where the barbarians live, the local conditions are hostile and you could never expect much of those chilly lands." We know that at the time of Christ there was held in Rome a similarly low opinion of lands beyond the Alps. We know that in Spain, when Columbus was a boy, a similar opinion was held about the northerly island which later, through Bacon and Drake and Darwin, was to take from her more southerly forerunners their dominion over the seas and over the minds of men. For Draper, the historian of the Intellectual Development of Europe, tells us that a little before Columbus, the stables of the Moors in Spain were better than the palaces of the Kings of England. No doubt the Moors were in the habit of saying to each other, "We have a wonderful condition of things in Spain because the climate is favourable here, but up north in England, where it is foggy and cold, you can never expect a rich nor a high civilization." Trench by trench the ramparts of ignorance have had to be conquered, as civilization has spread north.

Farther and farther north the tide of civilization has spread, but in each new centre of culture you always find the opinion that the belt of the earth next to the north is worthless. In 1763, when after a war, a peace was being concluded between Great Britain and France, the plenipotentiaries of Britain said. "Gentlemen of France, among other things we want from you the Island of Guadaloupe." But the French replied, "We would hate to give that up,—there are sugar plantations there of great value,—we would much rather give you Canada," to which the British replied, in substance, "Well, of course, Canada is much larger than Guadaloupe, but what is it good for? There are a few furs up there and there may be a few fish on the Newfoundland Banks, but as a whole the country is a frozen, unproductive wilderness." I think it was Franklin who put the case to the British representatives about as follows:—"Guadaloupe, while immensely valuable, is a distant island, while Canada, worthless as it is, is at the very door of the American colonies, and if we have the French colony so close to us we shall have continual friction with them. So while the country is not worth much, I think it is better to take it, because it is nearer." That was the opinion, which after long haggling, prevailed with difficulty, and we kept Canada. And now Canada has been one of the controlling factors in winning a great War, and has a place of assured importance in the history of the world, while not one in ten of even the educated inhabitants of the Empire, can tell off-hand whether Guadaloupe is in the Eastern or Western hemisphere.

You see, the ramparts of ignorance had to be conquered, trench by trench. Time passed on, and a century later the intelligent people of Eastern Ontario and Quebec held an opinion which ran about as follows: "We have a good climate and a land of great possibilities, but out at Fort Garry the climate is severe and the land not worth much," and they were surprised to find that potatoes could be grown where Winnipeg now stands, the wheat capital of the world. When I left home five years ago, the magazine writers had discovered in the far north of the Peace River country, "The last frontier," just as the people of the Euphrates and the Nile discovered in the Mediterrean lands to the North of them, the last country of possible value, some five thousand years ago.

Now I have come to the point of telling you a little about the economic value of the north of Canada. It does seem that northern climates are conducive to a high degree of civilization. Local conditions, the richness of a country, sometimes have developed a high civilization in the south. But while southern lands seem suited to the beginnings of high culture, the test of experience shows that the south is not suitable for civilization's highest development, and as each particular type of development has been succeeded by the next higher, the centre of the new civilization has in general been found to be north of the civilization is supplanted. We have not come to the ultimate northward movement of the centres of civilization when we have come to London or New York, nor have we at length discovered the ultimate northern frontier of civilization at the Peace River.

The "barren grounds" of Northern Canada are barren only in the same sense in which parts of Manitoba are barren; that is, no trees grow there. Certain sections of it are very rocky, for geological reasons they may be barren, but they are not barren by reason of the climate or latitude. I have known hay being made 200 miles north of the Arctice circle, for feeding horses that were kept by some miners in the Meckenzie Delta. In Northern Canada there are as many tons of food edible to grazing animals to the square mile as there are on ordinary grazing lands anywhere. I do not mean to compare the Canadian North to Iowa or Ontario where cereals flourish, but I do mean to compare the North favourably with the semi-arid grazing lands anywhere.

The progress of irrigation and dry farming is continually cutting down the grazing lands of the world. They are being turned into cereal lands and orchards, and while the grazing lands are being so decreased, we have a continually increasing demand for the production of more meat, more fats like butter, more milk. Towards the satisfaction of these demands, the reindeer is a demonstrated success in Alaska. I now want to mention an even more valuable animal—the musk-ox. Imagine that you had a cow with a coat of wool that could be shorn once a year and sold. Would that not be a more valuable cow than any you ever saw? Or imagine that your sheep were three or four times as large as they are, and gave milk like the cows, then they would be much more valuable than any sheep you ever saw. And you have a wild animal that meets identically those conditions,—with beef identical in taste with your beef, and milk with difficulty distinguishable from Jersey milk, and wool like the domestic sheep. That animal needs no barn to shelter it, no hay to feed it for the winter, for in the farthest islands of the north they now live untended, and they are fat in any season of the year. In extreme cases, they weigh over 600 pounds, producing 100 pounds of tallow when butchered. They produce about half as much milk, and about the same quality, as a Jersey cow. They are practically domestic now. I was brought up in the cattle country of Dakota, although I was born in Manitoba (my parents moved across the line when I was young) and I know the wild cattle and horses there were less manageable than the undomesticated musk-ox; and I know from watching my mother work wool, and helping her work wool,—we were very poor, and my mother used to knit socks to sell them—I know the wool is as good as any wool. The only thing against it is that it is brown in colour; apart from that I think it is in every way superior to domestic sheep's wool, and you get from one animal about twice as much wool as you would from a sheep.

The thing to do, then, is to get for experimental domestication a thousand or so musk-oxen, which is easy to do, though I shall not go into details as to how. There are perhaps 100,000 musk-oxen on the main land of Canada. There are another 100,000 on the islands. By cultivating the musk-ox and the reindeer as our ancestors cultivated the horse, the sheep and the cow, we can turn the whole northern half of Canada into grazing lands that shall produce to the square mile as much meat, tallow, milk and wool as do the grazing lands of the Argentine and Australia.

The north has other great resources—its mines, its fisheries. We have found tremendous copper deposits north of Great Bear Lake. I do not know just how valuable they are, but there will be other minerals found here and there, and there are other times coming that will develop values in things and places that we do not dream to-day —at least such has been the whole history of the past, and we have no reason to think we have come to a point where the course of history is to be reversed. Just think of the advantage it would be in a country where mining is going on, to have a stockraising community all about you. Living in Dawson was very difficult in the early days, because the meat and the milk and the other food had to come from so great a distance, but that sort of condition would not have to exist more than a year or two if any mines were discovered farther north, because the development of the northern grazing animals would allow large herds to be driven in to be cultivated locally, and to provide locally in any mining community an adequate amount of fresh meat and milk.

I am not advocating the musk-ox for the extreme south of Canada. It may be that bacterial disease will keep them out of the country where now the sheep are; if it were not for that, I am sure the musk-ox, if cultivated, would crowd the sheep off the map of Canada. We can assume the musk-ox can live wherever their bones are found, which means all of Northern Canada and northern Europe and Asia. They defend themselves against wolves, but human enemies always exterminate them, so the geographic ranges of the musk-ox and man are mutually exclusive. Their only idea of the correct attitude toward an enemy is the British square. They stand up and fight. At any sign of danger, they form in a circle with calves and weak ones on the inside, and the strong, shaggy ones on the outside. Their horns then form a wall impregnable to wolves and to any natural enemies, but you see these tactics are the reverse of the needed defence against man. The Eskimo run up to them where they stand on the defensive and stab the whole herd with the spear, and we with our rifles run so close to them that the powder burns the hair on the backs of their necks. They do not charge. It is butchery, of course, but we shoot them through the spine where they stand on the defensive with lowered heads.

All the protection that the musk-oxen need is protection from human enemies. Neither climate nor natural enemy can prevent them from spreading all over northern Canada.

I now propose to go to the Government, and I want the backing of your good-will, as I had it five years ago, to get the Government to undertake this broad-minded thing for the benefit of Canada. When I first got this idea two or three years ago, I was at Melville Island. We had been a year and a half away from our base, had been living a year and a half on the product of our rifles, partly on musk-oxen. We were the first white men who have lived intimately with these animals. For a year and a half we supported seventeen men and sixty dogs on musk-oxen. I wanted to interest people in this project, and I wrote to four of the most influential and public-spirited men I knew, and sent them samples of the wool. I wrote to Sir Richard McBride, who died a year before the letter could have been delivered, to Sir Robert Borden, who can always be trusted to be interested in anything that is broad and public-spirited, so far as my experience goes; to Colonel Roosevelt, one of the marvellous men interested in everything, and to a man of a similar temperament who now sits near me—Sir Edmund Walker. I received a kind personal reply the other day from Sir Robert Borden when I was in Ottawa. I received an equally cordial reply by letter from Sir Edmund Walker, but I shall not read that letter as I hope he will give you his opinion of the project himself after a minute or two. But I shall read a section of Colonel Roosevelt's letter:—

> "Now as regards the musk-oxen,—I most emphatically wish your project well, not merely as regards this War but as regards the future of our countries. Our domestic animals are merely those of Asia, because it was in Asia that civilization first arose, and in consequence, as it penetrated into other

continents, man found it easier to use the animals already tamed than to tame new ones. It is a capital misfortune that the musk-oxen has not been tamed. To tame it would mean possibilities of civilization in northernmost America which are otherwise utterly lacking."

So that you may not forget the thing that is really of greater importance than any particular scheme of development, I shall emphasize, by repetition, the fact that while this is about the most important project, in my opinion, that is now before Canada in our period of reconstruction after the War, this particular possible development of the whole of Canada as a grazing country, still the more interesting thing I think, is the fact that the climate of northern Canada is not at all disagreeable. It is by no means prohibitive of further development. I take it as certain that just as the people of the Euphrates and Crete and Greece and Italy and Spain progressively made mistakes about the countries north of them, and always undervalued them, so we still undervalue the country north of us. A civilization as high as that of Ontario is certain to be developed farther north than Ontario, to a distance where it would be foolish for the wisest of us to try to estimate.

President Coombs asked Sir Edmund Walker to express the thanks of the Club to Mr. Stefansson.

Sir Edmund Walker: I feel greatly honored in being allowed to break the rules of the Empire Club in regard to the man whom I have for many years regarded as one of the greatest Canadians. (Applause.) It is not given to the men of many parts of the world to bring into the civilization of Canada a new element, but when Stefansson was born in Manitoba of Icelandic parents, he remained somehow sufficiently near to the parental stock to bring to this country the feeling of attraction towards the north, as opposed to what he has himself been speaking about—the average repulsion of the British stock towards the north. I have spent part of my life the last thirty years in trying annually to put before the people of Canada the industrial possibilities of this country, and

I know that one of the things we have always fought is that man is very much like the dog—he loves the fire, hates cold, and hates the north. It is one of the most difficult things to make Canadians believe in the value of their own country. What Mr. Stefansson has said about the musk-ox and what can be done in our northern country is no dream. It is a thing of the most tremendous significance, and something that we ought to weigh and make up our minds about as strenuously as he does. We have reached the time when the packers of Canada and the United States will be going to the Argentine to see what can be made of the vast herds of animals in that country. We have talked quite glibly of having as large an area as the United States, and we talk about having as large a population, in years to come, as that country. We can never have that until we take hold of the resources of this country on which man can exist. Mr. Stefansson has presented a great subject, a great problem which should be tried out by the Government. If it is a failure, it will not cost us as much as other things in which mistakes have been made, while if it is successful it will add to our food supplies for all time to come. (Hear, hear.) How can we doubt the north when we know that the sea in the north is more filled with pelagic life than anywhere else? There is life of the most vigorous kind all over that north country. We as a people have found out what northern blood means. Surely we have learned in this war that we are not like the friends to the south: certainly we have learned that the hysteric quality that does not lead so much to action, that has distinguished some of our cousins, has been more absent in this country; surely we know that the reserve and strength of character that is in our northern blood has meant victory in this War. We ought to be proud of the fact that we are a northern people, and we ought not to be afraid to breast the wave. We should take hold of the north, and of the one thing that is suggested, which will not cost much to demonstrate, and which would be of great benefit to this country if successful. But I rose for another purpose. Mr. Stefansson was in my house perhaps a year before he went away, and presented to me the fact that he was to go north in the interests of, I think, the American Universities, unless he went in the interests of Canada; and it was suggested that he would undoubtedly find the land that he has found. His mind was quite made up that he would add something to the map; and, if added to the map, to whom would it belong? And would it not be desirable that Canada should be a partner in what he was doing? I suggested that if he went to the Government of Canada he should not present the idea of Canada being a partner, but of Canada being behind what he was doing. (Applause.) The result was that he went on this Canadian Expedition of which he has told us. On this great day, when we are celebrating the peace of the world, it does not seem to me a minor event that we are also able to celebrate the return of a man who has risked so much and done so much for this country. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.)

DEMOCRACY IN WAR

AN ADDRESS BY REV. DR. ARTHUR GUTTERY

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
November 15, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a great delight for me to-day to be among my own kith and kin. For some eight or nine weeks I have been across the border, entertained with unbounded hospitality by the great American people. I have left with them some memories, and most of my voice, but it is a great joy to come once more to this great, beautiful, prosperous and wonderfully loyal city. We have won a great victory, a victory for which you in Canada have nothing to reproach yourselves, for your boys have written a new chapter in the story of chivalry, heroism and victory. You have not to reproach yourselves like some friends over the border that were a little slow; you went in at once with Britain, the mother country, twenty-four hours after the German cry; you were swift to take up the challenge which German tyranny had hurled in the face of the world. The victory is won, but all is not done; I believe we shall never be content except with the abdication of the Kaiser as a sufficient atonement for the crimes he has committed. He is a criminal, not a refugee; he must be brought to trial as a criminal, and must be made to suffer the condemnation and punishment that should justly follow the vilest infamies that ever disgraced the story of civilization. Nor

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Mr. Guttery is the Minister of the Primitive Methodist Church of Liverpool and the recognized leader of his denomination. He has a reputation as one of the foremost public speakers in Great Britain. He is President-elect of the National Council of Free Churches in England, and came to America by arrangement between the American and British Departments of Public Information.

will we be disposed to accept a change of government in Germany as a release of the German people from responsibility. What we need is not a change of government but a change of heart. I am not able to agree with some politicians who claim to see a clean-cut distinction between the German government and the German people. That distinction is unreal, and it is designed. The German people gloated over crime and infamy while they were profitable; and they must bear the consequences of their ill-doing. One other thing I demand to see is that in Berlin itself, whence came the seed that bred the crime —in Berlin, there shall be some spectacular pronouncement that shall force Berlin to know for ever the moral verdict of the world. I am not pleading for the destruction of Berlin. There is one avenue in Berlin on which I should like to see all the monuments destroyed; not in vengefulness, but to relieve European art of a cruel nightmare. And I want the voice of the forces that have liberated the world heard in Berlin. When we go to Berlin I don't want the procession headed by British Tommies, or Canadian boys, or American lads, or French poilu, or Italian mountaineers, magnificent as they all are; I would like the procession headed by the brave Belgian troopers. And of course we shall never forget that this is a victory between principles more than nations, between a world democracy and a world principle of autocracy. Autocracy to-day is in fruitage. When I left England ten weeks ago the world of Europe had its autocrats, five of them. They have all gone, disappeared; and their disappearance is the only decent thing they ever did.

No longer will it be possible in Europe for one man to say, "There is only one master in this country; I am he, and I will tolerate no other. There is only one law; my law, the law which I myself lay down." That blasphemous power is impossible for ever.

Now, let us be quite clear what democracy is, and what is its relationship to war. I am going to ask you to look at it calmly for a while. You know what democracy is, so I need not define it to Canadians. It is the rule of the people by the people for the people; the people's will the origin of political power; the people's good the aim of political government. Democracy is not anarchy; it is order broadly based, firmly established. It is not tyranny, oppression, not even the oppression of a few by the many. It is justice, goodwill, fraternity. Democracy does not lead men into the mad scramble of selfish greed;—it fires them with a zeal for social service. It does not lead men to say in hatred and egotism, "I'm as good as you," but it would lead every man, be he prince or peasant, duke or drudge, mariner or street car driver, to say to every other man, "In the sight of God and in the eternal judgment you are as good as I." And when that day comes—and our boys have bled and died and conquered to bring that day—when it comes, tyranny will have died in its last ditch. Democracy believes in the right of peoples whether great or small, developed or immature, to self-government—their right to make the attempt. There are statesmen in Europe—we have a few in England that we could spare to you, I know not whether they are found here or not—who say, as though it was the last word in political wisdom, that no people ought to have the right to self-government until they have shown their fitness for self-government. Gentlemen, that is political imbecility; it means that the peoples would never have the right at all. It is about as wise as the ancient fool in classic story who said he would never go into the water till he had learned to swim. I see my children learning to walk; the mother starting the little ones; the child slips and falls; the mother picks her up with a laugh and kiss and starts her again; and again the child falls; there is no word of rebuke, and I say to my wife, "Mother, leave our child alone, she has no right to walk till she is able to walk." My wife would say, "You may know a bit about preaching, but leave me to my own business; the child can learn to walk by trying to walk; failure is not defeat, it is a step forward in the mastery of the art of locomotion." A man learns to walk by trying it; a child learns to walk by trying it; nations learn to rule by trying it; and God help us, our boys have died that the little nations shall have the right to try.

The noble principle of this democracy, the principle of freedom, the supreme end in any community, is the right to life; not legalism, not traditionalism, and in this rich city not even property, but the right of life. Constitutions must be judged, must stand or fall, by the way they serve life. The humanity of a nation is more precious than its constitution. I have been saying that in America; I have been rejoicing, in America, at the liberty we have in England. Our constitution in England is fluid, unwritten. It has happened; it has come no man knows whence—thank God no man can dictate whither—for rights of life.

Another principle is the inalienable right of the individual in a democracy to his proper opportunity to live the life that God has meant him to live. A child or a man on a bad street in Liverpool or Toronto has as much right to a chance to live a decent life as the son of a British monarch or a Canadian mariner. A democracy is not a mere political entity; its greatness is its spiritual quality. Bergson, the most acute observer of the War, has said that this War has been a splendid thing for the soul of Europe; that Belgium will live in history for its vindication of the spirituality of national life.

When I left Europe, Belgium was a pathetic figure: a nation without a soil, without a capital: its government in exile: truly bereaved of all the Imperialism and institutionalism of Court and National life. Belgium had nothing left but soul—I remember that striking cartoon—The Prussian bully looking upon King Albert and saying, "You have lost your country!" and King Albert saying, "Yes, I have lost my country, but I have kept my soul!"

Why, gentlemen, nothing delights me more than that the day of little nations is coming back, the nations that have nothing to credential them but spirit. You owe the greatest gifts of history to the little nations—art and learning—to little Greece and not to mighty Egypt; civil justice and liberty to little Switzerland and not Imperial Rome; the redemption of Europe from the horrors of persecution to drab little Holland and not to gorgeous Spain; you owe your religion and your Messiah to little Palestine, the Holy Land that has been liberated by

British lads, never to go back to Turkish devils; little Palestine, about as big as Wales and very much like Wales. I made that statement the other day in Swansea to 2,000 Welshmen; you should have seen them put on airs! One speaker said afterwards that I was right; that I was quite correct historically, geographically and theologically. He said it was now admitted that they used to speak Welsh in the Garden of Eden. My answer was that I had always found it difficult to understand the evangelical doctrine of the fall.

And remember in this War what you owe to little Belgium. It was her scorn of bribery, her contempt of bullying, her ten days' stand at Liège, that gave Europe time to arm, and that has saved the world. That is democracy—free, social, spiritual.

And now, gentlemen, democracy is alien from war, eternally antagonistic to war. I declare to you that no democracy ever has moral sanction for war unless there be no other way to peace. I go further. Democracies are naturally unfitted for war. Whenever you have a war between a military autocracy and a free democracy, the military autocracy begins with terrific initial advantage; its close discipline, its centralized government, its compact and servile proletariat, its claim to decide without discussion, and to act without deliberation—all make for power in war. But in democracy the very glories of peace are the weakness of war; our reverence for the rights of the individual, our claim to discuss before we decide, and deliberate before we discuss, and vote before we deliberate—all add to the difficulty. I don't know how it is here—I know nothing of your politics, and so have nothing to fear—but in England, during the last four years, on more than one or two or three occasions, when some decision had to be taken, we positively rejoiced when the House of Commons was out of Session. You cannot win wars by committees; you cannot win wars by discussion; I ventured to tell my friends in America that you never win wars by notes. And so Germany calculated that she would be able to leap upon the free nations of Europe and the governments and carry them before they waked to their peril. And, gentlemen, Germany ought to have been right; her calculation from the military strategic point of view was absolutely sound. Germany ought to have won in the first six months, and won out, and there is not a military expert in Europe knows why she did not win. Belloc said it was a miracle; Cardinal Fyle of Switzerland said, "The spiritual energies have proved mightier than material resources." I am not ashamed, as an old fashioned Methodist with some Toronto training still left to say, "It is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes." You in Canada, we in England, our friends in America, are naturally nations of workers; we are industrialists, we are agriculturists, we are commercial, we never trained our youth to war, never expected it. Thank God, we never desired it; we never applauded it; we were unready for it. Some people blame us because we were unready; they say we ought to have had in England, standing armies of millions, we ought to have taught every child in the day school to get a blow in first and hit the foreigner. They blamed us; I am proud of it. Our military unreadiness is our moral vindication before the world. I do not minimize our perils, and when we knew them we set to work. We began in England with 400,000, including irregulars; tonight we are eight millions. We turned our factories into munition works; we learned discipline. We did as we were told; we had the newspapers; we were allowed to read; we traveled when we were permitted to travel; we ate what could be spared; our houses were taken. Democracy, for the time being, shed its liberties, for that is the only way that democracy can conquer tyranny.

I have a dear friend in England—I am not referring to your political divisions—but in England we claim the dear trusted old Tory, the genuine article, always talking about the rights of the individual, and saying that the Englishman's home is the Englishman's castle. This friend went away in 1915 for a holiday, left his beautiful home that he has built on the northeast coast, for three months. When he came back he found his beautiful home occupied by officers and troops. When he went up to his front door they asked him his business, and he was turned away. I said to him, "What a burning shame to talk about the liberty of the subject; the Englishman's home is his castle; why didn't you put them out?" He said, "Don't say that, silly; I couldn't put them out if I would, and what is more, I wouldn't put them out if I could." That is the temper; and, gentlemen, you have lived to see the marvel of history, the miracle of the Marne; you have lived to see boys trained for commerce, for professions, boys that are amateurs, boys that five years ago did not know one end of a gun from another; and you have lived to see those boys at Ypres, at Verdun, at Chateau Thierry, in the Argonne; you have lived to see them grind to powder the pride of this professional militarism. Those boys—how one loves them! Nothing you can do is too good for them—these boys, your boys and mine. We had not seen anything great in them. Some of us were foolish enough to depreciate them because they loved football and baseball and lacrosse.—By the way, I would give a good deal to see a first-class lacrosse match.—We used to find fault with them because they went to the movies with your sister. They don't sit and look at movie pictures; they have made pictures. They have made pictures of dauntless valor that the world will never lose out of the picture-gallery of its memory—never. You old men, never dare to say to me again that British and Canadian boys are not what they used to be when you were a boy. Thank God, they are not; there has been a big improvement.

And now, gentlemen, if I am not wearying you, I want to complete my argument to this point—that democracy is free, social, spiritual, unfitted for war, alien from war, and yet through this very War its liberties are widened and its authority has grown universal. That is the paradox of our day. Why, this War was planned, plotted by tyranny to destroy democracy; and in the outcome democracy fills the throne. It is so in England. I can only speak of the land I know best. We have made more progress in England towards social democracy in the last four years than in the last three hundred years. Why, they are talking about liberty in England in the most unlikely quarters. I read the London *Times* every day—and I read it as a punishment for my sins. I put time on its leading articles every day talking about liberty, the rights of democracy, the claims of the people to self-determination, and I rub my eyes to see if I am awake. Aristocrats are talking about liberty as though they loved it. Many of them lived their day, but they are learning the new language—Lord Curzon, for instance, the most typical aristocrat, the bluest of all the blue blood—has just written a little book on the new freedom. Think of Curzon and freedom!—he has been cursing freedom long enough. Wherever you look, it is the same. A new unity has come in the interests of freedom. In England to-day, at any rate up to the time I left, when the agony of war was upon us, it did not matter whether you were a Liberal, Radical, Tory, Unionist, Socialist; it was enough to be British. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I have been myself in company the last three years such that I have looked around and wondered into what world I had come. In England, if you knew me, I am a Radical Nonconformist, a disturber of the peace; and yet the other week I was down in a little South of England county town with the Lord Lieutenant of the County in the chair, the Bishop to my right hand and Admiral something or other to my left, and all the squires and squiresses and squirees of the County in front of me, and I said, "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, you would not have heard me three years ago, and I do not think you will three years from now, but it is enough now to be British." Just before I left home I was met at the railway station of an industrial centre in England by the brass band of the Tory Workingmen's Association! A brass band meeting me! They played me up to the town hall—"See the Conquering Hero Comes." Oh, this new unity; God grant it may abide.

And I say here to-day, you gentlemen who have so much to do with the creation and guidance of public opinion, if any man forgets the lesson that unity in this War has taught him, if any man preaches sectionalism instead of nationalism, he is the enemy to the commonwealth. Men make progress. We have just passed a new Reform bill, the biggest in our history. We doubled our electorate, and did it without any fuss. Every other reform that we had, had brought us almost to civil war. This Reform bill has added eight millions to the electorate, and six millions of them are women. May the women have their rights! We could never have won this victory but for women. Never forget that the heroes of air and sea and land who have saved the world, every one of them, is the gift of a woman; and the women have the moral right to say what kind of a world their boys shall live in.

In education we have just passed our biggest Education Act. In temperance we are getting on: we are not so far advanced as you are in Canada—I wish we were; I wish we could get rid of the accursed drink, get rid of it not only during the period of reconstruction, but permanently; but don't you believe it when they tell you that England is the drunken nation that she was. She is not. I know our people are spending far too much money on drink—but they are only getting half the quantity, and it is only half the strength, and we have our saloons open five hours a day instead of sixteen. The other day in Leeds a man lifted up his glass of beer and said, "Oh, this Lloyd George beer; it looks right, and it tastes right, and it smells right, but when it gets down it has no authority!"

So gentlemen, that is my argument; this War rivets it upon heart and conscience—democracy, free, social, spiritual, alien to war, unfitted for war, threatened by war, and yet through war itself, by the over-ruling mercy of a Divine Governor, coming to its throne, widening its power. That is the paradox of the hour; it is the irony of the moment. Believe me, it is the paradox of the Cross over again; it is Calvary modernized; that out of darkness there can come light, out of hate a redeeming love, out of crucifixion a coronation of the highest, out of death there can come life, and out of this War—hideous, weltering as it was, there is coming to the world the kingdom of light and freedom and justice, the Kingdom of God.

INTERNATIONAL PATRIOTIC RALLY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

Massey Hall, Friday, November 22, 1918, *at* 8 *p.m.*

PROGRAMME

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

(1) CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS
HIS HONOUR SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.
(2) THE NATIONAL CHORUS
(*a*) "It Comes from the Misty Ages" . . *Elgar*
"(The Banner of St. George.")
(*b*) *National Song*—"Rule, Britannia!" . . *Arne*
(3) ADDRESS
HONOURABLE N. W. ROWELL, K.C.,
PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF CANADA.
(4) THE NATIONAL CHORUS
(*a*) "Land of Hope and Glory" *Sir Edward Elgar*
(*b*) "The Star-Spangled Banner" *J. Stafford Smith*
(5) ADDRESS
THE HONOURABLE C. H. WHITMAN,
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
(6) THE NATIONAL CHORUS
(*a*) "March of the Men of Harlech" . . . . . .
(*b*) "La Marseillaise" . . . . *Rouget de Lisle*
(7) ADDRESS
THE HONOURABLE JAMES M. COX,
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.
(8) THE NATIONAL CHORUS
(*a*) "O Canada!" . . *Arranged by Albert Ham*
(*Melody by Calixa Lavallee.*)
(*b*) "My Country, 'tis of Thee" . . . .

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am in an unusual position to-night, having been asked to preside at the welcome of the Empire Club to two distinguished Governors of two great States of the United States. (Applause.) I know that this is the first time that a Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario has had the pleasure and the honour of entertaining the Governor of New York State and his wife, and the Governor of Ohio and his wife. (Applause.) I deem it a special honour this evening, on behalf of the Province, to formally welcome these Governors as the guests of the Empire Club. (Applause.) They are both war workers,—of different politics, I believe, from the conversation I have heard to-day. (Laughter.) In fact, not only are they different in ideas on politics, but one Governor went into the other Governor's State yesterday and made a speech, I understand, against the ideas of the Governor of that State! (Laughter.) And these two Governors did not meet until this morning, at the Union Station. Internationally, they are our great allies. (Applause.) We have passed through very anxious times. We have had four years of great anxiety, intensified last spring, but to-day we have great results. (Applause.) The phrase "Der Tag" has been used before, but may I say to the Empire Club that to-night we will not say "Der Tag" but "The Day"—and it has been our day, not the enemy's. (Applause.) Mr. Rowell has come from Ottawa to speak to us. (Applause.) He needs no introduction from me, but to judge by the active part he took in the Union Government, the Military Service Act and the financing of the War, I am sure he will have something new to tell you to-night. I have therefore much pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. C. H. Woodman, Governor of the State of New York; the Hon. J. H. Cox, Governor of the State of Ohio, and the Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., President of the Privy Council of Canada; and also, last but not least, the National Chorus of Toronto, with Dr. Albert Ham as Conductor. (Applause.)

ADDRESS

HON. N. W. ROWELL, K.C.

YOUR HONOUR, GOVERNOR WOODMAN, GOVERNOR COX, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is my privilege to-night, on behalf of the Government of Canada, to extend a most sincere and cordial welcome to our distinguished guests. We welcome them not only because of their own public service and of the high and responsible positions they hold in their own country, but because they represent and speak for the great States of New York and Ohio, our nearest neighbours on the south.

We in Canada recognize the pre-eminent part which the State of New York plays in the American Commonwealth, and its unique and commanding position among the States of the Union. Conspicuous as has been its contribution to the financial and industrial strength of the Nation, its contribution to its political life has been not less great. It has given to the United States many of its Presidents, and it is only necessary to mention the names of Cleveland and Roosevelt to realize how great that contribution has been.

In the State of Ohio we recognize our friends immediately across Lake Erie, and we know of their fine qualities, their public spirit, and their patriotic service. Ohio also has made a great contribution to the public life of the American Nation. Probably no State in the Union has supplied a larger number of Presidents, conspicuous among whom have been McKinley and Taft. It is with especial pleasure that we welcome to Canada to-night the first citizens of the States of New York and Ohio.

When the war broke out, we in Canada, you in the United States, were making preparations to celebrate the one hundred years of peace between our two Nations. During that period we had learned that reason is better than the sword as a means of settling international disputes, and we earnestly hoped that what we had been able to accomplish might be an object lesson to the rest of the world. On the 4th of August, 1914, our preparations were interrupted by the outbreak of war in Europe, in which all the great nations of the world subsequently became involved. The first decision of the Committees responsible for the preparations was that the celebrations should be postponed; but the logic of events was more powerful than the decisions of men, and in the order of Providence the celebration was not postponed, but it was to find its expression in the union of the British and American Commonwealths in one great common effort of service and sacrifice to restore peace to a war-cursed world. Thanks to the valour and heroic achievements of your troops and ours, and those of our Allies, that great objective has been attained. Whatever doubt may have existed when the armistice was signed as to the possibility of Germany in some form or other resuming the war, that doubt has been finally removed by the surrender yesterday of the German Navy to Admiral Sir David Beatty and the allied navies under his command.

We have all thought and talked much about "the freedom of the seas." With the historic surrender of the German Navy we have once more secured "the freedom of the seas." Our nations may differ about the meaning of the "freedom of the seas." We shall not enter into a controversy on the matter, but I may be permitted to point out that while your nation consists of a great number of States, closely knit together by inland transportation systems, our commonwealth consists of a group of States or free nations, bound together by the oceans of the world, and our lines of communication are upon the high seas. Just as you will insist upon protecting and maintaining your lines of communication, so we demand the right to protect and maintain ours. The freedom of the seas which has been menaced during the past four years has been largely preserved, not only to Great Britain and Canada, but to all free peoples of the world, by the patient, silent, courageous, unselfish service of His Majesty's sailors upon the high seas, magnificently backed up by the American and Allied Navies.

It is fitting that as representatives of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, we should meet upon a common platform to-night to celebrate the achievement of this gigantic task of securing world peace. What does this peace mean? It means, in the language of your President, that the world has been "made safe for democracy." When the war broke out autocratic governments ruled in Germany, Austria and Russia—the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanoffs. They have all gone, and, let us earnestly pray, gone for ever. In the struggle to preserve our own freedom we also have given freedom to these nations.

It should mean that in the re-settlement of Europe, Asia and Africa at the peace conference, public right, which had been overthrown in Europe by cruel and ruthless Prussian militarism, should be re-established and enthroned and just national aspirations should be recognized.

It should mean that the British Commonwealth and the United States, drawing their inspiration from the same fountains of liberty, and fighting side by side in this war of liberation, should march side by side in pursuit of the great ideals of justice, liberty and peace.

It should mean that Canada, politically associated with Great Britain, and geographically with the United States, the daughter of one, the sister of the other, should play the great role of helping to interpret the one to the other, and of strengthening the bonds which have bound us together during four years of conflict.

The entry of the United States into the war marked a turning point in the struggle.

1. It meant that the largest and most populous of the world's democracies, which hated war and loved peace, had finally decided that the side of the Allies was so just and the cause for which they were fighting was so righteous, that you could no longer remain neutral in thought or in act, but must cast in your lot with us to preserve human liberty.

2. It signified that in your judgment human liberty was in grave peril, and it undoubtedly was at the time you entered the war. Realizing the peril, you entered the struggle to make the world safe for democracy.

3. It signified that the final and greatest struggle between autocracy and democracy was to be fought to a finish no matter what the cost in blood or treasure, and that democracy would organize and pool all its resources to preserve its own existence and to give liberty to the rest of the human race.

America's Contribution.—It is fitting on an occasion like this that we in Canada should pause to pay a tribute to the great contribution your Nation has made to the successful issue of this war. May I refer to two or three aspects of this contribution.

1. At the time you entered the struggle, Great Britain and her allies had incurred such tremendous financial obligations in order to carry on the war up to that period, that they no longer had the financial resources necessary to prosecute it to a successful conclusion. Without the hundreds of millions of dollars you have contributed on your own account and loaned to the allies, our present successes could not have been achieved.

2. The thorough and systematic manner in which you called upon the manpower of your nation to fit themselves for participation in the struggle, the number of troops you put under training, the number you called up to have available for training, gave new courage to the allies and strengthened their morale and at the same time brought discouragement to Germany and weakened the morale of her troops.

In the critical months of the present year, April, May and June, your Government, in response to the appeal of the allies for men and still more men, performed the perfectly marvellous task of sending over men at the rate of 300,000 a month. Their presence upon the soil of France gave new inspiration to the war-weary veterans of Britain and France, and new hope to the civilian population of France, who were in grave danger of growing discouraged after four years of incessant conflict; and finally, your declaration against the continued existence of autocratic and arbitrary power in Germany and Austria helped to release the forces of democracy in these countries, and contributed to the overthrow of the autocratic power.

It was my privilege to cross to Great Britain this summer on a transport carrying American troops. Were it not that their hats differed from ours I should have thought them Canadians. One could not wish to see a finer body of men.

On the morning of the 4th of July last I saw the opening of the battle by the Australian and American troops to the North-east of Amiens. It was the first considerable attack made by allied troops after the serious reverses of the early months of this year, and the result was watched with the keenest interest by the allied Commanders. Your troops acquitted themselves magnificently, and vied with the Australians in the vigour and impetuosity of their attack. The Allied Forces swept all before them, and by eleven o'clock that morning had attained their objectives.

On every field your troops have added to the glory and honour of the name they bear. Our Canadian soldiers were glad to welcome them in France and Belgium as worthy Companions-in-Arms. May the tie thus formed on the field of battle link our peoples together in the pursuit of noble aims.

The 11th of November was a great day in the history of the world. It was a great day for your country and ours. When the Armistice was signed our Government sent the following message to your President:

> "The Government and people of Canada send greeting to the neighbouring Republic on this great occasion, when we together celebrate the triumph of justice and liberty over the forces of tyranny and oppression which sought to enslave the world. They are filled with admiration at the magnitude of the accomplishments of the people of the United States in the prosecution of this war, and with pride at the thought that your soldiers should have so distinguished themselves as to have contributed in no small degree to the great and far-reaching victory we mutually celebrate to-day."

We were glad to receive from your President a message of greetings on behalf of your people:

> "I am sure I speak for the people of the United States in sending most cordial fraternal greetings to the people of Canada in this hour of our common triumph and profound joy. It has been a matter of pride to be associated with the Canadian people, and with Your Excellency's Government in carrying forward the enterprises of the war, and I beg that you will accept for yourself and for the great forces over which you preside the most cordial greetings and congratulations."

Canada's Part.—Of Canada's part in the war you are already aware, and I shall not dwell upon it to-night. Since the outbreak of the war we have enlisted over 590,000 troops. Of these we have discharged in Canada from time to time, for various causes, nearly 100,000. We have sent overseas nearly 420,000 troops. Our total casualties number more than 211,000, of whom more than 50,000 have given their lives in France and Flanders. Owing to the period at which your troops entered the war, your casualties, fortunately, have not been unduly severe. I believe when the figures are known you will find that your total casualties overseas are not large in proportion to Canada's or Great Britain's. If they had been on the same scale as ours in proportion to your population they would have been nearly 3,000,000. If they had been on the same scale as Great Britain's they would have been nearly 6,000,000. The young men of our Empire have shed their blood like water in the cause of democracy and human liberty.

Time will not permit of my speaking to you of our contribution in munitions, in food, and in ships. From the second battle of Ypres in April, 1915, to the re-capture of Mons on the morning of the 11th of November, 1918, our troops have been constantly in the fight. You know the record of their service. No message which has come to the Canadian people in these days of rejoicing has thrilled our hearts more than that from the Burgomaster and Town Council of Mons:

> "Mons was delivered from the German tyranny by the gallant Third Canadian Division on Monday the 11th of November at five o'clock in the morning. The Council of the Borough and the whole population of the town avail themselves of this opportunity to assure the Government of the Dominion of their deepest admiration for the heroism of the Canadian people who in co-operation with our Allies have secured the liberation of the city, the independence of Belgium and the triumph of righteousness."

Peace Conference.—Your nation and ours enter the peace conference with the same principles and the same ideals. We wish to see peace established on just and permanent foundations. We believe that the peace which for one hundred years has been the possession of your nation and ours should become the possession of all the civilized races of men, and that it should be possible to establish a league of nations which, if it will not wholly prevent war, will at least make war more difficult, and will prevent the repetition of the horrible crimes of this war.

Outlook for the Future.—And what of the future? Our men have been fighting for great principles. Thousands have died that these principles might triumph. We have made the world safe for democracy abroad; it must now be the task of your nation and ours to make it safe for democracy at home. These principles for which we have fought must find new expression in the solution of our great social and industrial problems. The man is blind who does not see that the great tide of democratic sentiment which is now sweeping over Europe will find some expression on this Continent. It is only right that it should. The form which that expression will take will depend largely upon the attitude which public men, leaders of industry and of labour, assume at the present time. Labour has played a great and noble part in this war. We must recognize her right to play an equally great and noble part in the work of reconstruction. Labour has won for herself the right to a new place in the political, industrial and social life of our two nations, and the frank recognition of this fact will broaden the basis and strengthen the foundation upon which our democratic institutions rest.

The women of our countries, who after all have suffered most by this war, have served the most generously and unselfishly of all. They too must find a new and larger place in the political and industrial life of our countries.

Our two Nations, of common origin, speaking a common language, worshipping at the same shrines, and cherishing the same political and social ideals, have been bound together by the most sacred of all ties during the period of this war. May we ever stand together in the days of peace to further the great causes of Liberty, Justice and Humanity, for which we have fought together, and for which so many of our brave sons have died.

ADDRESS

THE HONOURABLE C. H. WHITMAN

It may seem almost presumptuous for us, coming as we do from among people who have not been called upon to do all that you have been called upon to do, who have not suffered as you have suffered, who have not sacrificed as you have sacrificed,—I say it may seem almost presumptuous to talk to you of the great war and the mighty events in connection with which Canada and the British Empire have played such an important part.

Rejoicing with you, as do the people of the great state from which I come and of the great country at your south, we realize how deep is the debt which the people of our land and the people of all lands, owe to Canada and to the splendid Empire of which she is a part.

Though our men were with you somewhat late in the struggle, our hearts were with you from the first, and as we read from day to day and week to week of the splendid heroism of the Canadians on the other side of the sea and the faith and the courage, the loyalty and devotion of the men and the women of the Dominion at home, the very word "American" assumed a greater and grander significance because it, too, is borne by the defenders of civilization from the Land of the Maple Leaf.

We have not suffered as you have suffered. It is not true of us and of the homes of our villages and cities, as I believe it is to a very large degree true here, that well nigh every household is represented in the service, and great numbers in all communities mourn their soldier dead; but it is true that the Americans south of the Canadian line, as well as on its north, were ready and were willing to make the same sacrifice, to endure the same suffering, rather than that your holy dead should have died in vain.

And so, as representing the great people whose united love and admiration for the people of this Dominion amounts almost to reverence, I come to-night, keenly appreciating the privilege of sharing with you in your thanksgiving, and rejoicing that peace has come—peace with a glorious, complete and final victory.

The people of the United States desire you and your countrymen to know that we fully understand the great part which you have played in prosecuting this defensive war against autocracy. Your wealth and your resources, your men of unconquerable spirit—yes, every treasure which you possess--has been placed unselfishly and patriotically into this great struggle for the preservation of democracy.

The spontaneity and the promptness with which you adjusted your financial, industrial and military affairs to meet the conditions unexpectedly thrust upon you, gave cheer and courage to every free government of the world.

There is nothing in the conduct of the war which illustrates more clearly the vital principles which were at stake than the character of the people from your Dominion and from your Empire who participated in its battles. It has not been a war of the classes. It has been a war in which your people of every class have discharged their obligations to their country with a patriotic devotion unequalled in all history. Poets, publicists, lawyers, scientists, professors, students, financiers, members of Parliament, sons of the wealthy and of the aristocratic as well as of the laboring and industrial classes, responded to their country's call and rendered service which only patriots can perform.

We do not fail to value the service which other nations fighting with the Allies have rendered, and no people have been more generous in the recognition of that service than have you.

With victory, and with the readjustment which must necessarily follow, problems are to be presented which will require the utmost patience and which should appeal to those of the keenest intelligence and of the loftiest patriotism.

All of the people have borne the burdens and all have contributed to the victory. All must share in the beneficial results of a successful war on injustice, autocracy, tyranny. Our President has said that we were warring to make the world safe for democracy. Now we must see to it that the rule of the people is the rule of intelligence and unselfishness; that the splendid spirit of devotion reflected in the action of our manhood and womanhood when civilization was assailed, shall be translated into the kind of action which shall make conditions just and equitable for all. Business must not be shackled. It must be released from every trammel that hampers its true effectiveness and fair progress and full initiative. I have no sympathy with any policy of harassment. I believe in a government of justice. I do not believe in a government of suspicion. Our attitude to the worker, it seems to me, must rest on that immortal thought expressed by Abraham Lincoln:

> "Labor is prior to and independent of Capital. Capital is only the fruit of Labor and could never have existed if Labour had not first existed. Labor is the superior of Capital and deserves much higher consideration."

I congratulate you on the position which you have taken in this Province on the liquor question. I believe that your decision here and your determined opposition to the liquor traffic has had its effect all over our own country, and I believe that the cause for which you stand here will win throughout the United States because I believe that public sentiment is back of the movement, inspired and supported as it is by the good men and good women of our land, as of yours, desiring and demanding the best things for themselves and their country.

More and more must government quit its aloofness and stand shoulder to shoulder with the people. Natural resources—coal, timber, oil—in quantities sufficient for the use of the whole world, can be found in North America. Our water-power is the mightiest on earth. If private capital can not be persuaded to develop these resources fairly and freely, then the government itself must assume the direction and control of that development—for the benefit of all.

Names and bugbear phrases can not frighten us any more. We have seen how little they amount to during the days of realities. If a thing is right, if it makes life easier for the millions, if it makes government more useful—then I do not care whether it be called socialistic or not. A name does not make a theory or a doctrine wrong.

It is a wonderful task that faces us Americans,—a rebirth—a reclamation. But Americans were born for big tasks. Always have they found their enthusiasms in bringing order out of chaos. Our needs have ever been our opportunities.

I believe the greatest days for us, as the greatest days for the world, are ahead of us. We have conquered more than the Huns. We have conquered prejudice, I hope. We have broken down barriers, artificial to a degree to be sure, but nevertheless hitherto well nigh insurmountable, which have separated group from group, man from man, community from community, people from people and which have resulted so often in the loss of the benefit of complete understanding and united effort.

In time of common danger, touched with a common sympathy, inspired by a common love, mourning together for our dead, consecrated together by their blood shed for a common cause—I believe that the peoples of the earth are realizing as they never have before, the individual responsibility for the common good. The great problems, which time does not permit a speaker on an occasion like this to discuss in detail, but which are very much the same in the city of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, as they are in the cities of Buffalo or of New York, of Cleveland or Cincinnati, of Boston or Chicago, and in all the great cities of the New World, are going to be approached and in the end solved, by men from all conditions of life, whose views have become broader, whose hearts have become bigger, whose whole attitude toward life has become finer, more unselfish, more truly patriotic because of the four awful, but wonderful years during which men have come to realize that no one can live unto himself—that we belong to the brotherhood of man.

Some years ago, in Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the services held in memory of General Grant, Canon Farrar closed his memorable address with these words:

> "Could we be gathered in a more fitting place to honour General Grant? There is no lack of American memorials here. We add another to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and forgive is forgotten and forgiven. If the two peoples who are one be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands? Let America and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging law of God."

England in the New World has shown herself worthy of the proud record of those from whom you draw your being, and I believe that the time has come when the prophecy of the great prelate is fulfilled, and here in the New World we will march in the van of freedom and of progress.

We peoples who are one will be true to our duty. Possibly the destinies of the world are in our hands. We will show the world "not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God."

RE THE ADDRESS OF THE HONORABLE JAMES M. COX.

It is a matter of very great regret to the officers of the Club that we are unable to print the splendid and stirring address delivered by Governor Cox. A transcript of the address appears to have been handed to the press and a most diligent search has failed to recover it.

CANADIAN COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES IN ARGENTINE

AN ADDRESS BY MR. JORGE MITRE

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, November 28, 1918

I can find no better form in which to express my high appreciation of the privilege extended to me to address this distinguished body of representatives of Canadian Finance and Commerce, than by confining my observations strictly to the existing business relations with my country and the possibilities of their extension in the future.

The volume of trade between Canada and Argentina cannot be precisely determined by official statistics, in as much as where goods are shipped from foreign ports, the source of origin is usually given as that of the country whence the ships come. Therefore, as most of the Canadian exports to Argentina are consigned from American ports, they figure in our official returns as "Imports from the United States." Indeed, it has frequently happened that although your shipments to the Argentine have been of sufficient importance to warrant a separate classification, the direct exports have been so small in quantity and value as to cause their inclusion in the generic description of "Imports from Other Countries." It may consequently be of interest to those of your people to whom the facts are not ordinarily available, to know that, notwithstanding the high cost and scarcity of ocean freight during the War, and last year

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Mr. Mitre is proprietor of the largest newspaper in South America, published in Buenos Aires. He is thoroughly informed with regard to the conditions of trade in Argentine, and believes that there is a large field for Canadian trade there.

in particular, not alone has there been a large increase in the money value of your exports to the Argentine Republic, but also a considerable expansion of the variety of lines exported.

It may also interest you to know that the Argentine Government recently established a permanent exhibition of National Dairy Products in the heart of the City of Buenos Aires, and that amongst all the different classes of dairy machinery on view, the only hand and power separators exhibited, are those produced by a firm of manufacturers in Hamilton. Formerly the exports from Canada to Argentina were more or less limited to agricultural machinery, pulp and paper, I myself being an extensive importer—though at present not extensive enough—of the latter commodity. During the past year, however, your list of exports has been extended, I learn from official reports, to rubber goods, automobile and bicycle accessories, electric cable and Acetylene gas plants. But this list by no means exhausts your sources of supply. Normally, there should be a great demand for your timber, especially cedar and pine; and for your canned and dried fish which will bear favourable comparison both in price and quality with the similar products of other countries.

Per contra, the Argentine Republic produces many articles which should find a ready market in Canada and so create a reciprocal basis for an international trade. Amongst our products suitable for export to Canada, are wool, quebracho, extract of quebracho, sugar and wine. In regard to our wine, I may say that its production will at no distant date constitute one of our main industries. The characteristics of the soil in our wine-producing districts, the quality of the grape and the skill applied to the manufacture of the wine, which is naturally fortified, brings it at least as near the excellence of the product of the vineyards of France as the wine of any other country and at a cost which places it within the reach of all classes. Prior to the outbreak of war, the exports of Argentine wines were beginning to assume large proportions.

I direct attention to these particular matters because they indicate, in some measure, the possibilities of a great interchange of commerce between our two countries—possibilities, increased from our point of view by a feeling of sincere friendship for Canada and for the Canadian people. Nor is there any reason to doubt that with such an increased exchange of trade, there could also grow up large and mutually beneficial financial relations, looking at the extent of Canada's resources and the already wide ramifications of her financial institutions. The question is, how the trade results are to be obtained? I do not suggest that the volume of business now transacted would justify the establishment of a direct service of steamers between Canadian and Argentine ports, but it seems to me that it would be a profitable operation to make direct shipments as often as possible, and as return cargoes would be assured, there would naturally be a great saving both in time and money and at the same time a greater incentive to an increased interchange of commerce. There are also other means of cementing the commercial relations of the two countries and one of them is by personal intercourse and personal investigation of conditions. Canada is already represented in the Argentine Republic by a Trade Commissioner, whose reports, I am informed, are very able and complete, but it would certainly strengthen the value of that official's services if a Commission of Canadian bankers and manufacturers would emulate the example of other great countries and organize a personal visit to the Argentine Republic to examine for themselves the great possibilities existing. Such a visit would be productive of solid benefit to both countries and would be cordially welcomed by the Argentine Government and people. Speaking for myself, and for the paper I have the honour to direct, I can assure you of a measure of hospitality as warm and as genuine as that which has been so cheerfully and so kindly shown to me on my visits to the different cities of this vast Dominion.

THE BRITISH NAVY

An Address by PETER WRIGHT

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, December 5, 1918

Past President Sommerville introduced the speaker as the Chairman of the Seamen's Union of the British Empire, who for twenty years has been the active spirit of that Union. It is due to his conservative, wise and loyal advice that there has been no strike on a single British ship in any sea since the war began.

Mr. Peter Wright: Mr. Chairman, Comrades,—As an old sailor I am anxious to express to you, on behalf of all our seamen, their greetings; and I would like also to express gratitude on their behalf for the reception that you have given me here this afternoon. I consider it a great honor to be privileged to speak before the Empire Club, because, of all men, none realize like seamen what Empire means. We have found by experience in coming in contact with all nations and flags under the sun, and by seeing the various ways in which these people live, that there is no Empire like ours under the

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Peter Wright, Councillor and Trustee of the Seaman's union of Great Britain, was practically unknown to the Canadian public when he came to Canada. His address to the Empire Club was the first of an extended series which he delivered in Canada from coast to coast. As a powerful advocate of organized labor he was active throughout the war in stimulating the war spirit at home. No one could be more definite in statements against Pacificism and for the punishment of Germany for her crimes on land and sea. He was used as a Secret Service agent by the British Government and had wonderful experiences on a trip to Petrograd just before the establishment of the Kerensky regime. His training as a boxer and wrestler of international repute stood him in good stead on many occasions.

canopy of heaven. We know by experience that where the flag of Great Britain flies, there you have liberty and freedom, and the possibilities of drawing out all the hidden potentialities that lie within the brain and body of man. Therefore we can speak from experience, and it is for that reason that our gallant men during the last four years, in season and out of season, have stood on the deck steadfast, no matter what the difficulties were that surrounded them.

How different the German! When he refers to Empire he analyzes the contents of text books; he goes into the history of Assyria, of Babylon, of Rome, and there he finds that those great Empires were kept intact by the iron bands of brute force and autocracy. How different with this Empire of ours! Look at this great country of yours, that has been kept intact by the silver threads of altruism, of love for Mother-country. See how you have proved it by your actions when this war started, how Canada's sons came forward because within the human breast there was a kernel, a germ, that compelled them to go forward and to stand loyally by their Motherland while the Hun was trying to get his stranglehold and throttle her. To-day, gentlemen, after all this carnage, after all this slaughter, we have come out victorious, and Great Britain will be able to remain the greatest factor for civilization that the world has ever seen.

How different from the Hun! He says, "I am the chosen from God on High, and if any man dares to stand against me I will cut him asunder with the sword. I am predestined; I am the Elect from the Messiah to rule and become the greatest predominating factor in the world." How different with Great Britain. Here we are—Canada, Newfoundland and Australia, members of this great Empire, members who are kept intact because we have freedom to express our opinions and freedom to work out our own salvation. Those are the reasons that we as seamen have stood loyally by the Crown, and used every legitimate effort to bring Great Britain successfully through this great war.

You know that in 1914 when this war started we were unprepared; and I want to express here, to the Navy League, my gratitude as an individual for what they have done during the last fourteen years. For ten years prior to 1914, I was journeying right through the land, appealing to the democracy of Great Britain not to rely upon these Little Englanders in the House of Commons who were continually trying to reduce the expenditure on the Navy. Through the efforts of the Navy League, and through their efforts only, were leading politicians kept true, but had it not been for the Navy League I do not know where our Navy would have been in 1914. We had prominent men in Great Britain who said, "As there is an affinity between the Germans and Great Britain, we will never have any war; it is only the jealous who say that." Experience has taught us for the last twenty years that Germany was determined with all the forces at her disposal to wait for "the Day," and to strike that mortal blow and bring Great Britain into obedience. I have tramped through Germany; I have met all the greatest men in Germany for the last fifteen years; I have dined with the Kaiser; and I will tell you here now, that I never came in contact with any beast who was such a dirty tyrant as the German Emperor.

I could see iniquity written right across his dirty face, and from that time onward I have said, in season and out of season, "Beware of that tyrant, because the day will come when he will try his game and bring us down to our knees."

I remember being in Berlin, having dined with the Ober-Burgomaster of Berlin, when he took me around the city. I asked him, "What is this high building?" He said, "Oh, it is a grain elevator which we keep full of grain in the event of a European war so that we can maintain the German people." I said, "Governor, you don't intend to go to war, do you?" He said, "Germany must have freedom to expand." I said, "What do you want?" He replied, "We want what you have got at the present moment." And that has been an eyesore to the Hun; when he left Germany, and when he got as far as

Dover, he could see the Union Jack flying. When he got as far as Gibraltar he could see another Jack. When he got to Malta there was another Jack. When he got to Port Said there was another Jack. When he got to Suez, another Jack. When he got to Aden, another damned dirty rag! That is one of the ideas of the Hun. More than that, as one who is interested in education, I have seen the text books in the German schools, and I know every little child in Germany has been infused and inoculated with the idea to conquer and beat Great Britain into the dust. Every university, right through the whole of the German Empire, taught its students upon the philosophic lines of Nietsche and Treitschky, that might is right, and that the Teutonic race is the only royal race, bound to conquer and to predominate over the whole world.

When the war started in 1914, Wilson said to me, "Peter, here we have 2,000 German seamen; we must look after them; these men have been loyal to us, and we must stand loyally by them." I told him, "Wilson, if they had been fifty years on our ships, if they had been one hundred years, they are still Huns fighting for the Fatherland." My executive committee thought otherwise, and I purchased an estate in Northhampton, for which I paid £15,000. These men were cared for, were looked after. The day following, the day that the Lusitania was torpedoed, we were to have a big concert. Wilson and I went into that dining hall, a bigger place than this, and he said, "Look here, men, I am extremely sorry that on account of 500 of your fellowmen being buried and lying at the bottom of the sea, we cannot hold our concert to-morrow." You would naturally have thought that those men, who had lived with us, who had sat with us, who had participated in all that we could give them, would have expressed regret and sorrow; but not a sound; and when Wilson and I closed that door behind us, they went mad from five in the afternoon up till three o'clock in the morning, singing "The Watch on the Rhine," and "Deutschland oeber Alles." There you see the typical character of the Hun; although he had been in our midst for so many years, you could see his philosophic and his spiritual temperament revealed in a public manner.

Well, the fight went on. The odds were tremendous. We had no guns. We had no light cruisers to protect the mercantile routes. And if I could only tell you the agonies that we went through in the first twelve months—Ah, it was too terrible to conceive! It seemed almost impossible at that particular period that we as a nation would survive and overcome the great difficulties we had to contend with. Among all those difficulties our men were coming in bleeding where they had been shot and fired at by the submarines, but they stood as loyal and as steadfast as any men could be. But I remember the Minister of Shipping ringing up on the 'phone one midnight and he told me that the Aquitania was in Southampton waiting for 100 men. I went down to Cardiff on the first train in the morning and I could only find 50, but presently in came a tug with 70 men that had been torpedoed just outside of Milford, and when I approached those men and said, "Look here, men, I want you for the Aquitania; will you come?" They said, "Yes, just give us a chance to get a drink, and then we will go." They had their spree, and I took them away to Southampton that very night. Incident after incident of this type could be recorded without end. But I am not here to dilate on that, or to dwell on your feelings. I am here to tell you that we are determined to deal with the Hun, now that we have done our duty, and deal with him in no half-hearted manner. I am not a politician, but I have studied international politics, and I was reading the other day a great speech by that great man, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He stated that the German people are all right,—it is only those that are in power and in military authority that are to blame for this terrible war. I refute that statement, and I am willing to prove to you that any man who makes that statement either utters a deliberate falsehood or is in ignorance.

After seventy of our ships had been torpedoed, I wrote a letter to the German Labor leaders in Berlin. We were attached to the International Transport Federation, and I wrote to Jaeger, the secretary, and I said, like a man to men, "Jaeger, will you endeavour, with your power, to appeal to the military authorities and ask them to be men?" I stated frankly in this letter, "We don't give a damn if you torpedo our ships, but be sportsmen, and after our men are in the lifeboat defenceless, for Heaven's sake don't fire on them with shrapnel and high explosives." There I wrote to a man who was an ultra social democrat, a man who considered that he was inspired with the German Kultur and social democracy, the only palliative and the only religion to cure and regenerate the world. The reply I had from that man was this: "After conference with all the Labor leaders in Germany, we have decided that it is not our policy nor our intention to interfere with naval or military matters." There you have my reply to Laurier. Here we appealed to the chief, to the leading Labor leaders of Germany, to see fair play and justice in a fair fight; but, Mr. Chairman, it is not in the make-up of the Hun to fight fair.

I went to Berlin to wrestle for the International championship of the world, and after wrestling for nine days I came in the last six or eight men. I came in contact then with men among whom Berlin thought would be the winner of the middleweight world championship. I remember that night when I approached that terrible audience of twenty thousand people; not a single cheer, because they knew I belonged to Great Britain. When my companion came on you could feel the roof almost vibrating and lifting. After skirmishing for a matter of twenty minutes to find out the weak spot in that Teutonic anatomy, he went down on his knees, and the three judges and the three referees were looking at him, and what did he do?—It was only a Hun that could do tactics of that kind—He caught me by a very private part of my anatomy. What did I do? Did I preach the Sermon on the Mount to him? Did I say, "Look here, Fritz, we had better go to Stockholm and have a conference for peace negotiations?" No, no; I caught the Hun by the lug, and I pulled the ear off his head—the only way to deal with a Hun; the only logic that appeals to him is force, and nothing but force.

We seamen are now determined to see that the beast is inoculated after this war. We will see that the serum for inoculation comes from the right part; and not until every microbe of German kultur is eradicated from his blood will we touch, handle, or have any dealings with the Hun. I am here on behalf of the seamen to ask for your co-operation. Now when we have done our duty, and we are out as it were on a holiday, we ask you for your support, we ask you to stand by us, to give us your mental and your moral, and if need be, your financial support. We are determined not to rely on politicians, because politicians study their own interests, their own seats, and very often at the expense of the nation and the community they represent. We are determined to work out our own salvation and to see that no Hun will ever enter a British ship. We are also determined to see that dirty Kaiser Bill, Bethmann-Hollweg, Tirpitz, Jago, and the whole of that dirty gang shall appear before the bar of Justice, before the bar of Judgment of an Allied and International Tribunal, there to be tried for the murders they have committed. Not only have they been dirty on sea, but they have been dirty on land.

I want to give you one or two things that I have seen, not what I have heard. In 1915 I was asked by our Premier to go to the front line, to get about and to come home and tell the people. After doing the whole of our front line, wading up to my knees in mud, continually under shell fire, housed at night in the dirty dugouts, I went to Paris and General Joffre accompanied me down to Rheims. While at Rheims one night, the Germans evacuated a little village. I went into that village, and what did I see? I saw the native French women lying in the trench, disembowelled after they had been raped and used as machines for the sake of satisfying the lust of the dirty animals. I also saw with my own eyes from twenty to thirty boys whose right wrist was amputated —not done by the brutish soldier, but done by skilled medical men. And I will tell you now, I have got the information from the highest authority in London that our people discovered after the Germans retreated from Levigne, Tournai, and all those places, that every boy under sixteen had been sterilized, and made incapable of becoming a father for the remainder of his life. That is the character of the Hun, from what I have seen with my own eyes. More than that; I have met the dirty dogs since the war. Since people stated, "It is not the German, it is only the autocratic leaders." When in Stockholm I met Hans Scheideman, who is at the present moment in the Cabinet in Berlin. I said to him, "Look here, Sir, isn't it time that you went back to your own country to try to arouse within the democracy of Germany their sense of duty and responsibility for the purpose of defeating the military autocracy?" Herr Scheidaman, with that dirty Teutonic countenance, stood cool and collected and said, "Look here, Peter, I want you to remember that the whole of the German nation is in support of the military and naval authority, and unless you are willing to accept a German peace, every man and every woman in the German empire will fight until they are exterminated." I met Dr. Haas in Copenhagen,—one of the most prominent German Labor leaders, a man of responsibility, and a man of position to-day; he told me that they would fight until arrogant Britain was brought to her knees, in order to let a race, superior morally and intellectually, rule the universe, instead of Great Britain. Here, you have the opinion of the leading Labor leaders.

I got as far as Petrograd. I just want to tell you a story or two. You know the Germans are very clever, but somehow or other they always fail just at the psychological moment. I remember sitting outside a big hotel in Frontenag, the entry port for Stockholm, and about two yards from me there was a Hun trying to overhear the conversation. He had his practical eyes protruding with that big Roman nose and that square jaw—the typical Hun. I did not know him, and I wanted to get his title, so I went in to the waiter and offered him a quid if he would get me the information; and I found out the whole of his pedigree. When I found out his strength I looked for him that night, and he was willing to give me all the hospitality that he could provide. I slept with him in one of the biggest hotels, in the room adjoining his, with a door between our two bedrooms. The following morning, in came a great buxom fine girl with a tray of coffee and toast, and placed it to the right of my bed. About a quarter of an hour after, I opened the door and I could see that Fritz was asleep. I went to him and I motioned in front of his eyes. No movement. I threatened to stick my finger in his eye, and still no movement. I thought he was asleep all right. I placed my tray and coffee on his table, and I took his. I sipped his coffee, and at half past-nine Fritz was as cold as a stone, and an everlasting corpse. While he was lying in that position I took his photograph, and then presented it to our ambassador in Stockholm, and he thought it was the greatest feat that ever had been done, because all the secret service men had failed to accomplish that.

When I went to Russia, I remember traveling along in a motor car, and a flying man dropped a big bundle of literature—pretty leaflets written and signed by the German Labor leaders—"Fellow-workers, why fight any longer for the capitalists? Why not cut down your armies, and live on the basis of peace and brotherhood, no annexations and no indemnities?" A portion of the Russians believed that to be gospel. And why, in the name of fate, if it is not the rank and file of the German people, why did not the German Labor leaders kick against that agreement which they compelled the Russians to sign? Not a single one of those Labor men ever did so, because they are infested with the German kultur, with the German materialism, and they were trying to become the ruling factors in civilization.

Now, Mr. Chairman, we have tried the Hun; we have tested him fairly well; we have no feelings of animosity; we are sporting men; but we say the Hun has broken the honor of the sea which had never been broken for four centuries. There has always been a chivalry between seamen,—they were always ready after a fight to help their companions and to save their lives; but the dirty Hun has disgraced that code of honor, and we will see that he is cured, that he is clean, before he will be allowed to participate in future comradeship and fellowship with our men.

Now the war is over. We have dealt effectively with the Hun. Now it is your duty and my duty, in Great Britain, in Canada, in Australia, in Africa, to deal with the Hun that is here in our midst. Wherever you go you will find peculiar pernicious doctrines spread about in a silent and sinister way. The doctrine has originated from the German, from the Hun ideal. That doctrine was first started by Karl Marx, and to-day it is everywhere, waiting for the opportunity to bring about in our land what is in existence to-day in Russia. Gentlemen, be on your guard. Be careful. Now when this war is over, our task is very great We have lost some of the flower of our manhood. Some of our boys have gone, and it is up to you and me to see that their lives have not been lost and given in vain. It is up to you and me to see that the honor is done to these brave boys, to see that we uphold that for which they gave their lives. I felt that particularly when I looked at the grave of my own boy, and found him surrounded with boys belonging to Canada and Australia. I thought, "Good God, here are these boys used for a fertilizer; and yet that fertilizer will bring a new life that will produce the millenium, a new world, one of my ideals." I want you to remember that—

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood,
'Twill bring again to weary earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth.
'Twill bring new life to every face,
And Kingly power to every race,
Until that comes the men are slaves,
Traveling back to dust and graves.
Come, clear the way!
Blind Kings and creeds have had their day;
Break the dead branches from the path!
Our Hope is in the aftermath!
Our Hope is in heroic men,
Star-led, to build the world again.
To this event the ages run;
Make way for Brotherhood; make way for men!

THE WAR AND NATIONAL LIFE

AN ADDRESS BY DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, December 12, 1918

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the honor of inviting me to address this most distinguished audience to-day. If I had any wish that has not been gratified, it would be that instead of giving the lecture which I propose to give on War and Democracy, it had been announced that a portion of that lecture, so much at least of it as might come within the limits assigned to the speaker at this meeting, might be given here instead of in Convocation Hall. However, I am sure I cannot do much better than give you perhaps a few elements and extracts from that lecture, as it is impossible for me to carry on two distinct lines of thought on the same subject, making the phraseology absolutely different, and in a way that will satisfy both audiences.

The gentleman who has been so kind as to introduce me as coming from the United States, has introduced me as though I were a citizen of the United States; and as I do not claim that honor I think it only fair that I begin by a sort of autobiographical reference that will put me before you in the plain facts of the case. I am not so fortunate, perhaps you would say not so unfortunate, as to be in the position of one who belongs to two countries, who is able, as far as his domiciliary circumstances will permit, to perform his patriotic duties in

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Dr. Patton, after twenty-two years of service in connection with the University, retired from the Presidency of Princeton University a few years ago. During his period of retirement, he has devoted himself to a study of the great world problems brought about by the War.

two countries. There is seldom such a thing as a man being a citizen of two countries at the same time, though I have often debated that question, even with distinguished lawyers in the United States, without being able to convince them of its truth. But there is a citizenship in sorrow, a citizenship to which a man is entitled by virtue of the fact that he is born in a country, and there is a citizenship due also to the fact that a man born in one country may have had a father who was a citizen of another country, whose citizenship is imputed to him. Of course, I have a low opinion of the man who would use the citizenship of one country to enable him to shirk the obligations of another, and if I had my way I would treat with short shrift the man who would play the traitor to the country of his adoption out of a sentimental feeling for the country of his origin. Anyone, who is in doubt on the subject as to whether a man can be a citizen of two countries at the same time, at least under English law, can satisfy himself completely on the subject by reading Hall's Foreign Jurisdiction of the British Crown. But I am a citizen of the British Empire, a natural born citizen of that Empire. I am proud of my birth in what is one of three of the oldest colonies—we Bermudans say the oldest, but I do not like to enter upon debatable matters, and certainly all other colonies that dispute the claim are Barbadoes on one hand, and Newfoundland on the other. We, however, claim priority on the ground that we certainly are the oldest self-governing colony, and have the oldest parliament in the British Empire outside of Westminster; that is something to be proud of for a colony so small as to cover an extent of approximately nineteen and a half square miles.

Now you know that I speak on this subject with considerable feeling because I have lived all the years of my professional life, now nearly fifty-five, including my stay in the Theological Seminary as a student, in the United States. I have not shirked or tried to escape from the responsibilities, ecclesiastical and educational, that have devolved upon me. I have received with becoming gratitude the honors and responsibilities that they have placed upon me, and I owe it as a matter of obvious gratitude to that generous people, that although they knew I was a British subject, they did not hesitate to confer upon me the Presidency of one of the oldest of their Universities,—the one in which the Continental Congress sat, and which was the headquarters of George Washington through the revolutionary struggle.

In all those years I have tried to behave myself in a way that would not discredit the confidence that they reposed in me. I never used the personal pronouns in any irritating way—"we" instead of "you" almost habitually; and although I have retired from all public life, I have returned to the place of my birth, expecting to spend so much of old age as may be given me in the house in which I was born, and under the British flag. Still I am free in the opinions I hold, and when I am among the people of the United States I act like a good American and still say "we" instead of "you." So when I come to Canada, there is a feeling that naturally comes over a man when, after long years of absence he returns to his old home—a feeling of gladness, not unmingled with sadness, too, for there are so few now who knew me then and whom I was so glad to know. Oh, I had a delightful time in Toronto during those years when as an undergraduate of University College and a student in Knox College, I pursued studies with the regularity and random thoughts so common to young men. I have a delightful recollection of that. It was my great privilege to sit in the class room of Dr. McCaul—and I remember him so well as he used to stand in Convocation Hall,—the old Convocation Hall, where I used to try to give concrete expression to certain somnolent recollections of studies that I had pursued in the way of an examination paper. I remember him on Convocation Day, how radiant and glorious he was in his official robes, and how splendidly he launched his great oratorical sentences, Ciceronian periods of the finest water; how splendid his acts of aviation were as he rose and rose, you know, and rose. But then I used to think that the beauty of it was in rising. The other day in Princeton, I saw an aeroplane come to grief as it landed. Putting that fact along with certain experiences of my own in public speaking, I have since come to the conclusion that the great art was not in rising as it was in language.

I used to sit under the teaching of that great man, Professor—afterwards Sir—Daniel Wilson, who used to lecture to us in those mellifluent sentences. We always admired him; we always loved him, although we never got the trick of saying "reminder" instead of "remainder," or say "Shakspere" as he did, instead of "Shakespeare"; but that is a small matter after all. But when you come to think about the men who have influenced your intellectual life, you know you will make discriminations; you cannot help being partial; and I count it as one of the great privileges of my life that in Knox College it was my distinguished privilege, as it is one of my proudest memories, to have sat under the teaching of the greatest master of dialectics that it was ever my privilege to know. You know who I mean; but I may call his name in spite of that—it was George Paxton Young.

I do not come altogether a stranger among Canadians, because as I say, Toronto was an old home; but then, I have known Canadians since, I have seen Canadian regiments, and have talked with Canadian officers in Bermuda since this war began. I know something of what Canada has done for the war. Two men, at least, not of my own blood, it is true, but closely bound to me by marriage ties,—the ties of my children,—were students of McGill, and both of these went early to the war, simply because one of them said, and the other one felt like him "Mother, I cannot stay and let these other fellows fight for me; oh, I have got to go." And go they did, and they were among the first of whom tidings came to their mother in Bermuda that they had been killed in action. I know something of the magnificent patriotism of Canada; how, without waiting for conscription or any urging, she hurried her troops to the front. I know something of the valor of those men; and he is an ignorant man, devoid of sentimentality, devoid of patriotism, and of emotions, if he does not rise whenever that splendid work the men of Canada did at Ypres and in the capture of Mons is mentioned.

So, my friends, I am not a stranger when I speak to you to-day. A few men suggested to me that they would like me to say something about the problem of reconstruction. Why, the problems of reconstruction are those with which it would be impossible for me to deal. I would love to sit here and have you men of business tell me what those problems are and how you expect to deal with them, how this great dislocation of labor and capital which was brought about by the war, is to be remedied; how the new order of things is to be ushered in; what you are to do with the soldiers when they return; how you are to provide employment for them; how you are to deal with those who have taken their places, especially the women who have so nobly and magnificently stepped into the men's places and have done unwonted work—questions that belong to you; they do not belong to me; they are not within the province of a man who is no man of business, but a mere writer of books, a quiet observer of the signs of the times.

But there are some things, perhaps, about which I can speak in the short time that is allowed me this morning, and I will endeavor to give such utterance to them as I may. I am one of those old-fashioned people that have not yet become completely weaned from the old Manchester idea of *laisser faire,* although I saw in the *Quarterly Journal* not so long ago,—that old Conservative journal,—that the doctrine of *laisser faire* was spoken of as mid-Victorian. It seems to me a pity, you know, that the most gracious Sovereign that ever sat on the British throne, should have her name associated with this universal term of disparagement; for whether it be poetry, or old china, or furniture, or literature of any form, or politics or political economy, the most damning thing you can now say about it is that it is mid-Victorian.

I feel somewhat that individualism has received its death blow; it was dying before, but it has received its quietus through the war. Individualism is done, and collectivism apparently seems to run in its stead; but what a career individualism had and what a work it did! Oh, just think of it! It climbed into wealth, and it crept into the bourgeoisie; it was smug and selfish and safe, and it said "My money is my own, my lands are my own, I will do with them as I will." Then, so often, you know, to its great disadvantage—perhaps to help its downfall —individualism, when it had grown fat and had been successful, gave itself over to pleasure; and one day there came into the feast an unbidden guest. Clear-eyed, alert with life, and full of purpose, he announced his mission and said, "You must take care of the old, and you must give the poor man a chance;" and they looked up from their cups and they said "Who is this stranger? We have heard something about him, maybe, but we have never seen his face before." They had heard of the socialist claims before, but they had never come so close into personal contact with the socialist of the ballot-box. Now see what has happened. I am not talking of England alone, I am talking of the United States as well; and what has the States done? It has taken possession of the railroads, and requisitioned ships, and taken over factories, and passed sumptuary laws, and men have learned the lesson too; oh, they have learned this great lesson, that there are times when a man's money is not his own, when a man's land is not his own, when a man's life is not his own, when the great principle of *salus populi suprema lex* is realized, and he comes to understand that under those circumstances all that he is and all that he has, he is and he holds, subject to the great doctrine of eminent domain.

Well, my friends, I think we shall have to recognize some of these things; I think we shall have to recognize that for good or for ill we have embarked upon the career of State Socialism. How long it will last, whether it is only for the war, or whether it will continue after the war, God only knows. There are difficulties in connection with the continuance of it, and there are obstacles in the way of stopping it now; but there we are. Men say, "Well, the State Socialism of the ownership of the railroads and the telegraphs and the ocean cables, and this and that and the other, are only steps in the direction of the State invading private business and undertaking to do business of its own that ordinarily belonged to private enterprise; and this is rank socialism, and we must stop it now, upon the principle of vested interests. Perhaps they are right, and perhaps they are wrong. I do not pretend to sufficient wisdom to give an absolutely conclusive answer upon that subject; but there it is; and I have a little comfort in the thought that, bad as State Socialism may be, it is not so dangerous as the socialist of another type,—the socialist who plans revolutions, the socialist who really is looking for the upheaval of society, who is not satisfied with State Socialism, but says, "Why, this is not helping us a bit; what is the use of your old age pensions to me?—or what is the use of your legislation on child labor to me; what is the use of all your Employers' Liability Acts for me? What does it amount to?—it is simply making the poor people, the laboring men, satisfied, and if you make them satisfied with the conditions, of course they are not going to help us with a revolution."

I think, on the whole, you can see that State Socialism is a case where the capitalist has been stealing our thunder and getting ahead of us in the bargain. I read the other day the programme of the British workman, and it says that they want a minimum wage by legislative enactment. Well, gentlemen, the capitalist will say, "Well, I have no objection to a minimum wage; why should I object to a minimum wage? If every employer has got to give a minimum wage and cannot give any more, and my competitor wants to compete with me, he cannot do it by cutting wages, that is certain; the only thing he can do is to take it out of his profit, and if he takes it out of his profits to any great extent he will go into bankruptcy, and then I will have one competitor less." I can quite understand that. It does not take a man a life-time's reading in political economy to understand that much; oh no.

Mr. President, your friend has misreported me in saying that I have devoted four years to problems of reconstruction. I am one of those old-fashioned, Calvinistic theologians that lived in the sixteenth century, as we are supposed to do, you know, and I am not a man of this kind at all. I simply browse a little now and then in things outside of my particular business, and use some things that I think of; and seeing that I cannot read as much as I did, I spend a little more time in thinking than I otherwise would, to keep the average from being reduced to a minimum. But, you know, I do realize there is a danger; I fear there is a menace. I do not think it is peculiar to the United States; I am inclined to think that the United States is less likely to be troubled with it for the present than even Great Britain or perhaps Canada. I do not think you are going to be troubled with it here so much; there are so many opportunities for the intelligent individual man. If a man is sure that he is going to get out of the position of being a mere wage-earner, and can be a little capitalist, holding one of those five per cent. 1932 Bonds—which, by the way, I think are splendid investments—or 1921 either, which are going to be paid off a little sooner,—by so much as he has one of those bonds, by that much he is a capitalist. Every man who will buy a Liberty Bond in the United States, or a good Canadian War Bond, by that much the argument is taken out of his mouth for socialism, and he says "Well, now, I am just as much interested in having that $1,000 bond protected and made safe as my friend the millionaire is in having his millions of bonds protected and made safe. So I do not fear that altogether, although I do realize that maybe it is a greater menace than we suppose; and we will have to face that question.

Of course I realize the right of the laborer to combine and match the money of the few with the labor of the many, and say, "I won't work to-day." He has a perfect right to stop working, and if he stops working, and can get a million to stop working with him, he has a perfect right to do it. The objection I have to him is the selfish attitude he assumes when he says, "If I don't work, you shan't work either,"—which is another question. Then if one hundred stopped work, they have a perfect right to stop work; but then the employees of another department may stop work and still another department cognate with that, so that you may have the whole transportation agency and all the questions concerning the delivery of goods, whether it be by railway or canal-boat, or by ship, stopping simultaneously; and then I can see what dire results are within the keeping of those syndicalist strikes. Oh, you might just as well have an army surrounding New York as to have those strikes going on, when you cannot get milk for the babies, when the supply of food goes short, and when there is danger that the whole population will die of starvation. Then what are you going to do? Something has got to be done, and something will have to be done.

I do not raise the question. I do not like to face the issue; but the issue is one of those ghosts that sometimes rise up, and you say to yourselves, "What would you do?" You know what Briand did at the time that 50,000 men struck in Paris. The President of the French Republic has a weak Presidency; it is a very different kind of Presidency from that of the United States, which is by no means weak; but it was strong enough in Briand's hands to bring the letter-carriers to terms; and sometimes it may happen that even syndicalist strikers will have to be brought to terms—just how, I do not see . Oh, the power is in the people, but when the people oppose, what are you going to do? When the water pipes are choked, what are you going to drink? There you are. Well, I mention that as one of the evils, one of the menaces, one of the serious things that affect society the world over.

But that is not the only thing. I think of other great changes that this war is going to bring about. The war is over, but the consequences of the War, we are only beginning to see. You know, I think it is a wonderful thing in the history of the world that this nation of recluses, this hermit nation of the United States, that lived so comfortably under aegis of the Monroe doctrine, so suddenly had to come out of its shell and take part in this great war. Do you think they were slow? Well, may be they were. We do not always appreciate the difficulties that they had to contend with. The large foreign population, and the importance of that foreign population in regard to a great many questions of a political kind. But they did come out; and when they came out, didn't they build ships, and didn't they raise armies, and didn't they transport troops, defying obstacles, and defeating the machinations of the enemy, and has it not been splendidly accomplished, and would it not have been a dreadful thing if they had not come? Might not the Germans have taken the armies on those Channel ports, or Paris, if they had not come? Oh, let us forget the things that are behind, and reach forward to the things that are before, and thank God that in the most fortunate moment, the great Republic of the United States joined hands with the Allies in the defence of liberty and justice. Yes, they have done so.

Well, you know, I don't believe that this condition of things can ever occur again. But when I say this, I run counter to the opinions of friends of mine who are more competent to speak on political questions in the United States or anywhere else than I am, for they say to me "No, this is an exigency, this is an emergency, this is only this time, you know; we will never do it again, because the United States has its career on this Western Continent, and we do not intend to mix ourselves up with European politics, and we remember Washington's farewell address, and are not going to have ourselves troubled with any entangling alliances." But there you are. For the first time in history the President of the United States has left the United States for a great journey, but he is over there, and the United States is over there in the President's entourage, and the question is, "Is not that a precedent that is likely to be followed?" And can you imagine a time when the world will again be in conflict, and great questions representing world politics will have to be settled, can you imagine the time when the United States through some responsible representative will not sit at the world's council table?

Then I think there is another great question. I do not pretend to speak with much wisdom, and I can excuse myself the more readily for pretending to any wisdom upon a subject when such a man as Lord Milner has confessed in a public statement, that he did not know how it was going to be settled; but I know some things that are not going to be done; I know that hereafter the Little Englanders are not going to talk much about "Cutting the painter." Not they. They are not going to do it; and I know that the Canadians are not going to sympathize—and they never did in any large majority or overwhelming minority, for that matter—with the statement to the effect that falling into the lap of the United States was the manifest destiny of Canada.

There was a splendid man over here, Goldwin Smith, and I will say nothing in disparagement of his memory, for I am too much interested in his work for that—but he had not the sympathy of the Canadian people. There is going to be some sort of federation of the British Empire. I do not know how it is going to be brought about; but I know that Mr. House made a great statement when he said, with respect to possible wars in future in which Canada, Australia and New Zealand and South Africa and India were expected to take part and contribute their quota of men and money, that when it came to the next time, the United States was to be consulted. I do not know just how that consultation will take place, whether by representation in the cabinet, or whether there will be an Imperial Parliament for the specific purpose of dealing with Imperialistic affairs. Though I am not by any manner of means in the confidence of British statesmen, I can quite well understand that they might not like that, because if you should have an Imperial Parliament made up of representatives of all parts of the Empire, in which India would be one unit, England another unit, Scotland another, and Ireland another, and Canada another unit, it might dwarf the glory of the House of Commons, and they might be slow to accept any such view.

I do not entirely see how this great federation is going to take place, but this I do know; I believe that General Smutz gave the true key to the answer when he said "It is impossible to hold these great nations together, separated by diverse interests and wide gulfs of sea, upon any other basis than that of the monarchy."

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Cockburn, W. R.
Cockshutt, W. F.
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Cole, A. O.
Colebrook, H. J.
Comport, Thomas
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Connell, R. M.
Connors, Wm.
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Coombs, L. H.
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Craig, Hon. Justice James
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Henderson, D. C. M.
Henderson, T. A.
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Henderson, W. T., K.C.
Hendrie, His Honor Lt. Col. Sir John
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Henwood, Chas. P.
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Howe, H. J.
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Howson, E. J.
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McBride, R. H.
McBride, Sam.
McBrien, Fred. G.
McBryde, E. B.
McCleary, R. A.
McClung, J. E.
McColm, Ernest E.
McCord, George T.
McCrae, A. J.
McCrea, Charles, M.P.P.
McCrea, Arthur I.
McCready, S. B.
McCrimmon, Chancellor A. L.
McCuaig, A. E.
McCullouch, W. S.
McCullough, Dr. J. W. S.
McCullough, William
McDermott, H. C.
McDermott, T. H.
McDonald, C. L.
McDonald, D. Lawrie
McDonald, Martin P.
McDougald, D. J.
McDougall, D. H.
McEacheon, W. N.
McEvoy, James
McEwen, G. C.
McEwen, N. J.
McFadden, J. W.
McFarland, W. L.
McGaw, T. D.
McGee, H.
McGee, Irwin
McGovern, T. J.
McGregor, W. G.
McGuire, H. O.
McIlroy, Rev. J. E. B.
McIlveen, Norman
McIlwraith, W. N.
McIndoe, R. S.
McInnes, Hector (K.C.)
McIntosh, Alex. N.
McIntosh, D. W.
McIntosh, H. F.
McIntosh, W. D.
McIntosh, W. D., Jr.
McIntyre, Rev. E. A.
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McKay, Frank G.
McKechnie, J. B.
McKee, Fergus
McKellar, George
McKeown, S. W.
McKinnon, D.
McKinnon, W. L.
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McLaughlin, G. C.

McLaughlin, M.
McLaughlin, Dr. R. G.
McLean, Duncan
McLean, Hector
McLean, Hugh R.
McLean, R. T.
McLean, W. T.
McLellan, W. H.
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McLeod, N. B.
McLeod, W. N.
McMahon, F.
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McMurrich, Arthur
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Mearns, F. S.
Medland, W. S.
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Melville, H. M.
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Merchant, F. W.
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Merson, George O.
Mewburn, Major Gen. The Hon. S. C., C.M.G.
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Michie, Lt. Col. J. F.
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Millichamp, R.
Millman, Dr. T.
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Mills, S. Dillon
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Milnes, James H.
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Mitchell, Brig. Gen. J. W.
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Mockford, Julian
Moffatt, T. L.
Moir, William C.
Mong, A. Y.
Montgomery, Joseph
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Monypenny, T. F.
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Moore, Rev. T. Albert, D.D.
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Morden, Rev. D. N.

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More, W. J.
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Morley, Herbt C.
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Morris, G. H.
Morrison, J. A.
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Morton, R.
Morton, Thomas
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Moss, Fred.
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Mowatt, H. M.
Moyer, I. W.
Moyle, David
Muirhead, Allan S.
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Mulloy, Lt. Col. W. R.
Mulock, Hon. Sir William
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Muntz, G. H.
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Murdoch, W. M.
Murphy, Jos.
Murphy, J. A.
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Naylor, Dr. R. W.
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Neighorn, A.
Neil, Rev. John
Neild, Bertram
Neilson, Charles
Nelles, R. C.
Nesbitt, R. H.
Neville, R. S., K.C.
Newman, Hy. A.
Newton, F. A.
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Nicholls, Lt. Col. The Hon. Senator Frederic
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Noble, W. E.
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Norman, Thos.
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Norton, T. W. F.
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Nott, I. S.
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Oliver, Joseph
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Orr, W. H.
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Osborne, Lt. Col. H. C.
Oscar, Llewellyn Robt.
Osler, Sir Edmund
Osler, Hon. Featherstone, K.C.
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Oxley, Stuart

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Petry, F. A.
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Potts, Wm.
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Pretty, J. M.
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Putt, W. F.
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Pyne, Hon. Dr. R. A.

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Ratcliffe, H. G.
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Regan, H. L.
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Reilly, C.
Rennie, G. H.
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Rice, Dr. Gordon
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Richardson, Robt. D.
Ricketts, Chas. W.
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Roche, Francis J.
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Rohold, Rev. S. B.
Rolls, Harry C.
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Rook, J. Leslie
Root, Lyman
Rose, Fred
Rose, Fred W.
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Rose, Geo. M.
Ross, Charles F.
Ross, Dan.
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Ross, Dr. John F.
Ross, W. H.
Rous, C. W.
Rowan, Dr. H.
Rowan, T. A.
Rowe, Leonard
Rowell, N. W., K.C., M.P.P.

Rowland, Henry A.
Rowland, W. Alex.
Rowlands, R. D.
Rowlatt, F. Albany
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Rowney, Joseph
Roxborough, H.
Roy, E. C.
Rubidge, W. F. B.
Ruddock, Chas. A.
Russel, R. K.
Russel, W. B.
Russell, Richard
Russell, T. A.
Russill, Frank J. B.
Ruston, F.
Rutherford, W. D.
Ruthven, N. G.
Rutter, A. F.
Ryan, Wm. A.
Ryan, Wm. J.
Ryerson, Surgeon General G Sterling
Ryrie, James

Sabine, F. J.
Sabine, John A.
Sadler, Walter A.
Sambrooke, E. P.
Sampson, Major G. A.
Sampson, T. W.
Samuel, H. M.
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Sanagan, Claude
Sanderson, F.
Sanderson, R. R.
Sandham, E. A.
Sandy, J.
Sapira, R. J.
Sargent, Charles P.
Saunders, E. W. E.
Saunders, William J.
Saunderson, W. J.
Sayer, S.
Sayers, Edmond T.
Scales, C. H.
Scales, R. C.
Scandrett, Harold B.
Scarlett, E. M.
Schiff, Emile L.
Schrak, J. M.
Schuch, E. W.
Scott, Adam
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Scott, C. S.
Scott, Rev. E. E., D.D.
Scott, H. Duke
Scott, John
Scott, Dr. Paul L.
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Scott, R. H.
Scott, Hon. Walter, M.P.P.
Scripture, A. W.
Seaton, Thos. L.
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Segsworth, R. F.
Selby, W. T. H.
Selway, Frank
Selwyn, Rev. Sydney
Senior, E. H.
Sewell, Fane
Shapley, W. H.
Sharp, S. J.
Sharpe, H. P.
Sharpe, J. W., K.C.
Shaver, Geo. H.
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Shaw, Prof. James. E.
Shaw, W. H.
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Sheffield, W. C.
Shepard, George W.
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Shepherd, Harvey
Sherman, H. H.
Sherring, W. N.
Sherritt, George A.
Shewart, W. E.
Shields, Wm.
Shiels, M. S.
Shin, A. E.
Shirk, R. B.
Short, Frank G.
Short, Hedley V.
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Simpson, C. Gordon
Simpson, Chas. S.
Simpson, J. S.
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Sinclair, Neil
Sisson, W. J.
Skey, Rev. Lawrence E.
Skirrow, J. Edgar
Slater, H. F.
Slater, W. H.
Sleeman, John
Sleightholm, F. J.
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Smiley, F. L.
Smith, A. M.
Smith, A. St. Albans
Smith, Everett M.
Smith, F. B.
Smith, Geo. F.
Smith, Grant F. O.
Smith, G. H.
Smith, Henry T.
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Smith, Kenneth B. F.
Smith, Dr. P. St. C.
Smith, Victor A.
Smith, V. R.
Smith, Rev. W. E.
Smith, Rev. W. J.
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Smyth, C. G.
Smythe, R. G.
Snell, Dr. C. A.
Sneyd, H.
Snider, S. S.
Snively, Alex.
Snow, A. Russell
Soliague, Percy
Somers, H. B.
Sommerville, Norman, M. A.
Sommerville, Wm. E.
Soper, D. N.
Southam, R.
Snider, Percy R.
Spaidal, D. M.
Spalding, L. A.
Sparrow, J. M.
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Sproul, B.
Squair, Prof. J.
Squire, S. L.
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Stanford, F. T.
Stanbury, A. B.
Stanley, Frank
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Stapells, H G.
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Stapells, W. T.
Stark, Robt.
Starling, Robert L.
Starr, J. R. L., K.C.
Startup, David E.
Statten, Taylor
Stauffer, C. M.
St. Clair, H. J.
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Steeper, P. M.
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Stephenson, Dr. F. C.
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Steven, H. S.
Stevens, T. H.
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Stewart, H. A., K.C.
Stewart, J. F. M.
Stewart, M. Alexander
Stewart, R. A.
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Still, E. P.
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Stirling, Wm. T.
Stockdale, E. B.
Stocks, Robert K.
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Stokes, G. A.
Stollery, Frank
Stone, F. W.
Stonehouse, C. E.
Strathy, H. F.
Strathy, John H. G.
Strathy, J. R.
Strathy, Stuart
Stringer, W. B.

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Strowger, Walter A.
Stuart, Hamilton J.
Stuart, R. J., Lt. Col.
Stuart, Lieutenant Victor
Stupart, Sir Frederick
Suckling, W. A.
Sumner, A. J. E.
Sunter, W. G.
Sutherland, H. L.
Sutherland, John
Sutherland, J. B.
Sutherland, Walter
Sutton, W. E.
Swale, Tom
Sweatman, Jno. W.
Sweeny, Bishop, Rt. Rev.
Sweeny, Campbell
Sweeny, Geo. R.
Switzer, Major E. G.
Switzer, T. D.
Syer, J. R.
Sykes, S. B.

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Taylor, Dr. W. E.
Tedman, Harry M.
Telford, Wm. J.
Temple, Capt. C. A.
Temple, H. P.
Temple, Percy H.
Terryberry, Rev. A. J.
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Thieme, Lieut. Stanley
Thomas, F. S.
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Thompson, A. W. H.
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Utley, Edwin

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Williamson, Robt. H.
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Wood, W. A. P.
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